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1864.

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Lyra Mystica :
HYMNS AND VERSES ON
SACRED SUBJECTS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

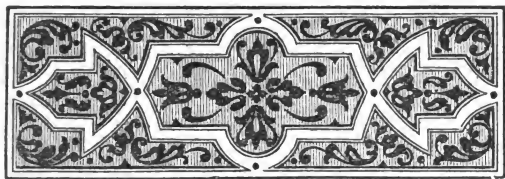
EDITED BY
THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.



London :
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS,
AND GREEN.

1865.





Preface.



HE Lyra Mystica owes its origin more to accident than to design ; and a few words will suffice to explain the reason of its publication.

Whilst arranging the Collections of Sacred Poetry which have been published under the titles of *Lyra Eucharistica* and *Lyra Messianica*, by the kindness of Friends I was placed in possession of many Poems of considerable merit which, - from the conditions imposed by allotted space and selected subjects, I was obliged to deny myself the gratification of publishing in those Books. The result, however, which attended the issue of the earlier Works led me to think that a Miscellaneous Collection of Religious Poetry, which should be written by the Contributors who secured the popularity of the former *Lyræ*, and which should form at once a companion and a contrasting Volume to the Collections already published, would not be unacceptable to their Readers.

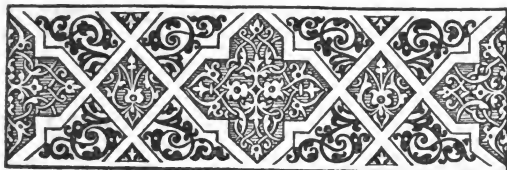
With the obliging permission of the Authors of the several Poems, this plan has been carried into effect ; and the Poems to which I allude form the nucleus of the *Lyra Mystica*. This nucleus of Sacred Poetry, however, has been much enlarged from the original selection. Many translations have been made by Friends ; original Poems have been received both from former Contributors and from other Authors ; privately printed pieces have been kindly placed at my disposal ; and to these elements have been added, with a sparing hand, Poetry already published, chiefly by Contributors to the earlier Volumes.

The Title ‘ *Mystica* ’ was chosen as indicative of the mystical interpretation which has been given in many of the Poems in the following pages to the Sacred or Legendary Events, or to the doctrinal Statements of Holy Scripture, or to the other Subjects upon which the Hymns and Verses were composed.

I have not attempted to make any plan or arrangement of Subjects in the following Poems. The Hymns and Verses have been printed so as to produce as much variety in style and matter as possible. And the Collection, it is hoped, will be considered to be, as it was intended to be made, entirely miscellaneous in character and treatment.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

All Saints’ Day, A. D. 1864.



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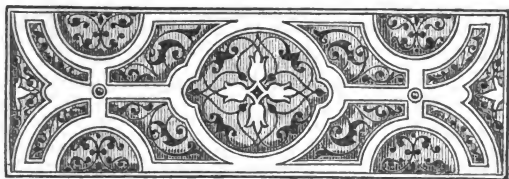
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Lyra Mystica.



Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects.

In Natale Salvatoris.

A Christmas Hymn of Adam of S. Victor.



PON the SAVIOUR's Birthday blest
Let all who share this mortal state
Send up sweet Hymns of joy and
rest

To Angel-choirs subordinate,
That varying tones of many be
Made one in holiest harmony.

This is a happy Day ; on this
The Co-eternal WORD made choice
For our cold world to leave His Blis—
Let us be merry and rejoice ;
The True SUN lights our darkened morn,
Of the meek Virgin GOD is born.

B

In Natale Salvatoris.

That man the guilty might not die
 GOD a Redeemer sent below,
GOD in the Sole-Begot came nigh
 To those He lovèd. Even so
He called us back to Life's lost place
Not for our merit ; of His Grace.

He lived before He sought our clime,
 Transcending time and space and sense ;
But now the Eternal dwells in time,
 And now doth place confine the Immense ;
Our imperfections all He bore
That He might all things fallen restore.

It is not sin He takes ; it is
 Only the form which sinners wear ;
He comes a BABE of Holiness
 To earth grown old with guilt and care,
Immortal to the mortal, Spirit
To flesh, that flesh might Him inherit.

Thus the Eternal WORD hath lot
 With Flesh in One Blest Person now,
And yet That PERSON changeth not,
 Nor is made Twain. Whene'er we bow
Our knees to our Incarnate LORD
ONE altogether is adored.

This is a Thing Divinely great,
 A Sacrament the crafty Foe
Might search in vain by fraud or hate,
 All blind this Mystery to know

Christ in the Wilderness.

3

What GOD'S Eternal WISDOM True
Under the Veil of Flesh would do.

The vast Enigma is not read,
By eager search it cannot be
(Or subtle speech) illuminèd ;
To know the way is not for me,
But I believe that GOD can make
What human reason cannot take.

How deep His Counsels ! how sublime
Of GOD-IN-FLESH the Mystery !
The Fleece is wet like grass at prime,
The Rod doth blossom, all for me ;
What Saints of old so craved is done ;
The Virgin doth bring forth a SON.

Christ in the Wilderness.



IN the Camp where flares the watch-fire,
In the lamp-lit street
I had wandered, O my Master,
With what weary feet !

I had sate at Monarchs' tables
While the red wine ran,
And bright Beauty breathed her magic,
A most lonely Man :

In the world's pale, restless market
I had learnt to bend

To the golden Idol, Money ;
Trampled foe and friend,

Scrambled fierce for place and riband,
Cringed and schemed and lied—
Hast thou found a worthy Master,
O sad Soul?—I cried.

Let us seek some simpler pleasures :
There's a home I know,
Lit by lanes of earliest primrose
Where wild roses blow.

So we dwelt 'mid summer murmurs
Of tall honied limes,
Heard across cool water-meadows
Faint Cathedral chimes.

Ah ! I felt a want, a longing
E'en in earthly bliss,
Felt a nobler impulse stir me
From a young Child's kisses.

LORD, where art Thou ? from my Manhood
Unto Thine, I sighed :
Not an answer came, but ever
Boomed Thought's fullen tide.

Thus along Life's misty seashore,
Tired of all, I strayed ;
Heard Death's deep sea call me, call me,
Of myself afraid.

Watched grey skies and ocean mingle ;
Nature kind replied—
He is not where thou hast sought Him ;
Seek Him in the Wild.

What fool praised Man's kindly Nature ?
Mad my Spirit spake—
Who can guide me o'er Grief's moorland,
Through Care's thorny brake ?

Devil's laughter rang around me,
Moaned Doubt's hollow sea—
Where's thy GOD ? I know not any—
Woe for me, for me !

Ah ! a Hand so kind and gentle
Touched my wicked lips !
Sorrow's sunset breathed a Blessing
On Hope's fading ships :

I rose up ; He went before me,
Such a wondrous King :
All my Soul did gladly follow
Without questioning.

All the way grew bright beneath Him,
Music stole around,
Such as Angels love to whisper
On Heaven's holy Ground.

Strange and dark the rocks frowned round us,
Hoarse the torrent's cry :

On He went ; I could but follow,
Half afraid to sigh.

Darkness fell, most weird and dreary,
Sudden through the night
I heard holy Psalms uplifted :
Then upon my sight

Loomed a Minster's lighted windows ;
On He went before,
I crept after wondering, dazzled
Through the flashing Door.

White robed Figures silent, kneeling
Thronged the sapphire Nave ;
As I knelt, my Master turning
One long Love-look gave.

All my Spirit worshipped weeping ;
When I raised mine eyes
He was standing at the Altar,
And in lowly guise

All around, like Priests, the Angels
Woke a joyous song :—
He has come, our wandering Brother,
Looked for, oh, how long !

Through the Nave and Aisles and Arches,
With triumphant roll,
Surged a deep of Heavenly Anthems,
Flooding all my Soul.

Then I saw Him in His Glory
Take my tear-stained prayers,
Place them in His golden Censer,
Pass up Heaven's stairs.

As He went, I heard His Blessing—
Come to Me, My Child !
If in crowds thou find'st no Master,
Seek Him in the Wild.

Angel-faces came around me,
Gladly on mine ear
Fell the Story of GOD's Gospel ;
With a reverent fear

I could see the Cavern manger,
Roofs of Nazareth,
Learnt by Calvary's Wood-Altar
Mysteries of Death.

I am Thine—I wept—O save me,
I will stray no more :
Thou hast given me a Presence
On the World's wild shore :

I shall find Thee in all places,
For I wear the key
Which unlocks the Gate of Heaven
When I pray to Thee.

Then a Voice spake fondly, slowly—
Fear thou, lest thou fall !

Christ in the Wilderness.

Listen, when to inmost Conscience
I, the Master, call !

In the world, if thou wouldst find Me,
In its wildest Wild
Thou must seek Me, prayerful, fasting,
O My Child, My Child.

From the Camp or City hurry,
Pilgrim to God's Shrine ;
Dally not with Pleasure's whispers,
Fear not ! thou art Mine.

From the Market and the Harbour
Follow, follow Me :
I will be thy gentlest Master
Through Eternity.

Then I rose up with my fellows ;
All the Minster fled,
Like a dream before God's morning
Breaking overhead.

O sweet Dayspring ! Thy great Glory
Fills this wandering breast ;
In Life's Wild I found my Master—
He hath given Rest.

**Speciosus Forma prae natis hominum
Iesus.**

A Sequence for the Transfiguration.



IESUS, Beautiful in Form above the sons
of men,

On Whose Countenance distilling
Joy Divine, through Angels thrilling,
Seraphim desire to look :

Who, for us Himself abasing,
All His Majesty effacing,
King, a servant's likeness took :

The unapproachèd Light, to-day,
Which veils His GODHEAD's Form supernal,
Doth to His Chosen ones display,
As shadowed forth by Light external.

Upon a lofty Mountain crest
They saw His bright Transfiguration,
The Mountain high above the rest
Foreshown in Daniel's Revelation.

His Countenance was shining as the Sun,
And as the Light
His Raiment white
To three alone
This view Divine was shown.

10 *Speciosus Forma prae natig, &c.*

By flesh and blood this Vision was not won ;
By GOD in Heaven
The glimpse was given,
Whose awful Voice
Declared the eternal Choice—

This is My Beloved SON,
By all the world to be obeyed ;
Now to Him be homage done,
Be reverence to His Teaching paid.

Oh, how blest, beyond all other,
Witnesses of this to be :
Peter, James, and John his brother,
Of the Chosen, chosen three.

Within the overshadowing Cloud
The FATHER's Voice proclaimed aloud
The wondrous Mystery to which ye hearkened ;
That Cloud it bodes not fear to you,
It sheds a gracious, Heavenly dew ;
With brightness glowing, not with vapours
darkened.

Oh, sovereign Grace, oh, Dream of wonder,
Meet reward for Sons of thunder.
The Bearer of the Keys is sleeping ;
But his heart is vigil keeping.

Ascend now this Mountain,
And follow those three,

The Well of Bethlehem.

11

From each of earth's quarters,
His Glory to see :

A MAN above all men
Exalted is He ;
The Mountain is JESUS,
Whom pure hearts shall see,

Reigning in the lofty Brightness
Of the FATHER'S Majesty,
Like as Moses and the Prophets
Sang in constant harmony.

JESU, King of Glory, draw us after Thee. Amen.

The Well of Bethlehem.



HERE is sound of war in Judah, and
over Ephrath's plain,
Though the fields are ripe for harvest,
no Hebrew reaps the grain ;

For the armies of the Heathen have come with
flame and sword
To waste the pleasant dwellings of the People of
the LORD.

In the Valley of the Giants Philistine tents are
spread,
And their warriors are marshalled within the
House of Bread.

No Chief goes forth against them, and no Champion
comes to save ;

For Israel's Hope, an exile, is pent within a Cave.

Around him still are gathered a chosen faithful few
Tried in full many a battle, and to his banner
true.

Upon the cliffs of limestone rock the autumn sun-
beams beat,

And glare upon the hunted band with all their
parching heat,

Till David, faint and thirsty, in his longing speaks
to them—

Would that I had but water from the Well of
Bethlehem !

Then up arose three Chieftains from the places
where they fate,

To bring their Master water from the Fount beside
the gate.

They reck not of the thousand swords which fain
would bar their way,

But calm in strength and valour straight address
them to the fray.

Three men against an army vast, they have no
thought of flight,

For each against a host of men hath stood alone in
fight.

The Well of Bethlehem.

13

Too well Philistine widows have learnt those three
names in woe,

Shammah, and Eleazar, and the peerless Adino.

Those mighty men have broken through all that
opposing ring,

And have borne the cooling water in triumph to
their King.

But David hath the Chalice out before JEHOVAH
poured,

Saying—This is blood, not water, I may not drink
it, LORD !

O Type of future story ! O most deep and mystic
sign

Of the longing of the Nations for Him of David's
line !

There is sound of war in all lands, and through its
cruel bane,

Though the Souls are ripe for harvest, no reaper
stores the grain ;

For the hosts of evil Spirits make war with flame
and sword

Against the Gentile watchers who are waiting for
the LORD.

Afar in every Country their countless legions
spread,

To turn the poor and hungry from the blessed
House of Bread.

And the scorching rays of sorrow on mourners ever
beat,
No Rock is in the weary lands to shadow from the
heat.

There is nothing to bring cooling, and naught may
comfort them
Save the Well of Living Water that springs in
Bethlehem.

But Three go forth to seek that Fount, in faith
and valour strong,
Three who reck not of hindrances, nor of that
travail long ;

They go o'er hills and deserts with the guiding
Star before,
Wise Caspar, true Baltasar, and the faithful
Melchior.

In vain the hosts of Satan would beset their wan-
dering,
For the mighty Men break through them to reach
their new-born King.

They haste in eager worship to that long-expected
sight,
To the Well of Life whose Glory gives all believers
Light,

To the Chief Who comes to vanquish, the Cham-
pion strong to save,

Hymn to Christ Crucified.

15

To Israel's Hope, an INFANT, now laid within a
Cave.

And where the BABE is cradled, Whom the Three
in awe behold,

They lay their three rich Offerings, Myrrh, Frank-
incense and Gold.

Then they turn them back in triumph once more
afar to roam,

Till they bear those Living Waters to thirsting
hearts at home.

And that Chalice of Thy Passion, unto the FATHER
poured,

Although It is Blood, not water, yet we may
drink It, LORD!

O Pledge of future Glory! O most deep and
mystic Sign

Of the Healing of the Nations by Him of David's
line!

Hymn to Christ Crucified.

From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.



THOU Spotless LAMB of GOD,

Bathed in Thine own dear Blood,

That flows to wash the world's deep
guilt away,

Who on the stubborn Tree

Dost seem to call to me,

With Arms outstretched, to find the Grace I pray;
Ere yet life's slow decay
Makes pale the lustre bright
Of that celestial Face,
And Death's cold fingers trace
Their darkening shadows o'er those Orbs of light,
O let one glance be thrown
From Thy meek Eyes on me, to mark me for
Thine Own.

Now when Thy Love profound
Hath reached its utmost bound,
Nor mortal veil such Might may more confine;
While on the painful Rood,
With sharpest anguish bowed,
Thy thorn-crowned Head Thou dost to earth incline,
With Mercy's glance Divine
Thy Mother's gaze to meet;
And Thy majestic Prayer
E'en rebel Souls would spare,
Sent upward to Thy FATHER's Glory-seat;
O let Thy Pardon free
Prevail for sins like mine. Now, LORD, remember
me!

Now while Thy suffering Hands
Thy bounteous Grace expands,
As though in dying still outstretched to give;
And as in balance weighed,
The full account is paid,
Whereby poor slaves redeemed from bondage live;

Thy captiv LORD, receive ;
 While every vital pore,
 With flowing Mercy rife,
 Bursts out, and parting life
 Drains from Thy Heart Love's ne'er-exhausted
 store ;

Fain would I first be there,
 My loss, All-righteous SAVIOUR, earliest to repair.

Thy Bedesman, LORD, behold,
 In thralldom dark and cold
 Long laid, entangled long in Error's chain :
 Yet Hope, o'ermastering Fear,
 Still prompts, that Thou wilt hear,
 My Advocate will not my prayer disdain :
 Since Mercy's highest strain
 Decrees, that pardon free
 E'en there should most abound
 Where deepest guilt is found ;
 And when the darkest stain is cleansed by Thee,
 Thy Blood with richest cost
 Is lavished, and Thy Godlike Love rejoiceth most.

What though with guilty load
 My drooping neck is bowed,
 And my sad Spirit faints with toil and care,
 Because my rebel pride
 Cast Thy mild Yoke aside,
 Doomed, justly doomed, a tyrant's bonds to bear :
 What though I might despair
 With weary steps and slow

To reach Thee, Thou art nigh,
And never more wilt fly ;
Those royal Feet transfixed Thy Purpose show ;
Fixed on the firm-set Tree
In patient grief they tell how Mercy waits for me.

I know it, O my God :
As in a quiet road
My good desires may here at anchor ride ;
That Heart, in open sign
Of pitying Love Divine,
Seen through the lattice of Thy wounded Side,
Hath all my need supplied :
That to the dying Thief
Gave comfort ; one brief word
He spake, and he was heard :
E'en as a glad surprise the prayed relief
Thy Answer gave ; the night
Of darkness left his Soul in dawn of Life and Light.

I come in happy hour
To feel Thy Grace's power,
Now, when with Charter new, embracing all,
Thy Gifts Thou dost prepare
For all who seek to share :
Now, when to Thy sad Mother, bowed in thrall,
Thy sovereign Voice doth call
And bids her find a Son,
Bids John a Mother find,
The Thief of contrite mind
To look for promised Joy—shall I alone

Still pine for Grace denied ?
No, LORD, each empty Soul with Thee is satisfied.

Behold me, LORD, a Son
In error's path undone,
My portion lost, did Justice speak my doom :
But Thy good Word hath said,
That Mercy's mildest aid
Turns, stays, and guides repentant wanderers home.
I come, Dear LORD, I come
To kiss Thy fainted Feet,
As on a rack, outspread
On Thy hard dying bed ;
For here my sorrowing voice Thy Grace shall meet,
And Grace to Sons forgiven
Here speaks—O lost and found, thy portion rests
in Heaven.

For token of that Grace
To all who seek Thy Face,
E'en now Thy Head in death Thou dost incline :
I know that I have won
Of Thee that priceless Boon,
The earnest of my hope, in that dear Sign.
O Majesty Divine,
O Love of truth so pure,
Thy Bounty to bequeath,
That the Testator's death
Must pass to make the gift of Blessing sure !
O Mercy great and high,
That to confirm the bond e'en Mercy's LORD
must die !

20 The Communion of the Saints.

My Song, we here must stay :
Such theme to honour best
Not words, but flowing tears, should speak the rest :
Sad silent musings chase loud songs away :
Our notes we cannot keep,
When Earth is hushed, and Sun and Heaven in
darkness weep !

The Communion of the Saints.

HAVEN is no world of self-sufficing
Bliss ;
Love is its radiance, Love its atmosphere,
And Love the last and least-beloved doth miss
And counts each Soul, Love's Blood was poured
for, dear.

Did not our gracious Master tell us this,
That Joy's vast thrill sweeps through Heaven's
splendour clear

When one poor sinner turns that he may live,
And shall not Heaven bewail one fugitive ?

Think ye, each Saint who loved his brethren so
He felt their sorrows his, loves less above ?
Does joy make hearts less tender ? Surely, no.
Heaven is the dwelling-place of deathless Love.
But your faint hearts, unconscious of that glow,
Paint a false bliss : myself do I reprove

The Communion of the Saints. 21

Who shared your doubts ; but Faith its world of
light
And sacred loveliness unbare to sight.

The Virgin Mother, highest raised of all,
Who at her heart earth's Wondrous SAVIOUR
bore,

Whose meek assent retrieved Eve's primal fall,
Can she forget her brethren evermore ?
That tender heart of pity rests the thrall ;
She cannot cease to love on that bright shore :
And JESUS' Foster-father mourns with her
The souls that mock, the loveless hearts that err.

And all that glorious Host no tongue can count,
Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, swell their moan.
Within each Soul still springs compassion's fount :
Should human griefs and cares remain unknown ?
Number the suns ; then weigh the vast amount
Of mortal woes ! That can the Blest alone.
With tender yearning prayers for aye they seek
To bless the loveless and to cheer the weak.

And you, sweet Friends, who here partook our
cares,

Have you forgotten and forsaken quite ?
Nay, HE Who shared the heart's fond yearning,
shares
Its tendernefs and weaknefs infinite ;
For weaknefs, strong in faith, is rich in prayers,
And must be weak, while wrong contends with
right.

22 **The Communion of the Saints.**

HE would not drain the care-benumbing gall;
Love, in the Highest, can be grieved by all.

He, on Heaven's Throne, their LORD and ours,
Whose Heart

Blends every Love, all human griefs in one !
O, that this world could know Thee as Thou art,
Undying LORD, the All-loving FATHER's SON,
Yet ours, our Friend, our Own, Who mak'st Thy
part

To sue for ever hearts that scorn and shun :
Thou canst forget not—how should Thine forget ?
Love pays, for ever pays Love's boundless debt.

O Thou, the SPIRIT of Light and Wisdom, pour
Thy quickening rays into these hearts of ours,
That they may brim with grateful ardours o'er !
O, earth's bare swamps shall yet be thronged
with flowers.

Could we but know, we surely must adore ;
Where sunshine streams, in vain the twilight
cowers.

Come Light ! come Faith ! 'our colder self destroy !
We only ask to love, and Love, we know, is Joy.

Eucharistical.



HE evening shadows thickly fall
O'er grassy slope and guarded wall,
Till darkness folds them in her pall.

But still, while darkness creeps around,
Linger the lights on holy ground,
On Zion's mountain, Temple crowned.

Like a rich garment's golden hem,
Or jewels in a diadem,
So gleam thy towers, Jerusalem.

And still the fading lights creep higher,
Till fretted roof and golden spire
Stand up, like lances tipped with fire.

And then the fleeting glories fly,
Massive and dark the towers lie,
Purple against a crimson sky :

While up and down, and round about,
As fireflies Eastern darkness flout,
The glimmering hearth-lights twinkle out,
And through the gathering darkness, yet
Gleam the white Tents, in order set
Adown the slopes of Olivet,

And ever from the busy street
Rise the quick sounds of pattering feet,
Where friends with friends in gladness greet.

For of the Jewish nation all,
Obedient to their Prophet's call,
Are met for their high Festival.

* * *

But He, to Whom the Feast was due,
Sate sadly with the chosen few,
Among the faithless only true,

As friends who meet, and meeting know
That they must part, yet, lingering slow,
Would eat and drink before they go.

He sate within the Upper Room,
And told them of His coming Doom
Amid the evening's gathering gloom.

He told them of His Foemen's spite,
And of His yielding to their might—
Then one went out, and it was night.

He blessed the Cup, He brake the Bread,
And, 'This My BLOOD' for sinners shed,
And, 'This My BODY,' so He said.

Then out into the darkening air—
And then, the Agony of Prayer,
One holy Angel knoweth where—

Till, underneath the Olive shade
The hurrying torches gleaming played,
And by His Own He was betrayed—

And then, the scornful, cruel eyes,
The Cross, the Scourge, the bitter cries,
The All-sufficient Sacrifice.

* * *

O Heavenly Food, O Living Bread,
Whereon of old Thy People fed,
Wherewith Thy Church is nourishèd !

O Blessed Wine, by Thee outpoured
When Thou wert present at the Board,
Then for Thy Church in mercy stored !

O blessed Presence, wherewith Thou
Dost feed Thy Church in mercy now,
While Saints and Angels reverend bow ;

They who their glittering wings unfold,
And they who still Thy Face behold
Amid the flashing lamps of gold.

Silent they stand, those Words to hear,
And Heaven is filled with holy fear,
While fallen men on earth draw near ;

They draw their wings before their face,
And silent for a little space
Adore The Mystery of Grace ;

Adoring, while the Church they see,
Which sin had made in twain to be,
In Heaven and earth made One in Thee ;

Then from their golden harps again
Peals forth the Church's rapturous strain,
' Worthy the LAMB that once was slain.'

O broken Flesh, O Blood outpoured,
By man and Angels both adored,
O Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,

Grant us to know with faithful eye,
As Saints and Angels know on high,
Thy Presence in Thy Mystery,

With John's deep love to Thee to cling,
Peter's warm faith to Thee to bring,
With Mary's tender sorrowing ;

Then, by the Sufferings keen and sore
Which once that broken Body bore,
Draw near, and silently adore :

There, by our cares and troubles prest,
There lean on Thee, and leaning, rest,
As One that night, upon Thy Breast ;

Cast at Thy Feet our guilty fears,
The load of all our sin-stained years,
And wash them, as that Saint, with tears ;

Till all its strength Thy Love displays,
And troubled hearts Thy Comforts raise,
And mourners join in songs of praise,

In songs of praise that shall not cease
Till Thou shalt grant the full release
And call Thy Church to perfect Peace.

Soul-Gardening.



O spake the hoary Thyme,
Half hidden in the grafs—
“ I watch from morning prime
Until my LORD shall pass.

“ How bright beneath the Sun,
How sweet within the glade,
The flow'rets ope, each one
Beloved by Him Who made
His Flowers that live in light, His Flowers that
live in shade.

“ The Primroses are pale,
Yet fair ; the Violet grows
Beneath her leafy veil,
And be she pale none knows,
Or be she fair, so sweet her soul that overflows.

“ But all my head is strewed
With ashes gray ; and bent
Beneath the footfall rude,
Steals forth my timid scent
Crushed from a leaf that curls, its wound to hide
content.

“ Why should my LORD delight
In me ? Behold how fair
His Garden is ! How bright
His Roses blowing there ;
His Lilies all like Queens that know not toil nor
care,

“ In white calm peace on high
Each rears a blossomed rod ;
The Gentian low doth lie,
Yet lifts from up the sod
An eye of steadfast blue that looks up straight to
GOD.

“ I wait my LORD to greet,
I can but love and sigh ;
I watch His Eye to meet,
He can but pass me by ;
And if His hasty Feet
Should crush me, it were sweet
Beneath His Feet to die.”

* * *

My Love, my LORD, has gone
Down to His Garden fair,
To tell o'er His Roses, one by one,
And to gather Lilies there ;
Now will I rise and sing
A Song which I have made
Unto my LORD the King ;
Nor will I be afraid
To ask Him of His Flowers that spring in sun-
shine and in shade.

“ Oh, what are these Roses bright,
That in Thy Garland blow ?
These Roses red as blood,
These Roses white as snow ? ”

“ These blood-red Roses grew
On a field with battle dyed ;
These snow-white Roses strew
A path that is not wide ;
None seek that path but they who seek Him Who
was crucified ! ”

“ Oh, what are these Lilies tipped
With fire, that sword-like gleam ?
Oh, what are these Lilies dipped
As in the pale moon-beam,
That quiver with unsteadfast light and shine as
through a dream ? ”

“ These fiery Spirits passed
From earth through sword and flame ;
These quiet Souls at last
Through patience overcame :
These shine like stars on high, and these
Have left no trace nor name ;
I bind them in one Wreath because their triumph
was the same. ”

“ Oh, what are these Flowers that wake
So cheerful to the morn,
All wet with tears of early dew ;
And these that droop forlorn,

With heavy drops of night drenched through?"

" These little Flowers of cheerful hue
Familiar by the wayside grew,
And these among the corn ;

" And these, that o'er a Ruin wave
Their crimson flag, in fight
Were wounded sore, yet still are brave
To greet the scent and sight ;

And these I found upon a grave all wet with drops
of night.

" And some I have that will unfold
When night is dusk and still,
And some I have that keep their hold
Upon the wind-swept hill ;
These shrink not from the summer heat,
They do not fear the cold,
And all of these I know for sweet,
For patient, and for bold."

" Thou bearest Flowers within Thy Hand,
Thou wearest on Thy Breast
A Flower ; now tell me which of these
Thy Flowers Thou lovest best ;
Which wilt Thou gather to Thy Heart
Beloved above the rest ?"

" Should I not love my Flowers,
My Flowers that bloom and pine,
Unseen, unfought, unwatched for hours
By any eyes but Mine ?

The Ascension of Christ.

31

“ Should I not love my Flowers ?
I love my Lilies tall,
My Marigolds with constant eyes,
Each Flower that blows, each Flower that dies
To Me, I love them all.

“ I gather to a Heavenly bower
My Roses fair and sweet ;
I hide within My Breast the Flower
That grows beside My Feet.”

The Ascension of Christ.



NOTHING now is left to do,
All the labour is gone through,
CHRIST hath bought us with His Blood,
Proved the work, and found it good,
Sealed, and writ with iron pen,
The unutterable Amen.

Look not for the fiery car
Borne above the winds afar,
Where the Angel-horses beat
Golden air with flying feet,
Flaming by a path untrod
In among the stars of God.

As to earth, with no high name,
Nor like earthly Kings He came,
Now rejected of His Own,
Grandly quiet and alone

He returneth to His Rest,
Back into the FATHER'S Breast.

Only by a chosen few
Who believe His Promise true,
Eat His Bread, and drink His Cup,
He is seen as He goes up,
Till the cloud, that waiting lies,
Veils Him from their yearning eyes.

On the pure lips, ere He passed,
Words of Blessing were the last.
His receding Hands, outspread,
Pour Redemption on their head.
But the cloud comes in between,
And the Form is no more seen.

Spake beside them, in their sight,
Two Men robed in shining white—
Why in wonder thus do ye
Gaze, O Men of Galilee?
Hence ! nor from the Work refrain
Till your CHRIST shall come again.

Then into the world they fare,
And His Love goes with them there;
To life's daily tasks they turn,
And His secret Presence learn;
While they do His gracious Will
All is good and nothing ill.

Comes a Day when on the earth
The new Kingdom shall have birth,
And with many a wondrous Sign
Judah shall arise and shine ;
But the season and the hour,
These are in the FATHER'S Power.

Now let us new comfort draw
From the Vision which they saw,
And ourselves example take
From the word those Angels spake,
Nor from the good work refrain
Till our CHRIST shall come again.

And if here, in light so dim,
Toil itself is sweet for Him,
If, when under clouds we go,
From the Crofs true pleasures flow,
What if ever we should stand,
Crowned in the Celestial Land,
With the Saints at GOD'S Right Hand !

After this the Judgment.



Seager homebound Traveller to the goal,
Or steadfast Seeker on an unsearched
main,
Or Martyr panting for an aureole,
My Fellow-pilgrims pass me, and attain
That hidden Mansion of perpetual Peace
Where keen desire and hope dwell free from pain :

That Gate stands open of perennial ease ;

I view the Glory till I partly long,

Yet lack the fire of love which quickens these.

O passing Angel, speed me with a song,

A melody of Heaven to reach my heart

And rouse me to the race and make me strong ;

Till in such music I take up my part,

Swelling those Alleluias full of rest,

One, tenfold, hundredfold, with Heavenly art,

Fulfilling north and south and east and west,

Thousand, ten thousandfold, innumerable,

All blent in one yet each one manifest ;

Each one distinguished and beloved as well

As if no second voice in earth or Heaven

Were lifted up the Love of GOD to tell.

Ah, Love of GOD, which Thine own Self hast
given

To me most poor, and made me rich in love,

Love that dost pass the tenfold seven times seven,

Draw Thou mine eyes, draw Thou my heart above,

My treasure and my heart store Thou in Thee,

Brood over me with yearnings of a dove ;

Be Husband, Brother, closest Friend to me ;

Love me as very mother loves her son,

Her sucking firstborn, fondled on her knee :

Yea, more than mother loves her little one ;

For earthly even a mother may forget,

And feel no pity for its piteous moan ;

But Thou, O Love of GOD, remember yet,

Through the dry desert, through the waterflood,

(Life, Death), until the great White Throne is set.
If now I am sick in chewing the bitter cud

Of sweet past sin, though solaced by Thy Grace
And oft-times strengthened by Thy Flesh and
Blood,

How shall I then stand up before Thy Face,
When from Thine Eyes repentance shall be hid
And utmost Justice stand in Mercy's place :

When every sin I thought, or spoke, or did,
Shall meet me at the inexorable Bar,

And there be no man standing in the mid

To plead for me ; while star fallen after star
With Heaven and earth are like a ripened shock,

And all time's mighty works and wonders are
Consumed as in a moment ; when no rock

Remains to fall on me, no tree to hide,
But I stand all creation's gazing-stock,

Exposed and comfortless on every side,
Placed trembling in the final balances

Whose poise this hour, this moment, must be
tried ?

Ah, Love of GOD, if greater Love than this

Hath no man, that a MAN die for His Friend,
And if such Love of Love Thine own Love is,

Plead with Thyself, with me, before the end ;
Redeem me from the irrevocable past ;

Pitch Thou Thy Presence round me to defend ;
Yea, seek with piercèd Feet, yea, hold me fast

With piercèd Hands—Whose Wounds were
made by Love ;

36 The Embracing of the Body of

Not what I am, remember what Thou wast
 When darknes hid from Thee Thy Heavens
 above,
And sin Thy FATHER's Face, while Thou didst
 drink
 The bitter Cup of Death, didst taste thereof
For every man ; while Thou wast nigh to sink
 Beneath the intense, intolerable rod,
Grown sick of Love : not what I am, but think
 Thy Life then ransomed mine, my GOD, my GOD.

The Embracing of the Body of Christ by His Virgin-Mother.



THOU uncovered Corse, WORD of the
 Living ONE,
 Self-doomed to be uplifted on the
 bitter Tree,
Thereon to die, Thy patient Will, Eternal SON,
 And thence in Love draw all men unto Thee.
Which of Thy holy Members is without a Wound?
 The thorny Wreath Thy blessed Brow embraces
 fast ;
No place whereon to lay Thee, weary Head, was
 found—
 But Thou shalt rest within a Tomb at last.
O Lips, which once with sweetest Words did
 overflow,
 Fresh from sharp vinegar and bitterness of gall ;

Christ by His Virgin-Mother. 37

O Cheeks, how often turned to many a smiter's blow,
And spat upon in Pilate's Judgment-hall.

By hands of men made helpless on the dreadful
Beam,

O Hands, of man creative, how were ye pierced
through ;

Yet all outstretched, ye reach e'en Hades to redeem,
And give the first transgressor help anew.

O Mouthall sweet, no guile was ever found in Thee,
And yet, alas ! by traiterous kifs wast Thou be-
trayed ;

O blessed Feet, that walking on the stormy sea
All water hallowed as the waves obeyed.

Where is the chorus of Thy sick ones, O my SON,
All those infirm whom Thou didst heal, the
upraisèd dead ?

To draw the nails from Hands and Feet, there
came not one

Of all the crowds whom Thou hast comforted

Only came Nicodemus, he who sought by night,
And Joseph kind, whose rocky Tomb Thy Bed
shall be,

Whither, to sleep a Lion's sleep in awful might,
My SON, how soon will they be bearing Thee.

Now Thou art borne to me from yon sharp Cross
of pain,

And heavily upon these Mother-arms art laid ;

The Hymn of

These arms which bare Thee long ago, and once
again

A lowly resting place for Thee are made.

I, who first swathèd Thee, Thy Grave-clothes now
will bind,

Giver of Life, Thou liest dead before me now :
Tears laved Thee at Thy Birth ; far hotter tears
I find

To wash the Death-drops from Thy pallid
Brow.

High in these arms Maternal Thou didst leap,
Thou Who wast born of me, this weary world
to save ;

O bitter Funerals ! that I who hushed Thy Sleep,
Must wail this doleful Passion o'er Thy Grave.

The Hymn of Aurelius Prudentius

Clemens,

On the Eighth Day before the Kalends of January,

(Christmas Day.)



HEREFORE doth the circling Sun
Cease the downward course to run ?
Is it that the CHRIST is born,
Lengthening out the path of morn ?

Ah, how swift the hurrying day
Seemed of late to fleet away !
Almost might the torch appear
Quenched, of the declining year !

Now the Heaven in livelier glow
Flames o'er gladdening Earth below ;
Mounting now the daybeam shines
Gradual on the former lines.

Spring to light, All-lovely CHILD !
Spring from Mother undefiled,
Maid from spousal contact free,
Bearing GOD and MAN in Thee.

WORD of GOD ! though Thou be sprung,
Uttered by the FATHER'S Tongue,
Yet in the Paternal Breast
WISDOM found an earliest rest ;

She did heaven and earth ordain,
Night and day, and all their train ;
At the Word their paths they trod,
Duteous—for the WORD was GOD.

But, the world's foundation laid,
All things in due order made,
He Who wrought them all at will
In His Father's Bosom still

Rested, till revolving years
Fill their thousandfold careers,

The Hymn of

And Himself in mercy then
Seek this sinful world of men.

For the tribes of lost mankind,
Vanity-adoring, blind,
Worshipped as their gods alone
Senseless brags, and wood, and stone.

While they thus unfaithful strayed,
They the Spoiler's prey were made,
Prone their slavish life to steep,
Hopeless, in the fiery deep.

But the CHRIST would not that all
Nations from His Realm should fall,
Lest the glorious Structure wrought
By His FATHER come to nought.

He assumed a mortal Frame,
That, arising with the same,
He might rend Death's iron ban,
To His FATHER bear a MAN.

This is that great natal Day,
When amid the quickening clay
Warm the Informing Spirit stirred,
Breathing into Flesh the WORD.

Feel'st thou not, imperial Maid,
All thy sorrows overpaid,
All thy Maidenhood's pure bliss
Overblest by Birth like This?

O what mighty Joys shall come
From that chaste and holy Womb,
Whence the new-born ages bright
Forth proceed in golden light !

At that wondrous Infant-cry
Spring o'erspreads the wintry sky ;
From her gloomy trance Thy Birth
Wakens up regenerate earth.

Well I ween that gracious morn
Saw unnumbered flowers new-born ;
E'en parched Afric's sandy shore
Fragrant nard and nectar bore.

All things barbarous, hard, and wild,
Felt Thy Birth, Celestial CHILD !
O'er her breast the dry rock drew
Flowery veil of vernal hue :

Honey from the cliff wells down :
Spicy gums the hard oak crown :
Mid the fere and barren fields
Odorous balm the tamarisk yields.

O thrice holy humble stall,
Cradle of the King of all,
Ever to His Saints endeared,
By the speechless race revered !

Yes ! the unreasoning kind adore,
Ignorant though of holy lore ;

The Hymn of Prudentius.

Thoughtful erst of food alone,
Now their present LORD they own.

Yet, while Thee with faithful mind
Heathens, and the inferior kind
Seek, and on the unreasoning race
Falls some glimmering of Thy Grace,

They, the Fathers' chosen line,
Hate and spurn the BABE Divine :
As with forceries dark inspired,
Or demoniac frenzy fired.

Why thus headlong rush to sin?
Own, if thought thy heart within
'Mid thy wild delusion springs,
Here the King of all thy kings.

Him Whom humble cattle-stall,
Mortal Mother, cradle small,
Weak and wailing Infancy,
Gave the Nations' LORD to be,

Sinner ! thou shalt view on high
Throned upon the glittering sky,
While with fruitless tears and sore
Thou thy trespasss shalt deplore.

When through Heaven the Trump Divine
Gives for earth to burn the sign,
And upturn Creation rolls
Shattered from the blazing poles,

He shall from His Throne repay
Each man's doom for each man's way :
Heaven to these, and quenchless Light ;
Hell to those, and rayless Night.

Then, Judæa ! to thy loss,
Feel the thunder of the Cross :
Death his prey from hand of thine
Might receive, but must resign.

The Two Covenants : an Allegory.



RISE ! ye Children chosen of the LORD,
And hasten for your life ;
Nor tarry in the land of GOD abhorred,
Where all His Plagues are rife ;

Nor fondly gaze upon the accurs'd spot ;
Death lurks in Egypt's pleasures—touch them not.

But first with Sacred BLOOD be ye baptized,
That in this awful night
The dread Destroyer, by that Sign apprized,
May heed the holy sight :
Behold the LAMB ! from the world's morning slain,
Make you His Pains your peace, His Grief your
gain.

Aye, mark Him on your homes, your household
ways,
Him always, First and Last,

Who by His Love can such deliverance raise
Till the death-stroke be past :
Then sheltered by that Love draw near, and take
Of the mysterious Feast such Love can make.

The bitter taste of penitential woe
Makes pardoning Grace most meet
For cleansed hearts that no ill leaven know,
Only the favour sweet
Of meek obedience, and of constant will
That God in them His Purpose should fulfil.

And then, will shoe-clad feet and staff in hand,
Stand ready for the flight
From dying Egypt to the living Land
Of freedom and of light ;
And while ye safely pass o'er sea and plain,
A much observèd night let this remain.

* * * *

Still are ye faring through life's middle space,
The space of forty years ?
Is the world's wilderness a dreary place
Of perils and of fears ?
Seems it a long way to the end of life,
A weary journey, and a ceaseless strife ?

Children no more—but Chosen People still !
God's Cloud is safest sorrow :
His Banquet lies outspread ; take now your fill,
And trust Him for to-morrow :

Ye wist not what It is ; but It is sent
To stay your famished Souls : be ye content.

O Marvel ever sweet, and ever new !

To rise up morn by morn,
To wander forth, a Flock forlorn and few,
Toil-stained and travel-worn ;
To find the Wealth of Heaven on this bare earth,
And Canaan's plenty 'mid the desert's dearth.

What though the wondrous Thing should melt
away

Upon the scorching waste—
Have ye not stored a Blessing for to-day
Whose joy ye still can taste ?
All purest Pleasures that your Souls can need
Gathered in one—'tis Angels' Food indeed.

God's Measure is—Enough : enough of toil,
Enough of rest and calm,
Enough of this world's care and fret and soil,
Enough of His world's Balm :
E'en of Himself enough, in joy and woe,
Till Him in all His Fulness ye shall know.

* * * *

O weary Pilgrims ! nearly Home at last,
Close upon Jordan's shore,
What are your troubles now that they are past ?
What are your joys in store ?
Only keep closer yet beneath His Hand,
Who brings you to the borders of His Land.

Do ye look back upon the far-off days
When first ye knew the LORD?
And went aside from Egypt's evil ways
Unto His Paschal Board;
And gained a Guardian through the dangerous
time
Of morning's early flush and golden prime?

Or think ye on the troublous wilderneys,
Its pitfalls and its snares;
Your faithless fears, your cries of deep distress,
Your sorrows and your cares;
And how the priceless Manna GOD-bestowed
Lay, 'Meat enough,' along your Heavenward
road?

Still to the last must your faint Souls be fed,
GOD still prepares a Feast;
Upon His Altar lies the Holy Bread,
The portion of the Priest—
Yea, and of those who, priestlike, stand and wait
Absolvèd, cleansèd, pure, within the gate.

GOD, Who through life hath fed you to this day,
Defend you to the end;
His living Bread be still your Staff and Stay;
His Angel still your Friend;
Till daylight fades, and hues of evening fall,
Till shadows cease, and GOD is All in All.

Stanzas.

Persecution.

HERE was silence in the Heavens
 When the SON of MAN was led
 From the Garden to the Judgment ;
 Sudden silence, strange, and dread !

All along the empyreal coasts
 On their knees the immortal Hosts
 Watched, with sad and wondering eyes,
 That tremendous Sacrifice.

There was silence in the Heavens
 When the Priest his garment tore ;
 Silence when the Twain accurs'd
 Their false witnesses faintly bore :
 Silence (though a tremor crept
 O'er their ranks) the Angels kept
 While that Judge, dismayed though proud,
 Washed his hands before the crowd.

But when CHRIST His Cross was bearing,
 Fainting oft, by slow degrees,
 Then went forth the Angelic thunder
 Of Legions rising from their knees :
 Each bright Spirit grasped a brand ;
 And Lightning flashed from band to band :
 An instant more had launched them forth
 Avenging terrors to the earth.

Then from GOD there fell a Glory
 Round and o'er that multitude ;
 And by every fervent Angel
 With hushing hand Another stood :
 Another, never seen before,
 Stood one moment and no more—
 " Peace ! Brethren, peace ! to us is given
 Suffering. Vengeance is for Heaven !"

Law and Grace.

IT is not true that unto us, enrolled
 Within CHRIST's Band, the Law exists
 no longer :

But this is true, that we, who sank of old
 Oppressed beneath that armour's weight of gold,
 Sustain it now in glory, being stronger !

The Form remains : but is a form no more
 To eyes inspired, that see
 Through bondage Liberty,
 And in His earthly Shape their GOD adore.
 To Love, all things are Love :
 To Grace, all things are Grace :
 And humble Faith can never move
 In an unholy place !

Within, but not beneath the Law we dwell :
 That wall, of old our prison's circuit, now,
 Girding the citied mountain's sovereign brow,
 Is but the bulwark of man's citadel :

Large views beyond are given ;
Safe views of all the earth, and healing airs of
Heaven.

Within the Temple of the Law we stand,
As once without it stood
That awe-struck multitude ;
And on the marble Tables lay our hand :
There, like the Priest of old, our GOD we meet,
And stand up boldly by the Mercy-Seat.

Prayer of Hildebert to the Holy Trinity.

To the Everlasting Father.



FIRST and Last of faith's receiving,
Source and Sea of man's believing,
GOD, Whose Might is all-potential,
GOD, Whose Truth is Truth's essential,

Good supreme in Thy Subsisting,
Good in all Thy seen Existing ;
Over all things, all things under,
Touching all, from all asunder ;
Centre Thou, but not intruded,
Compassing, and yet included ;
Over all, and not ascending,
Under all, but not depending ;
Over all, the world ordaining,
Under all, the world sustaining ;

R


All without, in all surrounding,
 All within, in Grace abounding ;
 Inmost, yet not comprehended,
 Outer still, and not extended ;
 Over, yet on nothing founded,
 Under, but by space unbounded ;
 Omnipresent, yet in-dwelling,
 Self-impelled, the world impelling ;
 Force, nor Fate's predestination
 Sways Thee to one alteration ;
 Ours to-day, Thyself for ever,
 Still commencing, ending never ;
 Past with Thee is time's beginning,
 Present all its future winning ;
 With Thy Counsel's first ordaining
 Comes Thy Counsel's last attaining ;
 One the Light's first radiance darting
 And the Elements' departing.

To the Eternal Son.

NEXT in Revelation's sequel,
 Co-eternal SON, Co-equal,
 FATHER's Light, and FATHER's Feature,
 All-creating, yet a Creature,
 With our flesh Thyself enduing,
 All our righteousness ensuing ;
 With immortal Glory shining,
 Yet to death and time declining ;

MAN and GOD united ever,
GOD in MAN confounded never.
Not Thyself to flesh converting,
All the GODHEAD still asserting ;
All the GOD to MANHOOD taking,
Yet the MANHOOD not forsaking ;
One with GOD by conformation,
Less than GOD by Incarnation ;
Man in substance of Thy Mother,
Yet than GOD Thyself no other.
Thus two Natures' wondrous union
Stands in unimpaired communion ;
What He was ere worlds were dated,
That He was on earth created ;
He our only Mediator,
None but He our Legislator ;
Born for us, and circumcisèd,
Dead, and buried, and baptizèd ;
Fell on sleep, to Hell descending,
Rose again to Life unending ;
Thence to Judgment comes to call men
Who Himself was judged for all men.

To the Holy Spirit.

OD, of Glory unabated,
Not begotten, nor created,
SPIRIT, SON nor FATHER neither,
Yet proceedest Thou from either,

From no Heavenly source exterior,
 With no Quality inferior,
 From Eternity no lower,
 Substance, Majesty, or Power.

FATHER One in Gospel-story,
 One the First-begotten's Glory,
 One the HOLY GHOST's Procession—
 Three, but One to Faith's confession.
 Each Himself is GOD alone,ly,
 Yet not Three, but One GOD only.
 In this Oneness, worshipped truly,
 Three in One I worship duly ;
 In their Persons ever Three,
 In their Substance Unity ;
 None of Whom is less than Other,
 None is greater than Another :
 In each One no variation,
 Into each no transmutation ;
 Each is GOD, and yet no blending,
 Everlasting, without ending.

* * *

STRONGHOLD safe of Judah's Lion,
 Take, O take me to thee, Sion !
 Light's own GOD thy light's renewing,
 From the Cross thy lintels hewing ;
 Living gems thy walls' foundation,
 Praise thy gates, thy streets Salvation.
 In that City sunshine vernal
 Dwells for ever, Peace eternal ;

There no taint of sin remaining,
 No defect and no complaining;
 Stunted none and none unsightly,
 All conformed to JESUS brightly.
 City of time-fainted Sages
 Built upon the rock of ages,
 O'er the stormy world's commotions
 To Thee all my Soul's devotions
 Waft I, for thy Love expiring,
 Peaceful Rest and Joys untiring.
 Feasts how bright thy Saints are keeping,
 Without mixture, without weeping;
 Heart to heart what love entwining;
 With what stones the city shining,
 Jacinth or Chalcedon be it,
 They shall know who live to see it.

The Vision of the Glory.

For the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6.



RIGHT upon the vested Altar, partners
 of the early morn,
 Flame the Tapers in the stillness of the
 rosy August dawn;

Twin in number, twin in nature, earthly matter
 shining bright
 With the flame which, uncommingled, sheds the
 radiance of its light,

Uncontained, yet close united—undivided each,
yet whole,
As the human flesh is wedded with the reasonable
Soul :

While behind, distinct, mysterious, casting shadow
from above,
Spreads the Cross its arms of Mercy and of all-
embracing Love.

* * * *

Light of Light, from Heaven descending to thy
earthly Altar-throne,
Lo! we call Thee, we receive Thee: Master, come
unto Thine Own ;

For on Tabor shone the GODHEAD through its
Fleshly Veil to-day,
And the darkness comprehends Thee, and the
shadows flee away.

On the Mount, the mists dispersing, cleared the
Vision for a space,
And weak man beheld the GODHEAD, unforbidden,
Face to face ;

Saw the Lowly MANHOOD kindle with a Glory
not its Own,
As the GODHEAD, Uncreated, from its Human
Vesture shone ;

Saw Him there, but not in terror, as in olden time
He came

In the blackness and the tempest and the mountain
wrapt in flame ;

Saw the covenanted meeting of the Old World
and the New,
Every Word confirmed and witnessed in the mouth
of Three and Two ;

Saw the Two of all the Old World, of the New
World saw the Three,
Law and Prophets, chief Apostle, and the Sons of
Zebedee.

Sounds the Voice through all the ages—Man has
sinned, and Man must die ;
GOD has spoken in His Justice—Can the GOD of
Justice lie ?

Love takes up the Challenge, pleading—GOD is
Love, and GOD has won
Pardon through the Blood-atoning of the Well-
beloved SON.

GOD is Judge, and GOD the Ransom : Heaven
and earth in one rejoice ;
Hushed the earthquake ; past the tempest ; present
is the still small Voice.

* * * *

Bright upon the vested Altar burns the Tapers'
steady light,

For the Day-star has arisen through the shadows
of the night,

And they show in type and figure what the eye of
faith may see

By the light of Tabor Mountain in an awful
Mystery :

In that Cloud we fear to enter : it is full of light
within,

For the LAMB there kindles brightly the Burnt-
Sacrifice for sin :

And we tremble as we worship ; for, behold ! in
lowly guise,

Under Form of earthly Substance, lies the bloodless
Sacrifice ;

And the Soul flies back in memory to the Manger
in the stall

Where in Form of earthly Substance lay the GOD
and LORD of all :

GOD and MAN He willed for our sakes in One
PERSON to combine ;

GOD and MAN He comes for our sakes under Form
of Bread and Wine,

That His Pure and Sinless MANHOOD, raised
from death, no more to die,

May appeal from earth to Heaven at the Throne
of GOD on high.

Therefore on the vested Altar burns the Tapers'
 steady flame,
 Setting forth the Two-fold Natures wherewith
 CHRIST the SAVIOUR came,
 Setting forth the Heavenly Substance which the
 faithful Soul intent
 Must discern beneath the Substance of the fearful
 Sacrament ;
 That the fainting may gain vigour, and the sickly
 be made whole,
 If the hem of that bright Garment do but touch
 upon the Soul.

The Life of Christ.

From the Latin.



IN Wisdom, GOD the LORD,
 Who by His potent Word
 The Universe controls,
 Beheld us as we lay
 To guilt and grief a prey,
 And pitied our lost Souls.
 From His high Throne above
 The FATHER sent in Love
 His Messenger to earth,
 That all things might be done
 As promised to the SON
 Before His wondrous Birth.

Soon as the Angel spoke
The Virgin's joy awoke—
Hail! favoured One, for thou
(Said he) shalt bear a SON,
Both GOD and MAN in One,
To Whom shall all things bow.
Nor was it long delayed
Before that Mother-Maid
Embraced her Holy CHILD,
The Light of faithful men
Cheering the world again
With Virtue undefiled.

The Eternal SON of GOD was born
A MAN, on that illustrious morn;
He Whom the boundless Heavens obey
Then in the lowly Manger lay,
And then awoke the exultant Hymn
From raptured choirs of Cherubim.
No proud ones saw the glorious light
That burst upon the Shepherds' sight,
But, Jesse's Rod in bloom, behold
With Myrrh and Frankincense and Gold,
Fit Gifts, the Magi come from far,
Led on by Bethlehem's Herald-star!

Born for men, He was indeed
Circumcised as Abraham's seed;
Him His Mother gladly brings
With the appointed offerings;
Simeon takes Him in his arms,
Spared to see the SAVIOUR's Charms,

Who ere long in Jordan's river,
In a glorious Mystery,
Washed away our sins for ever,
If repentant we shall be,
If in the Baptismal wave
We shall own His Power to save.

Soon followed Acts of glorious Fame—
See wine from water flowing ;
Eyes for the blind, feet for the lame,
Tongues for the dumb are growing :
The deaf find ears ; diseases fly ;
The very dead show motion ;
The Devils shun His piercing Eye ;
He calms the storm-tossed ocean :
Five thousand feast on what He gives,
Five loaves and two small fishes ;
Blood is stanch'd ; and the poor child lives,
As faith maternal wishes.

Now, as Holy Scripture reads,
On the Cross our Shepherd bleeds,
Yielding up His precious Breath ;
Spotless LAMB of GOD, He lies
Dying as our Sacrifice,
Winning victory over death !
Dawns at length the appointed day ;
Hell flies open ; Death gives way ;
Christians see their Risen LORD :
Oh, the triumphs of that hour !
Miracles of saving Power
Wait upon His gracious Word.

Thy Daughter is dead.

Having thus subdued His Foes,
Up to Heaven the SAVIOUR rose,
Glory of our ransomed nature :
All Dominion is His own,
One with GOD upon the Throne,
LORD and King of every creature.

Gift of His transcendent Merit,
Soon came down the Promised SPIRIT,
Fount of living Consolation,
Fitting chosen men for teaching,
With new tongues and power of preaching
Truth and Love to every nation.

Ye Saints, with faithful spirit sing
New songs to your exalted King :
The shades of night are melting fast,
And morning light will come at last—
Raise your joyous eyes
To the glowing skies ;
For He comes to bless
With more than primal happiness.

Thy Daughter is dead, trouble not the
Master.



DEAD is thy Daughter, trouble not the
Master—

Thus in the Ruler's ear his servants
spake,

While tremblingly he urged the SAVIOUR faster
Up the green slope from that white margined
Lake.

The soft wave weltered, and the breeze came sighing
Out of the oleander thickets red ;
He only heard a breath that gasped in dying,
Or ‘ Trouble not the Master—She is dead.’

Trouble Him not. Ah! are these words befitting
The desolation of that awful day,
When love’s vain fancies, hope’s delusive dreaming
Are over—and the life has fled for aye ?

We need Him most when the dear eyes are closing,
When on the cheek the shadow lieth strong,
When the soft lines are set in that reposing
That never Mother cradled with a song.

Then most we need the gentle Human Feeling
That throbs with all our sorrows and our fears,
And that great Love Divine its light revealing
In short bright flashes through a mist of tears.

Then most we need the Voice that while it weepeth
Yet hath a solemn undertone that saith—
Weep not, thy darling is not dead, but sleepeth ;
Only believe, for I have conquered death.

Then most we need the thoughts of Resurrection,
Not the life here, ’mid pain, and sin, and woe,
But ever in the fulness of Perfection,
To walk with Him in robes as white as snow.

When in our nursery garden falls a blossom,
And as we kiss the hand and fold the feet,
We cannot see the lamb in Abraham's bosom,
Nor hear the footfall in the golden street.

When all is silent—neither moan nor cheering,
The hush of hope, the end of all our cares—
All but that harp above, beyond our hearing,
Then most we need to trouble Him with prayers.

Did He not enter in when that cold Sleeper
Lay still, with pulseless heart and leaden eyes,
Put calmly forth each loud tumultuous weeper,
And take her by the hand and bid her rise?

Come to us, SAVIOUR! in our lone dejection,
Speak calmly to our wild and passionate grief,
Bring us the hopes and thoughts of Resurrection,
Bring us the comfort of a true Belief.

Come! with that Human Voice that breaks in weeping,
Come! with that awful Tendernefs Divine,
Come! tell us that they are not dead but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for they are Thine.

The Shadow and the Substance.



AMARIA proud and glorious,
Rival City of GOD,
Thou standest still victorious,
Free from the Syrian's rod.

The horse and rider charge in vain,
They hear a Phantom-shout ;
A mighty army on the plain
Flies, routed without rout.

The Spear-man fiercest in assault
Flings spear and shield away,
And flees, as one fears to halt,
The imaginary fray.

The Leper drinks from cups of gold,
And lies where princes laid ;
His loathsome fingers jewels hold
For dainty nobles made.

'Tis rout, and shame, and ruin all
With haughty Syria's men—
There's plenty in the leaguered Hall,
Pale famine feasts again.

* * *

Jerusalem, the Righteous,
City of CHRIST and GOD,

64 **The Shadow and the Substance.**

Thou art in Heaven more glorious
Thou art the Saints' abode.

I ask Thee, GOD, the life to live
Of holy Saints below ;
I ask Thee, HOLY GHOST, to give
The power of faith to show ;

I ask Thee, CHRIST, on earth to fight
Against the Powers of air ;
I ask Thee that in craven flight
No Child of Thine may share ;

I ask Thee that no Phantom-voice
May shake my trust in Thee ;
I rather ask the Champion's choice,
The Martyr's constancy.

Jerusalem, the Glorious,
These, these shall dwell and shine,
O'er sin and self victorious,
True Citizens of thine.

These, resting on Thy Bosom, LORD,
The SPIRIT's Jewels wear ;
In Faith and Love they took the Word,
And Faith and Love they are.

Surgit Christus cum Trophæo.

An Easter Sequence.



CHRIST with mighty Triumph rises !
 All the gates of Death surprises !
 From a Lamb a Lion strong :
 Hell through all its depths is quaking ;
 Earth through all its graves is shaking ;
 Raise on high the Victor's song !

Hail the LAMB ! adore Him greatly,
 Who upon the Cross but lately
 For His helpless Sheep was slain ;
 By His Death He brought Salvation,
 To the lost of every nation
 Showed the Way of Life again.

He alone His Passion bearing,
 None His mighty Grief was sharing
 Save repentant Magdalene—
 Tell us Mary, 'mid thy weeping,
 By the Cross thy station keeping,
 All the Woes that thou hast seen—

I beheld the LORD's Anointed
 Bear the Stripes to sin appointed,
 Lifted on His Cross to die ;
 Saw the LORD His Thorn-crown wearing,
 Groffest insult meekly bearing,
 Pale His Cheek, and sunk His Eye :

66 **Surgit Christus cum Trophæo.**

Through His Hands the nails were driven,
By the spear His Side was riven,
Then He bowed His sacred Head,
And His Soul to GOD commended,
All His bitter Passion ended—
Lo ! the LORD of Life was dead.

Tell us, Mary, all thy doing,
Still thy task of love pursuing,
When the SAVIOUR's Soul was fled—
By the martyred Mother keeping,
While I soothed, I shared her weeping,
Till unto her home I led :

Then upon the hard earth falling,
Mourned I o'er that Scene appalling,
Mourned my SAVIOUR's bitter Doom ;
Then the fragrant spices blending,
Love's last precious care attending,
Hied me to the sacred Tomb :

Search for my Beloved making,
Him for Whom my heart was breaking,
All my searching proved in vain ;
Then my Soul was newly troubled,
All my grief and care was doubled,
And my tears burst forth again.

Weep not, Mary, now unduly
CHRIST the LORD hath risen truly,
Broke the seal and 'scaped the ward—

Words of comfort ye have spoken ;
And indeed no single token
Saw I of the Risen LORD :

Shining Angels told the story—
Here is not the LORD of Glory,
He is risen, as He said ;
See unwound each linen Cerement
And yon token of endearment
Which enwrapped His sacred Head.

Yea, indeed, the LORD is risen !
Bursting from His narrow Prison ;
Hope in Him, ye Sons of men !
Risen SAVIOUR, leave us never,
Show us Love and Pity ever ;
Alleluia ! LORD, Amen.

The Childhood of Christ.



THAT earth appeared to Angel eyes
That Sabbath morn in Paradise,
When man before his FATHER
stood,

And God beheld that all was good—

When Nature, guiltless yet of stain,
Returned her Maker's smile again,
And over all created things
Lingered the SPIRIT's brooding Wings—

So fair, so fresh, so free from taint,
Beyond all mortal skill to paint,
So calm in growing Strength serene,
The Holy Childhood must have been—

A Garden fed with Heavenly Dew,
Where all things lovely bloomed and grew,
Where Knowledge both of good and ill
But left the heart more holy still.

But vainly would we seek to raise
The veil that shrouds CHRIST's early Days,
Each wondrous Act, each Word sublime
That beautified that glorious Prime.

A few brief lines of Sacred Writ
Contain the whole we know of it ;
And there the eye of faith may see
The lowly Home in Galilee,

Where daily in His Mother's sight
He grew in Wisdom and in Might ;
The path of meek Obedience trod,
In favour both with man and God.

He grew in Wisdom ! who can weigh
The meaning which those Words convey ;
Or trace the deep mysterious line
Between the Human and Divine ?

We only know the daily growth
Was that of Mind and Body both,

Until the Perfect Childhood passed
Into the Perfect MAN at last.

Yet one recorded scene alone
A Glory o'er those years hath thrown,
Revealing to His Mother's Soul
A Realm beyond her Love's control :

Teaching both her, who meekly heard
And treasured every sacred Word,
And all His Church, from age to age
Who read them in the Gospel page,

That far above all earthly claim
Was that great Work for which He came,
As far beyond all earthly tie,
The Sonship of His DEITY.

And if to those who love Him most,
His Presence for awhile be lost,
And on Life's crowded road they find
That they have left their LORD behind,

Let them each erring step retrace,
And seek Him through His Means of Grace,
Who, in His FATHER's House of Prayer,
Still doth His Work of Mercy there.

We would see Jesus.



ONCE, amid the wondrous Story of those
thirty years and three,
When the GODHEAD's veiled Glory
shone through our humanity,
Burst a sunlight transitory o'er that sorrow-darkened
sea.

'Twas within the Holy City, briefest space ere
He deceased,
In His world-atoning pity Paschal Sacrifice and
Priest,
Chaunting psalm and solemn ditty, came the
people to the Feast.

Branch of palm before Him flinging, marched the
multitude along,
Little children with their singing joined the unpre-
sumptuous throng,
Joyous Jubilates ringing filled Jerusalem with song.

Then it was from those far Islands dear to story
and to fame,
From the classic vales and highlands dowered with
a deathless name,
Breaking late the world's cold silence, Strangers
with their question came.

We would see Him!—Him Whose Finger stills
the storm upon the wave,

Him for Whom the thousands linger, health and
benison to crave,

Him the glorious Godlike Bringer of corruption
from the Grave.

Oh! then, for that bitter weeping o'er His own
dear Nation's doom,

Came a smile of gladness creeping like a sunbeam
on the gloom,

Like a radiant Angel keeping vigil o'er a dreary
tomb.

For, beyond the darkening vision of that lordly
Temple's fall,

Of the stern day of decision, and the Roman battle-
call,

Rose a gleam of Light elysian, of a Day that
dawned for all :

When from Sinim and from Thulé, from the
Islands of the Sea,

With their Sacrifices duly, with their gold and
silver free,

Owning His Allegiance truly, Princes to His
House should flee.

And His Soul, through myriad ages, through the
travail of the years,

Solved the riddle of the Sages, heard the music of
the spheres,

In the glad advancing stages of a world that knows
no tears.

He, Who, with His SIRE Coeval, looked on Earth
as first it stood,
Saw return the hours primeval, saw the Universe
renewed
By the taming of the Evil, and the triumph of the
Good :

Earth's great murmur hushed for ever ; all the
strife, and all the pain,
All the fruitless wild endeavour for unsatisfying
gain
Swallowed up in Joy's broad river, swelling to a
boundless main.

But a Shadow dark and fearful ere that Light
before Him lay,
Of an Agony all tearful, and a dark untrodden
Way
With no friendly voices cheerful, brightened by no
Heavenly Ray.

And His Human Soul was troubled, like the
troubling of the deep,
When the gale, with force redoubled, lashes in a
sudden sweep
Wisps of foam that danced and bubbled, to a wild
and angry leap.

And, could the Unchanging waver, seemed it as
the Fiend had power,
Working aye in our disfavour, man's bright Hope
to overlower,

Should He say, the world's Sole SAVER—
FATHER ! save Me from this hour ?

But, while listening Angels wonder, weeping o'er
earth's sinful frame,

Though His Heart be rent asunder, stands GOD's
Purpose without blame—

Hark ! amid the answering thunder—FATHER !
glorify Thy Name.

Be it so ! Who suffers for us, answer to His
Prayer be given !

By the universal chorus let the firmament be riven,
While the ages travel o'er us, glorified with Him
in Heaven.

Faith.



FAITH is the dawning of Day
Where darkness was before,
The rising of a solar ray
To set in night no more.

Faith lights an Eye within the Soul
From earth to Heaven that turns,
And there, where wheels of Glory roll,
Admires, adores, and burns.

Faith plants an Ear that hears the Hymn
Of everlasting praise,
Which fainted Souls and Seraphim
In Alleluias raise.

Faith yields a Sense of life and love
Upborne on wings of prayer,
Swift as an eagle or a dove
That cleaves the liquid air.

Faith gives a Hand, that holds the heart
Within the mystic veil,
Fast by that Friend who will not part
From those who will not fail.

Faith feeds that Fire whose holy flame
Illuminates my road,
With all the Glories of His Name,
Who deigns to be my God.

Faith fans each phasis of the fight
Which sin and self destroys—
CHRIST changing weakness into Might,
And sorrows into Joys.

Faith leads me onward to the Cross,
And through it to a Crown,
When purified from all the dross
That weighs the Spirit down.

Faith lifts the Glass which shows so well,
In lines of weal and woe,
Those twofold worlds of Heaven and Hell,
Above me, and below.

Faith is the Substance of my Hope,
The Evidence of things .

Where Angels fathom not the scope,
But shade it with their wings.

Faith is the Prop on which we lean
In darkness or distress,
Far oftener felt and known, than seen
Throughout this wilderness.

Faith opens amidst wastes of sand
A Fountain fresh and fair,
Whose Waters, rising at Command,
Annihilate despair.

Faith is a Compass never wrong,
Nor swerving from its Pole ;
It cheers the weak, directs the strong,
And gladdens every Soul.

Faith is the Charm that keeps our sight
From wandering by the way ;
It studs with stars the brow of night,
Or turns it into day.

Faith is the Talisman of Power
No force can ever break,
No beasts of prey can e'er devour,
Nor sorcery ever shake.

Faith is the Gem without a flaw
Derived alone from God,
The Ransom of His broken Law,
Bought with and bathed in Blood.

In Youth I died.

Faith is the Iris arching Heaven,
 Though gathering clouds are round,
 The Token glad of guilt forgiven,
 Of bondage thus unbound.

Faith takes her Balances of gold,
 And weighs with skill sublime
 Eternal Happiness untold,
 Against the dream of time.

O LORD, increase this Grace in me
 That with each fleeting breath
 I more and more may know of Thee,
 And hail the hand of Death.

So Faith shall in Fruition end
 And Grace in Glory cease,
 Where Praise her powers can never spend
 Nor aught disturb their peace.

In Youth I died.



IN Youth I died, in Maiden bloom ;
 With gentle hand Death touched my
 cheek,
 And with his touch there came to me
 A Spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay ;
 He was so kind, I feared him not ;

My Friends beheld my slow decline,
And mourned my joyless lot.

They saw but sorrow ; I descried
The Blifs that never fades away :
They felt the shadow of the tomb ;
I marked the Heavenly Day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
They kept their watch : then on my ear,
Amid the sobbing, fell a Voice
Their anguish could not hear.

Come ! and fear not !—It softly cried—
We wait to lead thee to thy Home.
Then leaped my Spirit to reply—
I come ! I long to come !

I heard them whisper o'er my bed—
Another hour, and she must die !
I was too weak to answer them
That endless Life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears
They mourned me as untimely dead,
And heard not how I sang a Song
Of Triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the Grave, and thought
How narrow was my resting-place ;
My Soul was roving high and wide
At will through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black ;
 Through the sad Aisle the Requiem rang ;
 Meanwhile the white-robed Choirs of Heaven
 A holy Pæan sang.

Oft from my Paradise I come
 To visit those I love on earth ;
 I enter, unperceived, the door ;
 They sit around the hearth,

And talk in saddened tone of me,
 As one that never can return ;
 How little think they that I stand
 Among them as they mourn !

But Time will ease their grief, and Death
 Will purge the darkness from their eyes ;
 Then shall they triumph, when they learn
 Heaven's solemn Mysteries.

Stanzas.

The Armour of Christ.

LAD in the Panoply of Heaven
 What need I fear of Satan's power,
 His cruel darts against me driven,
 Or artful wiles in evil hour ?

If CHRIST have given me such array
 To save my Soul from hellish spite,

Why should I dread to wend my way,
Or fear to wage the holy fight ?

For when with Truth my loins are girt,
And Virtue's plate is on my breast,
No falsehood can my Spirit hurt,
No vice within my bosom rest.

And if my feet be always shod
With the defence of Gospel Peace,
No rugged path, that must be trod,
Shall cause my zeal and love to cease.

And while I hold the shield of Faith
To guard me from the wicked Foe,
I am assured, nor harm, nor scath,
Can come to work me lasting woe.

And when Salvation's helm is mine
To cheer me with a blessed Hope,
Why should my courage e'er decline,
Or fear with evil powers to cope ?

The SPIRIT'S Sword is by my side,
The Word of GOD, pure, undefiled ;
Thus pride and error are defied,
Though I am but a foolish Child.

Prayer, also, is a weapon sure
Whereby temptation to withstand,
All Heavenly Graces to secure
From my Redeemer's willing Hand.

And gives He not in very deed
HIMSELF, His Sacrament of Love,
With more than Angels' Food to feed
My ransomed Soul, from Heaven above ?

Then shall I not sustain the fight,
E'en though it be prolonged and sore ;
And shall not I be clothed with Might
To wear the Crown, when all is o'er ?

Hereafter.

NOW feebly we adore Thee now ;
How lamely pay each holy vow ;
Our Faith how weak, our eyes how dim,
How languid every laud and hymn !
When at Thy Altar, LORD, we kneel,
Thy Presence scarce our hearts can feel ;
Not even those on earth who knew
Thy Form, Thy best-beloved, could view
On Tabor's solitary height
One glimpse of Thy Eternal Light :
They fell, o'erpowered with sight and sound,
Amazed and senseless to the ground.

But they who reach the Realms of Joy,
Where sin our bliss can ne'er alloy,
Shall look upon their Monarch's Face
Within His very Dwelling-place :

Shall all His Beauty see and know,
 Enraptured gaze—nor only so—
 But His effulgent Robe shall wear,
 And, one with Him, His Glory share.
 Transcendent thought! that mortal men
 The secret things of Heaven may ken;
 And GOD the LORD for evermore
 With undivided Love adore!

The Redeemer.

WHAT, left my LORD the Realms of Light,
 His glorious Throne, for me?
 Yes, Sinner, CHRIST in love forsook His FATHER'S
 House for thee!

And as He clothed in mortal Flesh, in human
 Form for me?
 Yes, Sinner, JESUS once became a little BABE for
 thee!

And did He fast, and fainting pray, afflict His
 Soul for me?
 Yes, Sinner, CHRIST the LORD endured life's
 bitterest pangs for thee!

And was He scorned, and scourged, and mocked,
 and buffeted for me?
 Yes, Sinner, JESUS oft-time bore most cruel taunts
 for thee!

Say, did He groan, and bleed, and die, upon the
Crofs for me ?

Yes, Sinner, He with joy poured forth His
precious Blood for thee !

And went He to the Realms of Hell to vanquish
Death for me ?

Yes, Sinner, and on Easter-morn CHRIST rose
again for thee !

And is He gone to GOD'S Right Hand to intercede
for me ?

Yes, Sinner, with His FATHER now, in Heaven
He pleads for thee !

Then, there is hope of Life, and Peace, and Pardon,
e'en for me ?

Yes, Sinner, if thou go to CHRIST, Himself will
give them thee !

With JESUS may I refuge take, to Him for succour
flee ?

Haste, Sinner, JESUS gladly hails, and Angels
welcome thee !

Then, LORD, let me, a Sinner, come with contrite
heart to Thee ;

Forgive, O graciously forgive : in Mercy look on me !

O fend Thy HOLY SPIRIT down, with Love to
quicken me ;

That so, for evermore, I may devote my life to
Thee !

The Sacred Heart.



WHAT wouldst thou have, O Soul,
 Thou weary Soul?
 Lo! I have sought for Rest
 On the Earth's heaving breast,
 From pole to pole.
 Sleep—I have been with her,
 But she gave dreams;
 Death—nay, the rest he gives
 Rest only seems.
 Fair Nature knows it not—
 The grass is growing;
 The blue air knows it not—
 The winds are blowing:
 Not in the changing sky,
 The stormy sea—
 Yet somewhere in GOD's wide World
 Rest there must be.
 Within thy SAVIOUR's Heart
 Place all thy care,
 And learn, O weary Soul,
 Thy Rest is there.

What wouldst thou, trembling Soul?
 Strength for the strife—
 Strength for this fiery war
 That we call Life.

Fears gather thickly round ;
 Shadowy foes,
Like unto armed men,
 Around me close.
What am I, frail and poor,
 When griefs arise ?
No help from the weak earth,
 Or the cold skies.
Lo ! I can find no guards,
 No weapons borrow,
Shrinking, alone I stand
 With mighty sorrow.
Courage, thou trembling Soul,
 Grief thou must bear,
Yet thou canst find a Strength
 Will match despair :
Within thy SAVIOUR'S Heart—
 Seek for it there.

What wouldst thou have, sad Soul,
 Oppressed with grief ?
Comfort, I seek in vain,
 Nor find relief.
Nature, all pitiless,
 Smiles on my pain ;
I ask my fellow-men,
 They give disdain :
I asked the babbling streams,
 But they flowed on ;
I asked the wise and good,
 But they gave none.

Though I have asked the stars,
Coldly they shine,
They are too bright to know
Grief such as mine.
I asked for Comfort still,
And I found tears,
And I have sought in vain
Long, weary years.
Listen, thou mournful Soul,
Thy pain shall cease ;
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
Dwells Joy and Peace.

Yes, in that Heart Divine,
The Angels bright
Find, through eternal years,
Still new delight.
From thence his constancy
The Martyr drew,
And there the Virgin band
Their refuge knew.
There, racked by pain without,
And dread within,
How many Souls have found
Heaven's Bliss begin.
Then leave thy vain attempts
To seek for Peace ;
The world can never give
One Soul release :
But in thy SAVIOUR's Heart
Securely dwell,

86 **Sanctae Syon adsunt Encaenia.**

No pain can harm thee, hid
In that sweet Cell.
Then fly, O coward Soul,
Delay no more,
What words can speak the Joy
For thee in store?
What smiles of earth can tell
Of Peace like thine?
Silence and tears are best
For Things Divine.

Sanctae Syon adsunt Encaenia.

A Sequence for the Dedication of a Church.



GLAD Zion's halls are sounding
With song and festal lay,
And with bridal Joy abounding
The Church is Bride to-day!

In robes of Grace excelling
The glorious Bride is clad,
And the organ notes are swelling
In anthems loud and glad.

Like rain and dew descending
Is the FATHER'S Heavenly ruth;
In a bridal Blessing blending
Are His Mercy and His Truth.

Comes, all His Love revealing,
The Bridegroom, Mary's SON ;
Brings all the Grace of Healing
Which He for earth has won,

Brings a glorious Bridal-dower
For the Church which He has wed,
In the Grace of sevenfold Power
From His HOLY SPIRIT shed.

With Mysteries life giving
The Paschal Feast is rife,
Where the LAMB for ever living
Is Himself the Bread of Life.

And to the LAMB's great Wedding
His SIRE, the Heavenly King,
His chosen Saints is bidding
With a gracious welcoming.

Comes Abel, witness bearing
How innocence is blest ;
Comes Noah, stern declaring
How Justice is exprest.

In mystery confessing
The great eternal Priest,
Melchisedec his Blessing,
Gives ever to the Feast.

And Abraham the proven,
Has brought his faith sincere,

With Israel the loving,
And trustful Isaac here.

And Moses old and hoary,
With light his forehead rayed ;
And Joshua in his glory,
Whose word the Sun obeyed.

And ardent David smiting
In his youth the giant foe,
On his kingly throne delighting
In the Psalms prophetic flow.

And the Law and Prophets greeting
In union close rejoice ;
While their strength and power completing
Comes the Gospel's glorious voice.

And over earth and Heaven
Great peace and stillness fall,
With the FATHER's Fulness given,
And GOD is All in all.

Lays of Ancient Palestine.

Miriam.



H, for that day, that day of bliss en-
trancing,
When Israel stood, her night of
bondage o'er,
And leaped in heart to see no more advancing

Egypt's dark host along the desert shore ;
For scarce a ripple now proclaimed where lay
The boasting Pharaoh and his fierce array.

Miriam ! she silent stood, that sight beholding,
And bowed with sacred awe her wondering head ;
Till, lo ! no more their hideous spoils withholding,
The Depths, indignant, spurned their buried
dead ;
And all along that sad and vengeful coast
Pale corpses lay—a monumental host.

Miriam ! she saw ; then all to life awaking—
“Sing to the LORD”—with a great voice she cried ;
“Sing to the LORD”—their many timbrels shaking,
Ten thousand ransomed hearts and tongues
replied ;
While, leading on the dance in triumph long,
Thus the great Prophets broke forth in song—

“ Oh, sing to the LORD,
Sing His Triumph right glorious ;
O'er horse and o'er rider,
Sing His right Arm victorious ;
Pharaoh's horsemen and chariots
And captains so brave,
The LORD hath thrown down
In the bottomless wave.

“ Man of War is the LORD,
And JEHOVAH His Name ;

We trusted His Pillar
Of Cloud and of Flame.
Proud boasters, ye followed,
But where are ye gone?
Down, down in the waters,
Ye sank like a stone.

“ O LORD, Thou didst blow
With Thy Nostrils a blast,
And upheaved the huge billows—
Like mountains stood fast.
Egypt shuddered with wonder,
That pathway to see—
Those depths all congealed
In the heart of the sea.

“ ‘ I too will march onward,
(The Enemy cried)
I shall soon overtake ;
I the spoil will divide,
I will kill’—O my GOD !
The depths fell at Thy Breath,
And like lead they went down
In those waters of death.

“ But o’er us the soft wings
Of Thy Mercy outspread
To Thy own chosen Dwelling
Our feet Thou hast led.
Palestrina, affrighted,
The tidings shall hear,

And your hearts, O ye Nations,
Shall wither with fear.

“ Thus brought in with triumph,
Safe planted and blest,
On Thy own holy Mountain
Thy People shall rest.
Shout ! Pharaoh is fallen
To rise again never.
Sing ! the LORD, He shall reign
For ever and ever.”

Gibeon.



OH ! there were banners proudly dancing
Round old Gibeon's royal walls ;
Oh ! there were war-steeds furious prancing
To the battle-trump which calls.
On they come, five Kings in number,
Oh, how stern their long array :
Up ! brave hearts, nor dare to slumber,
Life and death are on this day.

Men of Gibeon ! like a river
Hebron rushes from afar ;
Jarmuth see ! with bow and quiver,
How he heads the bursting war :
Lachish shouts with scornful gladness ;
Eglon ! who his waves shall stem ?
Many a mother faints with sadness
At thy cry, Jerusalem !

Onward ! onward ! buckler clashes,
Lances shiver, helmet rings ;
On ! the roll of carnage dashes—
Iron hearts are needful things.
Earth and air, with ghastly wonder,
Start to eye that dreadful sight ;
While each crash of martial thunder
Shakes the crimson field of fight.

Hark ! and tell me, heard ye stealing
Footsteps through the dead of night ?
Saw ye tread, their path concealing,
Israel's chosen men of might ?
Canaan's sons ! no peace betiding,
Moans that sullen night-wind's breath ;
For upon its black wings riding,
Lo ! the Angel comes of death.

Thou, Bethoron ! tell the story,
How they died that banded host ;
Bannered pomp and kingly glory,
Where is now your swelling boast ?
Speak, Azekah ! say how o'er them
Heaven its giant hailstones threw ;
God, their Foe, above—before them ;
Israel's host behind pursue.

Conquerors ! on ; but, fast declining,
See ! the day is almost gone—
“ Sun ! stand still, on Gibeon shining :
Stop, thou Moon ! o'er Ajalon.”

Wondrous sight ! by Mortal spoken,
 Sun and Moon obeyed that word,
 Till, the last proud foeman broken,
 Joshua triumphed and the LORD.

Gibeon's saved ! ye Saints that languish,
 Crouched in sackcloth and in dust,
 Rise ! 'tis past, your hour of anguish—
 Perfect Peace awaits the Just ;
 You have sown in night of sorrow,
 Reap in joy your promised crown ;
 Happy, glorious, endless morrow,
 Sun and Moon that ne'er go down.

Deborah.

WAKE, Deborah ! wake ; and thou, Barak !
 arise,
 And swell the proud chorus which gladdens the skies :
 Attend, O ye Kings, and ye Princes, give ear—
 I, Deborah, speak, but JEHOVAH is near.

O LORD, it was Thou with Thy People didst ride,
 When they conquering burst from rough Edom's
 dark side,
 The huge Mountains staggered along on Thy Way,
 While the hearts of the Nations all melted away.

But forsaken by Thee, then how triumphed our foes,
 Till I, Mother in Israel, Deborah, rose ;

How silent our valleys, how wasted our plains,
While we sat down in sackcloth, and wept o'er
our chains.

Speak, Deborah ! speak ; and thou, Barak ! oh,
say,

How captivity captive was led on that day ;
All honour to you who, inspired by our breath,
So bravely did jeopard your lives to the death.

But curse ye the cowards, who, trembling with fear,
Resolved not the summons of rescue to hear ;
Yes, bitterly curse them, who mocked at the word—
'Gainst the mighty, oh, come ! to the help of the
LORD.

Oh, that was a triumph, a glorious fight,
When ye came, O ye Kings ! to Megiddo to fight ;
Ah, Sisera ! well may your chariots be nought,
When against you the stars in their bright courses
fought.

Then tell me, O Kishon, then tell me, oh, whither
Hast thou swept all their glory, thou deep-flowing
river ?

Where has vanished so swiftly their boastful array ?
O my Soul ! down what strength hast thou trodden
this day.

By the window she sat of her watch tower so high—
It was Sisera's Mother : she looked at the sky—
“ Why tarries his chariot so long on the way ?
Why thus, O my conquering Son ! dost thou stay ? ”

Her wife Ladies answered—"The spoil to divide,
The glad warriors rest on the steep mountain's side;
They come"—Dreamers, hush! shall I tell you
the tale,
How your Sifera died by the sharp-piercing nail?

Thus perish, consumed, at the flash of Thy Sword,
The madmen who challenge Thy Honour, O LORD!
But they who love Thee, on strong pinions unfurled,
Like funs shall mount upward, and tread on the
world.

Virgins in Gremio.

A Sequence on the Incarnation.



WHEN of His Grace the SON of GOD
the SON of Man would be
Then was a Bridal, GOD the Spouse,
the Bride Humanity;

Our nature was not lost in Him, nor He defiled
by clay,
So let all earth meet joyfully and keep the Bridal-
day.

O blessed end of enmity! O Peace which Angels
tell!

O fairest fair Espousals! GOD with us, EMMANUEL!

This is the Dew on Gideon's Fleece, the Earth
in opening Spring,
This is our Aaron's Almond-rod to Glory blof-
foming.

Oh, once the Prophets fpake of Him, and in the
Fathers' day
The eyes which He had opened faw a Gladnefs
far away ;
But now their Voice is only love ; He Whom
they faw is nigh,
And dawns, a Sun of Sinleffnefs, clear o'er the
darkening fky.

Then by a mortal Mother's Arms Immensity was
spanned,
Then was Humility moft meek enthroned at God's
Right Hand,
Then GOD was manifelt in Flefh, the Life would
mortal be,
And finners recompensed with hate Divineft
Charity.

There is a wondrous Story, of dim Tradition born—
There went a Virgin beautiful to fnare the
Unicorn ;
She came upon his lair—oh then he laid his
fiercenefs by,
And leaned for flumber at Her Breaft, the am-
bush lurking nigh ;

There is a Truth more wondrous yet ; God's
 Wrath was waxing fell
 When in the Pearl of Maidenhood He came as
 MAN to dwell ;
 Thither He came and thence He went even foes
 to seek and save,
 Till through the Flesh He took of her the Nails
 of Death they drave.

So let us meet and kindle each in other Love's
 pure flame,
 And send our lowly 'not to us' there whence
 the Merit came ;
 GOD breathed on earth His quickening Breath,
 then fell the SPIRIT's Shower,
 And lo ! in Mary's Garden sprang Salvation's
 votive Flower.

Type and Antitype.

The Tree of Life.

THE Tree of Life in Eden stood,
 With mystic Fruits of Heavenly Food,
 Which endless Life afford :
 That Life by man's transgression lost,
 Cast out is man by Angel-hoft
 Until by MAN restored.

H

In vain the Lambs poured forth their blood,
 In vain the smoking Altars stood,
 All unatoned was sin :
 Must greater be the Sacrifice,
 Before the Gate of Paradise
 Can let the fallen in.

The LORD of Life His Life must give,
 That man an endless Life may live,
 And Death's dark doom reverse.
 The Cross is made the mystic Tree,
 The Blood that flowed on Calvary
 Hath washed away the curse.

Now Eden's Gate is oped once more,
 The guarding Angel's watch is o'er,
 And sheathed the flaming sword :
 The Tree of Life now blooms afresh,
 Its precious Fruit the very Flesh
 Of the Incarnate WORD.

Cain and Abel.

TWO Brothers each an Offering made,
 Two offerings on two Altars laid,
 Two differing hearts were there :
 In one was faith and hope and love,
 The other anger, malice move
 To murder and despair.

The bloodless Offering lies in vain,
 The GOD most Highest will not deign
 To bless such Sacrifice :
 But soon that Offering's stained and red
 With Brother's blood by Brother shed,
 Which loud for vengeance cries.

Again two Priests stand Face to face,
 Two Brethren of one common race
 Within the Temple walls :
 Again a BROTHER's Blood is poured
 An awful Offering to the LORD,
 But which for Mercy calls.

Upon our Altars now there lies
 A bloodless, endless Sacrifice,
 Earth's fruits of Bread and Wine :
 Our BROTHER brings His Blood to bless
 And Consecrate by Righteousness
 An Offering now Divine.

Abram and Melchizedek.

WHEN conquering Abram Salem fought,
 To GOD's High Priest his tithes he brought,
 His thankfulness to mark :
 Melchizedek an Offering made
 Of Bread and Wine on Altar laid,
 And blessed the Patriarch.

A Victory nobler far we gain,
 A nobler Sacrifice is slain,
 A better Blessing shed :
 Our great High Priest in Heaven stands,
 Who gives Himself with His own Hands,
 In mystic Wine and Bread.

The Manna and the Rock.

FOR forty years was Israel fed
 With daily Manna, Angel's Bread ;
 The Rock with Water flows :
 That Water flowed, that Manna fell
 Like dew on favoured Israel,
 Who like a lily grows.

CHRIST'S Flesh is now the Living Bread,
 His riven Side the Rock which shed
 The Water and the Blood :
 From Him the Church her life renews,
 His Gracious Blood her Soul bedews
 With ever-streaming flood.

The Passover and the Eucharist.

IN anxious haste at God's Command
 All Israel's host prepare and stand
 To take its ordered flight :
 With bitter herbs, unleavened bread,
 And roasted Lamb the Feast is spread,
 That memorable night.

The awful Angel soars on high,
 And Death is dealing far and nigh,
 Save where the Blood is found :
 Supported by that Paschal food,
 The mighty host passed through the flood
 Beyond the sea's dark bound.

All girded for its coming flight
 A Soul is passing hence to-night,
 And bids the world farewell :
 Fed with the sacred Nourishment
 Of CHRIST's most Holy Sacrament,
 It bursts through sin's dark spell.

All sprinkled with the Precious BLOOD
 It calmly passes through the flood
 Of Death's last agony :
 It chants, while borne on Angel's wing—
 O mighty Death, where is thy sting ?
 Where, Grave, thy Victory ?

Verles.

Give me Children, or else I die.



IVE me Children, or else I die—
 'Twas wildly said, and still
 More wildly o'er the speaker's heart
 These words were doomed to thrill :

For they were uttered in an hour
Of reckless love and pride,
By one who brooked not aught on earth
To her should be denied.

The sound of that impassioned cry
Ascended up to Heaven,
And to the loved and loving one
A first-born Son was given.

Not in that hour did memory bring
To that fond heart and weak
The echo of those frantic words
That she had dared to speak.

Perchance, not until anguish came
Returned their sound again,
Floating with fatal meaning through
The dying woman's brain.

For Rachel now, a second time,
Must meet her trying hour,
And Death, which she has once invoked,
Now comes with fearful power.

'Ye know not what ye ask' is stamped
On each unchastened prayer
That lays not at God's Feet its weight
Of hope or of despair.

Comeſt Thou to me?

AND comeſt Thou to me, O LORD,
When I have need of Thee?
Such was the Baptiſt's trembling cry,
His ſelf-denouncing plea.

But none may ſhrink from work GOD ſets,
From high or lowly taſk :
By thee is thine own part fulfilled?
Is all that He will aſk.

A ſinner with a load of care
And conſcious ſin oppreſt
Muſt ſometimes aſt an Angel's part,
And ſpeak of GOD's Beheſt.

The higheſt place may ſometimes prove
A ſource of penance keen,
And ſelf-abhorring pangs there are
By all but GOD unſeen.

His Gifts, through human hands and frail,
Without defilement flow,
And Saints may kneeling claim the boon
That ſinners can beſtow.

When JESUS knelt that wondrous hour
At His own Servant's feet,
He taught proud hearts to bend the knee
In lowly penance meet ;

The Tomb of Joseph.

And in that hour the Sacred DOVE
 Appeared to mortal eye,
 And God's own Voice in thunder spoke
 A Blessing from the sky.

The Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.



WAS night ! still night !

A solemn silence hung upon the scene ;
 The keen, bright stars shone with un-
 clouded light,

Calm and serene.

Hushed was the Tomb !

The heavy stone before its entrance lay :
 No light broke in upon its silent gloom,
 No starry ray.

The moonlight beamed ;
 It hung above that garden, soft and clear,
 Around the watchful guard its radiance gleamed
 From helm and spear.

The Tomb was sealed !
 The watch patrolled before its entrance lone ;
 The bright night every passing step revealed ;
 None neared the stone.

Midnight had passed ;
 The stars their lustrous shining had decreased ;
 And day-break's earliest light was hastening fast
 In the pale east.

The morning-star,
 Last in the silent Heaven, withdrew its ray,
 And the white dawn spreading its spectre light
 Foretold the day.

An earthquake's shock
 Just at the break of morning shook the ground,
 And echoed from that rent and trembling rock
 With startling sound.

The guards, amazed,
 Fell to the earth in wonder and affright ;
 And round the astonished spot in glory blazed
 A sudden Light.

An Angel there
 Descended from the tranquil sky ;
 The glory of his presence filled the air
 All-radiantly.

He rolled away
 From the still Sepulchre the massy stone,
 And, watching silent till the risen day,
 He sat thereon.

His garments white
 Shone like the snow in its un sullied sheen ;
 His face was, like the lightning's gleaming light,
 Dazzlingly seen.

All, all around
 Was silence, and suspense, and listening dread ;
 The stirless watch lay prostrate on the ground,
 Hushed as the dead.

106 Concerning the Chief Spiritual

At break of day
The SAVIOUR burst that Cavern's stillness deep,
Rising in conquest from Death's shattered sway
As from a sleep.

He rose in Power,
In all the Strength of GODHEAD shining bright,
Fresh as that hallowed Morning's dewy hour,
Pure as its light.

He rose as GOD,
Rose as a mighty Victor strong to save,
Breaking Death's silent chain and unseen rod
There in the Grave.

He rose on high,
While Angels hung around on soaring wing,
Wresting from the dark Grave its victory,
From Death its sting.

Concerning the Chief Spiritual and
General Gifts of God.

From the Latin.

I.



OW shall worthy praise and honour
E'er by me to Thee be done,
Made by Love the Sin-atoner,
God's Alone-begotten SON—

Me, endowed, by such a Donor,
Thus with every Gift in one ?

For, since He to flesh hath deigned,
I to live in Soul begin ;
Through the stroke my LORD sustained,
I with Him am dead to sin ;
By this Bread of Life maintained,
Oneness with my SAVIOUR win.

Where is such Divine Nutrition
Found on earth 'twixt pole and pole ?
Where so skilful a Physician,
Raising up the languid Soul ?
Holy hunger's glad fruition ;
Virtue's, Glory's perfect whole !

Me before ten thousand taking,
Oh ! how great Thy sovereign Love ;
For my benefit forsaking
All Thine Heritage above,
Till, with all Thy Saints awaking,
I the full Redemption prove.

'Tis for me the tomb Thou quittest,
Lifting up my Soul on high ;
'Tis for me enthroned Thou sittest,
Glorious in the upper sky ;
'Tis for me that Thou remittest
Thy Good SPIRIT ever nigh.

108 Concerning the Chief Spiritual

Now His soothing Smiles carefs me
 With each prosperous delight ;
Now He pleaseth to opprefs me
 With the cloud of sorrow's night :
Yet, in either, He will blefs me,
 If my loving heart be right.

At His withering Inspiration
 Carnal pleasures cease to bloom ;
Burdens, by His Consolation,
 Lightsome to the flesh become :
Oh ! how bright the Revelation
 When His Rays the fight illume.

Glories which our earthly senses,
 Dimmed by sin, can ne'er discern,
Through one Gift which He dispenses,
 Every faithful Soul may learn ;
While with all Divine defences
 From them evil He doth turn.


No poor speech of man availeth
 Good so great as this to tell :
Faith attempteth, but she faileth—
 Grace and Love unsearchable !
When desire the Soul assaileth,
 This alone its thirst can quell.

Lo ! a train of Heavenly Blessing,
 (Numbers fail the sum to give)

Are the holy, this possessing,
 Fitted ever to receive :
 Their Bestower, without ceasing,
 Laud while endless ages live.

Be Thou raised all heights transcending,
 FATHER, Fount of Grace and Might !
 Be Thy Glory still extending,
 SON, of men both Life and Light !
 Be Thy Praises never-ending,
 COMFORTER in sorrow's night !

II.

OULD Creatures all their voices raise
 In one high song to Thee,
 It were not worthy of Thy praise,
 Thrice Holy TRINITY.

The Riches of Thy bounteous Grace
 We happy mortals prove ;
 Made in Thine Image is our race,
 And dowered with Thy Love.

Oh ! matchless Love to meanest worth !
 Our FATHER gave His SON
 To save from death the ruined earth,
 And lift us to His Throne.

Light of all Light, and WORD of GOD,
 He deigned the Virgin's Womb,

The Chief Gifts of God.

To snatch our forfeit brotherhood
From sin's eternal doom.

Thou (be Thy gracious Power adored !)
From Hell hast set me free,
My long-lost Dignity restored,
My likenefs, LORD, to Thee.

Hadst Thou not made me all Thy Care,
And rich Oblation given,
For me remained but grim despair,
Shut out from Hope and Heaven.

Most faithful Advocate and Friend,
Unfailing SAVIOUR Thou,
Thy free Bestowments know no end,
No need they disavow.

Thy wondrous Birth the Price procured ;
Thy Death the Ransom paid ;
Thy Rising the result assured,
And full Salvation made.

How full of joy to me Thy Birth !
How full of fruit Thy Doom !
How Glorious Thy Going forth
Triumphant from the Tomb !

My poor desire Thy Love repays,
It is my wish supreme ;
And, though the effort fail, Thy praise
Shall be my constant theme.

Advent of the Divine Stranger. 111

Let praise the Maker FATHER greet ;
Honour, the Saviour SON ;
And Glory to the PARACLETE,
Renewer GOD, be done !

The Advent of the Divine Stranger.



HE Christmas Eve is waning,
The Morning streaks the sky,
Earth ceases her complaining,
Redemption draweth nigh !

But Who so swiftly moveth ?
Who on the mountains stands,
To earth, as One that loveth,
Stretching His gracious Hands ?

Whence cometh He Whose Gesture
Infant-like doth invite,
Yet glorious in His Vesture,
And travelling in His Might ?

Who for our greeting waiteth ?
Who waiteth us to greet ?
Walking a world that hateth—
How beautiful His Feet !

Whose is the Face that gloweth,
And lighteth up the Sun ?
Whose is the Voice that floweth
Like many waves in one ?

112 Advent of the Divine Stranger.

Whose are the Accents ringing,
Like far, faint, holy Chimes,
Like Childhood's Carols bringing
Their tones to exile climes ?

Now from a lowly Manger,
Now from the Throne on high,
O Meek and Mighty Stranger,
Thy Voice fills earth and sky.

But lo ! He draweth nearer,
And full upon His Brow
The eastern lights fall clearer—
My God ! What see I now ?

'Tis not day's crimson gleaming,
'Tis not morn's dewy gold,
That in His Locks is beaming,
Too glorious to behold.

'Tis not the winter's treasure,
The holly's blood-red beads,
Strung for a wreath of pleasure—
His tender Visage bleeds.

'Tis not the Tyrian glory,
His Raiment hath imbued,—
His Head and Feet are gory,
His Hands are red with Blood.

But decked with Light He shineth,
Brightly, more brightly yet,

The Heavenly Fatherland.

113

With Light that ne'er declineth,
With Beams that never set.

Ring out, ye Chimes, your greeting,
Ye Carols, mount on high,
For Heaven and Earth are meeting
In Him Who cannot die.

The Heavenly Fatherland.

The Rhythm of Bernard of Clugny.



HERE we have many fears, this is the vale
of tears, the land of sorrow :
Tears are there none at all in that
Celestial hall, on life's bright morrow.

Oh, for the Joys in store ; but one short moment
more, then Life for ever :
Oh, for the Joys in store, at the glad Heavenly
door of the Life-giver.

What is the Prize ? for whom ?—Heaven for the
sons of doom ; Life for the winner ;
Bliss for the nothing-worth ; Gold for the drops of
earth ; GOD for the sinner.

Loud sounds the battle-cry ; whence comes the
victory seek you to guests ?—Hence,
Full-streamed, without alloy, flows everlasting Joy
from His bright Presence.

Hope here we live upon ; here we see Babylon
Sion invading.

Now grief is all our lot ; then Joys which wither
not—garlands unfading.

* * * *

O Sion bright with gold, flowing with milk thy
fold, City of gladness,

Tongue cannot tell thy bliss, heart sinks oppress'd
with this, even to sadness.

I cannot strain my sight to that intense delight,
nor tell the story,

What throbs of ardent love thrill through the
courts above, how vast their glory.

My ears may strain to hear, they cannot reach the
sphere, for full before it

Beams of surpassing light fall on my dazzled sight ;
mute I adore it.

For Sion's halls along echoes the voice of song :
there the Departed,

Fresh from the deadly fight, throng round the
LORD of Light, jubilant-hearted.

There is eternal Rest ; there after toil the Blest
cease from life's fever :

There in Heaven's banquet-hall sounds the high
festival of the Receiver :

There round the LORD of Might, vested in gar-
ments white, on that bright morrow

Musters their vast array; tears have all fled away;
vanished all sorrow.

For Sion's courts within Death may not tread,
nor sin, nor guilt's endeavour;
Thus without fault are they; peaceful, without
dismay; at rest for ever.

* * * *

O Sion glorious, City victorious, tower of Salvation,
Thee I seek and desire; to thee I aye aspire in
contemplation.

Good works I offer none; I have no pardon won
by my own merit;
Firstborn of wrath am I; sold to iniquity, body
and Spirit.

I can bring nought at all, bondsman of sin and
thrall, scarred in each feature,
In life and Soul I faint, under the poison-taint of
my lost nature.

Yet day and night I cry—FATHER, Thy Help is
nigh when we beseech it;
I see the Prize above, stretch forth Thy Hand of
Love, aid us to reach it.

Thou to life call'st us forth out of the dust of
earth; Thine own Ablution,
When we were born in sin, washed our Souls clean
within from all pollution.

116 **The Heavenly Fatherland.**

Thine is the Salve ordained for those whom guilt
 has stained, who by compunction
Claim what no Soul can claim, unpurged by grief
 and shame—the Heavenly Unction.

From David's fount apace flows the pure stream
 of Grace ever descending,
Through it sin's leprosy soon fades and dies away,
 and has its ending.

O Grace of God, on high I see beyond the sky ;
 the clouds are riven :
As through a glass I see, dimly and mistily, the
 gates of Heaven.

O Sion, bright with gold, dear home of Joys untold,
 in GOD'S Light burning ;
I stretch my arms—my Soul ; shall I e'er reach
 the goal of all my yearning ?

O blessed Fatherland, I see the happy Band—the
 mists grow lighter—
I see the light of day round their fair garlands play
 brighter and brighter.

O blessed Fatherland, say shall I ever stand where
 I can share thee ?
Say but—' The time shall come when to this happy
 Home Angels shall bear thee.'

Is it a trance, a dream ? Oh, do these things but
 seem ? Is it a vision ?

Let me but grasp it fair ! No : 'twill not melt in
air, in vain derision.

O my dust, triumph thou ! GOD is thy Portion
now—thine now and ever !

O my dust, triumph thou ! GOD is thy Portion
now—thine now and ever !

Omnes Gentes plaudite.

A Hymn for the Ascension.



HUMAN-KIND, your voices raise
In loud and sweet accord,
And tune each festal Choir to praise
The Triumph of the LORD ;

And let the joyous trumpet tell
How He returns to-day,
Leading the captive spoils of Hell
On His victorious way.

Ah, Bliss of GOD ! to note how fair,
How glorious, and how bright,
The Divine Shoot of the ancient Root
Is bursting into light :
Above the thrones of the mortal ones,
And Powers that dwell on high,
The growth to which earth to-day gives birth
Is lifted to the sky.

Within a veil which can never fail
Has our better Moses passed :
And a great amaze draws the wondering gaze
Of His People first and last ;
With uplifted eyes, in that dread surprise,
Stand the Galilean men,
Watching the Cloud which must cover the crowd
And hide Him from their ken.

When away from earth Elias broke
In his chariot of flame,
A twofold Spirit with the Prophet's cloak
Upon Elisha came :
But when our LORD with His lingering Feet
Did the upward pathway trace,
He sent to His Own, in the PARACLETE,
A universal Grace.

O'er Jordan must our Israel go,
The stream that He must quaff,
Burdened with His prevailing Love,
The Cross His only staff ;
With a twofold Band He is now at hand,
With the treasures of all time,
With the unincarnate Spirits and
The Souls that shall reign sublime.

This is the Conqueror true and brave
Who in Glory sweeps afar,
Who from the portals of the grave
Did rive every bolt and bar :

Over all Virtues Sovereign King,
 Whose mighty Will and Sway
 The world, and every living thing,
 In Heaven and earth obey.

To share His own eternal Throne
 The FATHER calls the SON,
 Till every foe is overthrown
 And willing hearts are won :
 In the Heaven of Heavens He sits in Blifs ;
 But He comes again in the end
 To judge, by a Power that is only His,
 The foe alike and the friend.

LORD of all Retribution, come !
 But let Thy Mercy reign
 Till we learn by Grace to win our place
 And look on Thee again :
 Oh, in that final future morn
 Let Thy Pity fill our ears ;
 And let us be unto Glory born
 For the everlasting years.

Bei stiller nacht.

A Hymn on the Passion of Christ.



WITHIN a Garden's bound,
 Where still Night reigned around,
 A mournful Cry of bitter anguish
 wailed ;

There, hid from mortal gaze,
ONE knelt in deep amaze,
A Heart oppressed beneath its burthen quailed.

That ONE, in travail fore,
Was our Dear LORD, Who bore
Our sins' great burthen that on Him was laid ;
While none could bring relief
To that exceeding Grief,
The Grief that made His Human Soul afraid.

But lo ! from those hot Veins,
Forced out by Mental pains,
Great drops of Blood adown the verdure fall ;
Such whelming fears assail,
That heart and courage fail,
As first essays of sin's strange load appal.

No other gaze but His
Could fathom that abyfs,
Whose lowest depths to Him stood all revealed ;
The sins of Adam's race,
Against GOD's Love and Grace,
His Thought embraced them all as thus He kneeled.

Ungodly counsels then,
And deeds of evil men,
All sins of each degree, of every kind,
Not as to human eyes,
But in their hellish guise
Were then all bared to His omniscient Mind.

The ponderous weight of all,
From Adam's grievous fall,
Till earth's Last Day and solemn Reckoning Time,
Of all GOD's Books record,
The Curse, the due reward,
The iniquity of all now laid on Him !

That high-filled Cup of Woes
His prescient Mind foreknows,
From first approach of Judas' torch-led host ;
That false Disciple's kiss,
And all that followed this,
Till on the Cross He yielded up the Ghost.

Each furrowed, bleeding gash
From cruel scourge's lash,
And sharpest pricks of that mock thorny Crown ;
The insults, blows, and scorn
That must be meekly borne,
These weigh the SON of Man's sad Spirit down.

He sees with Vision clear,
(And shrinks with human fear)
The Cross with Curse o'erlaid and angry Doom ;
The hours of racking pain
He must, nailed there, sustain
While lingering death Life's marrow shall consume.

Maker and LORD of all !
Behold Him prostrate fall,
And humbly kneel in silent anguish there ;

Till, with an inward groan,
Towards the Heavenly Throne,
With earnest pleading He directs His Prayer.

FATHER, to Thee I pray,
O take this Cup away :
Thou hast all Power to do Thy Will Divine ;
Remove, if it may be,
This Cup away from me :
Yet, FATHER, not My Will be done, but Thine.

Thus thrice our Suffering LORD,
With prostrate Form, implored
That even then that Hour might pass away ;
Until from Heaven at length
An Angel brought Him strength,
And healing balm His troubled Soul to stay.

O well for us indeed,
He took, as was decreed,
And drained the Cup His Heavenly FATHER
gave ;
And therefore Songs of praise
We ransomed sinners raise
To Him Who meekly died our Souls to save.

Sonnets.

The Love of God: from S. Augustine.

I.



WHAT love I, when I love Thee, O
my GOD?

Not corporal beauty, nor the limb
of snow,

Nor of loved light the white and pleasant flow,
Nor Manna showers, nor strains that stream abroad,
Nor flowers of Heaven, nor small stars of the sod.
Not these, my GOD! I love, who love Thee so.
Yet love I Something sweeter than I know,
A certain Light on a more golden road,
A Somewhat not of Manna, nor the hive,
A Beauty not of summer or the spring,
A Scent, a Music, and a Blossoming,
Eternal, Timeless, Placeless, without Gyve,
Fair, Fadeless, Undiminished, never dim,—
This, This is what I love, in loving Him.

II.

This, This is what I love, and what is This?
I asked the beautiful Earth who said, 'Not I;'
I asked the Depths, and the immaculate Sky,
And all the Spaces said, 'Not He, but His.'
And so like One who scales a precipice,
Height after height, I scaled the flaming wall
Of the great Universe; yea, passed o'er all
The world of thought, which so much higher is.

Then I exclaimed—To whom is mute all murmur
 Of phantasy, of nature, and of art,
 He, than articulate language hears a firmer
 And grander meaning in his own deep heart,
 No sound from cloud or Angel. Oh, to win
 That voiceless Voice, ‘My Servant, enter in!’

In My Father's House are many Mansions.

THE stars are out in their eternal youth,
 That such a wealth of fancies nightly yield,
 The golden corndrops call them of a field
 Where the moon glideth like the gleaner Ruth ;
 And some look on their company in sooth
 For poesy, some for love of loving eyes,
 Who see the same things in the same blue skies ;
 And some in search of Hope and some of Truth.
 I have my starry thought : the Twelve are up,
 The door is opened, and they linger yet :
 CHRIST's Wine is in the Eucharistic Cup ;
 CHRIST's Chalice waiteth Him in Olivet ;
 While He, His Eye on the star-sown expansions,
 Saith—‘In My FATHER's House are many
 Mansions.’

God is a Sun and Shield.

GOD is a Sun and Shield : why both, or either ?
 Why ? peradventure that those strains
 soul-drawn,
 Those songs of gold, of lilies, and the dawn,

Cluster their mystic epithets together,
 As boughs do blossoms in the sunny weather,
 A waste of beauty meaninglessly fair?
 Not so. I deem there is a purpose there
 And both the words are true, and lost is neither:
 And one Divinely silvers o'er the psalm,
 And one awakens some far battle boom.
 The Shield is for the land that knows no calm;
 The Sun for that blue country o'er the tomb:
 This for GOD's Garden is, that for His Fray;
 The Sun for Home, the Shield is for the Way.

Verses.

In the Beginning was the Word.



TERNAL WORD! GOD's True and
 Only SON,
 Maker, and Lord, and Heir, and
 Judge of all;

First-born of every creature; Holy ONE!

We praise Thy Name, and on Thy Name we
 call.

JEHOVAH dwells from everlasting years
 In silence and in solitude concealed;
 And yet from Everlasting He appears
 In Thee to all His Universe revealed.

And life and love and truth and joy and might,
 And all the Creature lieth incomplete,

Some darkness lingering in their purest light—
Only in Thee doth all their fulness meet.

Nothing so dark as the pure Light of GOD ;
Nothing so far from us and strange and high ;
Nothing so weary as the grievous load
The burdened Creature bears until he die.

But in the SON of Love and Sacrifice
Nothing so near and clear as GOD appears ;
And lightly on the heart the burden lies
Of all our imperfections and our fears.

True SON of GOD, our Sonship is in Thee ;
True Light of GOD, our Wisdom too Thou art ;
O LAMB from earth's foundation slain for me,
Thou bringest Life and Peace into my heart.

Ever in Thee the FATHER is revealed,
Ever in Thee all things are reconciled,
Ever in Thee our sins and wounds are healed,
Glory to Thee, the Pure and Undeified.

I have finished the Work Thou gavest Me to do.

NO work of Man was e'er complete before,
With sinless, faultless, holy beauty graced ;
But when his task was ended, evermore
The faithful Servant sadly must deplore
It was a fair shortcoming at the best.

Never did Limner paint up to his thought ;
Nor Sculptor chisel in the marble white

The visioned model after which he wrought ;
 Never was Song from sweet melodious throat
 The perfect utterance of the Soul's delight ;

Never did Hero wholly yet achieve
 The feats of glory which he had designed ;
 Nor thoughtful Sage the absolute pattern weave
 Of GOD's great Universe, which he might leave
 A wonder and a faith to all mankind.

Still our best work is only partly done,
 And grows from man to man, from age to age,
 Some failure lurks in every triumph won ;
 Others will mend whate'er we have begun,
 And blot some matter from our fairest page.

One only Life there is without a stain,
 Accomplishing the FATHER's perfect Will ;
 With highest aim—and never aimed in vain,
 Attempting nought which must be tried again,
 But all the Thought of GOD it did fulfil.

Perfect the sinless Beauty of His Ways ;
 Perfect the Wisdom of His faithful Love ;
 Perfect the Trust that walked with GOD always ;
 Perfect in Suffering ; perfect in the Praise
 Which still like incense rose to Heaven above.

O fairer Thou than sons of men ; and yet
 Not terrible Thy Beauty ! In sweet accord
 All tender Graces in Thy Being met ;
 And of their fulness all Thy People get
 Still growing to the Fulness of their LORD.

Behold! thy King cometh.

O! He cometh, meek and lowly,
Strew the palm-branch on His road,
SON of David, Pure and Holy,
King of Zion! CHRIST of GOD!

He hath healed our sore diseases,
Purged the eyeballs of the blind,
And the dumb have sung to JESUS,
Vexed with demons in their mind.

And He spake, as never mortal
Spake before, with Truth and Grace,
Words which are the glorious portal
Into Wisdom's holy Place.

Lo! He comes, grand Foot-prints leaving
All along the path He trod—
Each a Miracle, and giving
Token of a Present GOD.

Gospel to the poor He preacheth,
Will not break the bruised reed,
And with holy Power He teacheth—
Is not this the CHRIST indeed?

He will heal us and enlighten,
He will teach us Wisdom's ways,
He will calm the storms that frighten,
He will give us songs of praise.

Lift the high Gates everlasting,
 O ye Doors, be opened wide,
 CHRIST, the LORD, to us is hasting,
 In our hearts He would abide.

*God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross
 of our Lord Jesus Christ.*



CROSS of shame ! our boast and glory,
 Darkest, brightest scene in story :

Through hatred fellest, love the purest,
 Best of Blessings thou securest.

Strange, mysterious contradiction !
 Death of sin in Crucifixion
 Of the Sinless ! and Salvation
 In the Just ONE's condemnation !

Joy expressed from Love's heart-bleeding !
 Peace and rest from wrath proceeding !
 Out of gloom the true Light springing,
 And from the Tomb the new Life bringing !

His Cross from shame all shame hath taken,
 His Cross from wrath doth Hope awaken,
 His Cross the power of Death hath broken ;
 O Cross, of Love divinest token !

Is there no Balm in Gilead ?



Is there no Balm in Gilead then, is there
no Healer nigh ?

No freshening Spring to cheer the waste
so desolate and dry ?

Hath Hope's dear vision vanishèd for ever from
thy sight,

And darkness fallen around thee, the very gloom
of night ?

And seems thy Soul forsaken, her every Blessing
flown,

No soothing for her sorrow, and nowhere to make
her moan ?

Yet, stay : the Cross thou bearest thus hath first
been borne for thee ;

JESUS Himself did hang thereon, thy Life and
Cure to be.

For thine own ease He bare it all, the Scourge
and piercing Thorn,

The Nailing and the Bruising, the Denial, Shame,
and Scorn,

Darkness and Desolation deep, and Pangs beyond
thy thought,

And all for thy Soul's healing these sad Agonies
were wrought.

Upon His Cross He yearned for thee, for thee
His Heart-strings brake ;

Is there no Balm in Gilead? 131

Himself of all forsaken, He could not thee forsake.
Then ever more, when chastenings sore thine
inmost spirit wring,
Say—My Beloved is crucified, and I to Him will
cling.

How shall I sing thy holy Love, dear Passion of
my LORD?

Or how thy mystic Virtue shall I worthily record?
Thou art the Spring of all our hope, the Balsam
of our woes,

The Solace of our yearnings, and the Bower of
our repose:

True Paradise of all delights, since joy of grief is
born;

For as the flowers but close at night to ope more
fresh with morn,

So He Who wept and bled for us, and bowed in
earthly gloom,

Now makes those Sorrows our bright Bliss, those
Wounds our joyous Home.

Here is a Covert from the storm when winds and
waves arise,

A Shadow in the scorching noon, a Light in star-
less skies,

A Staff upon the rugged road, a Shield when foes
assail,

A Charm Divine against Whose Might no evil
can prevail;

132 Is there no Balm in Gilead ?

For where the Cross of JESUS is, is Peace, and
there alone ;

And 'neath that Banner of His Love He gathereth
His Own :

And thou who wilt be JESUS', must not grudge
thy portion small

In His own bitter Chalice, Who once for thee
drained it all.

Thou know'st He went not up to Joy, but first
He suffered Pain,

And all the selfsame Path must tread, who that
His Bliss would gain :

Is aught too wearisome or hard for JESUS' sake to
bear ?

While He is crowned with Thorns, wilt thou a
crown of roses wear ?

Lo ! this good Cross He offers thee, it is thy very
Life ;

Anoint with holy Unction, it will aid thee in the
strife ;

'Tis hallowed by thy SAVIOUR's Touch, Who
hung on it for thee,

And Love's sweet might shall make it light, and
win the victory.

Draw near, thou reft and drooping Heart, draw
near, and lift thy gaze

To Him Who yearns with outstretched Arms thee
from thy grief to raise :

Commendation of a Christian Soul. 133

Draw near, and clinging close beneath thy
SAVIOUR'S Bleeding Heart,
Tell o'er each throb of that deep Woe in which
thou hast a part ;
Tell o'er each Drop of dear Life-Blood which
ebbs for thee so fast,
And all thy weary heart-aching upon that true
Love cast :
In JESUS' Cross and Passion is the Medicine of
thy Soul,
Yea, there is Balm in Gilead, and a Healer to
make whole.

Commendation of a Christian Soul.



INTO Thy Hands, O LORD,
This precious Soul we give,
A jewel, 'mid Thy glistening Hoard
Of quickened stones to live ;

Now let Thy mild Fraternal Eyes
Our darling deign to recognize,
A work of Thy creative Mould,
A Sheep of Thine Apostles' Fold,
A Sinner from the fiery flood
Redeemed by Thine own Flesh and Blood.

Receive, with Arms outspread,
A Prize that cost Thee dear !
'Tis Easter round this dying bed
When our true Life draws near !

134 Commendation of a Christian Soul.

The thought of Thy forsaken Tomb
With brightness cheers this awful gloom ;
The stifling, sickening airs of death
Are freshened by Thine odorous Breath ;
And Hades' gates are glorified
At sight of Him that lives, and died.

Out of this world of tears,
O Christian Soul, depart !
Farewell to pain and grief and fears,
And wants that rend the heart !
Go thou where these can come no more,
Within the Cherub-guarded door,
Nor dread to change a world like this
For quiet deepening into Bliss,
For Eden's dwellings calm and fair—
Pass forth and take thy portion there !

Out of this world of sin,
O Christian Soul, depart !
The Stainless call thee ; pass thou in,
Full-pardoned as thou art !
O Crown of joys ! no more to stray,
No more to take thy own wild way,
No more thy dearest Friend to leave,
No more His Loving SPIRIT grieve,
What promise sweet or boon secure
Can match those Words—' I make thee pure ?'

Now let the LORD arise
And put thy foes to flight !

Let all the immortal Panoplies
 Array thee in their might !
 Fenced round about by holiest things,
 From Satan screened by Angel-wings,
 To GOD Who made thee, GOD Who bought,
 And GOD Whose Grace thy cleansing wrought,
 That Hell no part in thee should claim—
 Go forth, sweet Soul, in JESUS' Name !

The Epiphany.

BEYOND the barren Mountain-range
 Where Hor lifts up its sacred head,
 And buried lies in mystery strange,
 As years work out their silent change,
 The City of the dead.

Where proud Euphrates day by day
 Winds through the plain, or sleeping lies,
 The watching Magi nightly pray,
 And seek the future's hidden way
 From planet-lighted skies.

Through the unclouded midnight air
 On vast Infinity's dark page,
 With deepest skill and constant care,
 They read the golden letters there
 That wax not old with age.

Lo ! as they gaze with deep intent,
A Star more brilliant than the rest,
The Herald of some great Event,
Moves through the gilded firmament
Onward towards the west.

Then came the sound Tradition brought
From Peor's top in days of old,
What time the Seer entrancèd caught
Prophetic Power, and Spirit-taught
The future did unfold.

A Sceptre shall from Israel rise,
A Star from Jacob doubly blest,
And now before their wondering eyes
The brilliant Meteor walks the skies
Still onward toward the west.

Where'er it leads, that fiery Light
Unhidden by the blaze of day,
And marking with intenser might
The darkness of the deeper night,
They follow on the way,

With morning's blush, when sunsets fade,
On over rock and steep and wild,
By Palm and Cedar tree and shade,
Till in the homely Manger laid
They find the Royal CHILD.

Intruding doubts away they fling,
Unheeding the unwonted stir,
They from their costly treasures bring
Free Offerings for the Infant King,
Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh.

Gold shadows forth His Royalty,
While Frankincense His Priesthood shows,
And Myrrh that He shall buried be—
And so the wondrous Mystery
With deeper meaning grows.

Oh! for some Heavenly Light enshrined
In GOD's dark Ways, or holy Word
To break upon each erring mind
With Spirit power, that all might find
The SAVIOUR, CHRIST, the LORD.

Till walking in a living way
To holier purpose we arise,
And on His Altar day by day
Our thoughts and best affections lay,
A willing Sacrifice.

Meditation of a Faithful Soul: from
the Latin.

Of Contempt of the World.



WHEN I see with heartfelt pain
All this world defiled remain,
All this world but makes my heart
With concern and anguish smart.

When the Spirit pure and fair
Thinks how vain is earthly care,
For its safety it will sigh
And from worldly care will fly.

When the mind serene and pure
Finds no worldly things secure,
Lest with them the mind should fall,
Carefully it flies from all.

When in earnest thought I find
Worldly hope so false and blind,
To a firmer hope I turn,
Earthly hope I scorn to learn.

Worldly care when I regard,
How depraved it is, how hard!
Him who owns its power I find
Callous both in heart and mind.

When the world's applause I meet,
Think of all its vain deceit,
Fraud and worldly praise and fame
Ear and heart will deem the same.

When I think of this world's fruit,
Grief and woe in each pursuit,
All its fruit is but a curse,
Nothing than the world is worse.

When the world's gay flowers are spread,
And I think what scent they shed,
In them so much grief I see,
Perfumes none they yield to me.

When I think of life's short days,
And their vain and giddy ways,
Light grows weighty then and strong,
And the short is found full long.

Of the Fear of Death.

WHEN I dwell on Death's dread day,
Calling me from life away,
With deep fear am I possessed,
Then my Soul can take no rest.

When I think I am but dust,
And that quickly die I must,
Then with anxious fear possessed
Cold as ashes turns my breast.

140 *Meditation of a Faithful Soul.*

When I think, condemned to die,
What will be my destiny,
Well may I be filled with fear,
Unprepared to view it near.

How I dread that wrathful Day,
Day of terror and dismay,
Day of anguish, grief and woe,
Vengeful Day on sin below.

Of the Coming of the Judge.

NOW I tremble, filled with fear,
As the future Judge draws near ;
All shall be laid open, plain,
Nought shall unavenged remain.

Who amongst us shall not fear,
When he sees that Judge appear,
And before Him raging Fire,
Scathing sinners in His Ire ?

From the Heavens He comes to view,
Judge and Witness, faithful, true ;
Nor shall He, approaching near,
Hold His Peace, nor pause, nor fear :

Justly judge, nor will He spare,
Favour none may hope to share,
Not with gold can He be bought,
Nor by prayer may then be sought.

Meditation of a Faithful Soul. 141

He shall judge the Nations round,
He shall save men guiltless found ;
But the strong shall feel His Power,
Slaves to riches dread that hour.

All who pleasure sought and proved,
Then shall curse those joys they loved ;
All who worldly lived and vain
Shall with Souls condemned remain.

What shall then the sinful do ?
What shall then self-love pursue ?
O what works shall then avail
When all power to work shall fail ?

Then shall hidden deeds appear,
All past works be plain and clear,
All shall tremble, high and low,
Till their final doom they know.

Then will sorrow come too late
To avert the sinner's fate,
And to weep for sins and wail
Then will prove of no avail.

Of the Sinner's Punishment.



HOW dreadful when that Word
On the Left ' Depart ' is heard,
While the great King on the Right
Shall with ' Come ' the Just invite.

Then shall every hope be past,
 And ' to-morrow ' end at last ;
 Each to torments doomed to go,
 No release shall ever know.

Burnt in Flames, yet not consumed,
 Food for worms and reptiles doomed,
 He in pain shall writhe and turn
 Who Salvation would not earn.

O what foul Tormentors then
 Tear and torture sinful men,
 And unsparing Demons dire
 Sins avenge in endless Fire.

O how sad, that then too late
 Sinners moan their hopeless fate,
 None can then their anguish heal,
 When Hell's quenchless Flames they feel.

* * *

O Thou great Celestial King !
 Grace and succour to us bring,
 From these tortures save us free,
 May we ever rest in Thee.

Of the Joy of the Blessed.

WHEN I think what shall befall
 After death the Virtuous all,
 And how firm will stand the Just,
 Greatly I rejoice and trust.

For the Day is near when those
Just and Good shall find repose,
When their persecutors cease
And the Patient reign in peace.

O that Day of Life and Light,
Day of unheard Glory bright,
When grim Death itself shall die,
And the dismal night shall fly.

Lo ! the great, long wished for King
Now Salvation hastes to bring,
Now will at the just One's prayer
Heavenly Blifs for him prepare.

Heavenly King, He hastens now ;
At His Coming all must bow,
Judge and Witnesses, great and free,
He Whom every eye shall see.

He will come and not delay,
And His Glory will display,
To reward the suffering Just,
Who in Him have placed their trust.

O how happy ! O how sweet !
When those Souls shall JESUS meet,
Whom in life they truly loved,
And His faithful Servants proved.

Then with gracious Look and Word,
Speaking, JESUS shall be heard ;

144 **Meditation of a Faithful Soul.**

Thus His Love shall utterance find
In the sight of all mankind—

You who have your Faith maintained,
And with Me have firm remained,
You who bore for Me and fought,
See the good you long have sought.

See the Kingdom promised you,
Though concealed till now from view ;
Behold, possess, and reign secure,
Ever shall your Joy endure.

Then the Just shall in amaze
Speak with holy joy and praise,
And reply exultingly,
Praising what they wondering see—

To our GOD be thanks and praise!
What we hoped for all our days,
Now we see and now possess ;
CHRIST our LORD we praise and bless !

O how sweet, how blest our fate,
Throughout life the world to hate ;
Sad and bitter would it prove
If the world had gained our love.

Happy those who mourned and wept,
And their Souls in patience kept,
Those to whom the world gave pain
Now in endless Bliss shall reign.

The Child Christ on the Cross. 145

There shall dwell no grief, nor fear ;
None shall ever shed a tear ;
Nor shall want ; nor age, nor care,
Nor defect be ever there.

There shall reign eternal Peace,
Holy Joy shall never cease,
There shall be the flower of youth,
There Salvation's crown and truth.

None the Rapture can conceive,
Nor the perfect Joy believe
In Heaven's Glory to remain,
And with Angels ever reign.

* * *

To that Realm Thy Children call,
O Thou righteous Judge of all ;
Thee we seek, on Thee rely,
Thee implore with frequent cry.

The Child-Christ on the Cross : an
Anticipation of Calvary.



His Face is flushed with Boyhood's glow,
His earnest Eyes are raised to Heaven,
No thorn has scarred that bloodless Brow,
Nor Hands nor Feet by nails are riven.

L

146 **The Child Christ on the Cross.**

They have not bared His Limbs in scorn,
Nor stripped Him of His seamless Vest ;
No scourge His Virgin Flesh has torn,
No soldier's spear has gashed His Breast.

No crowds press round with ribald cry
To mock the Helpless SAVIOUR'S woes ;
Why bides He there so patiently ?
Why hangs the CHILD-CHRIST on the Cross?

Not yet are poured the bitter Tears,
The Blood to save a world undone,
And of those three and thirty years
Scarce the first twelve their course have run.

Oh why that Self-made Cross embrace ?
Why antedate the coming strife ?
Why blend with Boyhood's dawning grace
Dread shadows of a tortured Life ?

The Chalice steeped in this world's sin,
The Sweat of dark Gethsemane,
The burning Thirst our Souls to win,
The Baptism of the bleeding Tree ;

The Traitor in the midnight gloom,
The guilty Herod's murderous fears,
The shout that hails the unrighteous doom
Creep onward with the creeping years ;

They come, they come, my SAVIOUR LORD,
The snares around Thy path are set,

The Child Christ on the Cross. 147

The foeman's darts against Thee stored,
They come, but oh, they come not yet.

Not yet in pride, or hate, or scorn
A tyrant world has risen to slay ;
Oh, wherefore shroud Life's early morn
In storms that wrap the setting day ?

Victim of Love, in Manhood's prime
Thou wilt ascend the Cross to die ;
Why hangs the CHILD before His time
Stretched on that Bed of agony ?

* * *

No thorn-wreath crowns My Boyish Brow,
No scourge has dealt its cruel smart,
In Hands and Feet no nail-prints show,
No spear is planted in My Heart.

They have not set Me for a Sign
Hung bare beneath the sunless sky,
Nor mixed the draught of gall and wine
To mock My dying Agony.

The livelong night, the livelong day,
My Child, I travail for thy good,
And for thy sake I hang alway
Self-crucified upon the Rood.

To witness to the living Truth,
To keep thee pure from sin's alloy,
I cloud the sunshine of My Youth :
The MAN must suffer in the Boy.

Visions of unrepented sin,
 The forfeit crown, the eternal loss,
 Lie deep My sorrowing Soul within,
 And nail My Body to the Cross.

The livelong night, the livelong day,
 A CHILD upon that Cross I rest ;
 All night I for My Children pray,
 All day I woo them to My Breast.

Long years of toil and pain are Mine
 Ere I be lifted up to die,
 Where cold the Paschal moonbeams shine
 At noon on darkened Calvary.

The thorn-wreath then will pierce My Brow,
 The nails will fix Me to the Tree ;
 But I shall hang, as I do now,
 Self-crucified for Love of thee.

The Signals of Levi.

Signal the First.



HERE is light on Hebron now,
 Hark to the trumpet-din !
 Day dawns on Hebron's brow,
 Let the Sacrifice begin !

Hear ye the gathering sound ?
How the lute and harp rejoice,
'Mid the war of Oxen bound,
And the Lamb's beseeching voice !

This day both the Prince and Priest
Will hold, at Salem's shrine,
A high and a haughty Feast
Of Flesh and the ruddy Wine.

For a perilous hour is fled,
And the fear is vain at last,
Though foretold by Sages dead,
And sworn by the Prophets past.

They said that a mortal Birth
Even now would a Name unfold
That should rule the wide wide earth,
And quench the Thrones of old.

But no sound, nor voice, nor word,
The tale of travail brings ;
Not an infant-cry is heard
In the Palaces of Kings.

Blossom and Branch are bare
On Jesse's stately Stem ;
So they bid swart Edom wear
Fallen Israel's diadem

How they throng the cloistered ground !
'Mid Judah's shame and sin ;
Hark to the trumpet sound,
Let the Sacrifice begin !

Signal the Second.

THERE is light on Hebron's towers !
Day dawns o'er Jordan's stream,
And it floats where Bethlehem's bowers
Of the blessed morning dream.

Yet it wakes no kingly halls,
It cleaves no purpled room,
The soft calm radiance falls
On a cavern's vaulted gloom

But there, where the Oxen rest
When the weary day is done,
How that Maiden-Mother's Breast
Thrills with her Awful SON !

A Cave ! where the Fatlings roam,
By the ruddy Heifer trod,
Yea, the Mountain's rifted home
Is the Birth-place of a God !

This is He ! the mystic Birth
By the Sign and Voice foretold ;
He shall rule the wide wide earth
And quench the Thrones of old !

The CHILD of Judah's line,
The Son of Abraham's fame,
Arise, ye Lands ! and shine
With the Blessed JESUS' Name.

This is the glorious dawn ;
So fades the night of sin ;
Lo ! the gloom of Death is gone,
Let the Sacrifice begin !

Signal the Third.

HO ! Watchman, what of the night ?
Tell ! Christian Soldier, tell !
Are Hebron's towers in sight ?
Hast thou watched and warded well ?

Yea, we have paced the wall
Till the Day-star's glimmering birth,
And we breathed our trumpet-call
When the sunlight walked the earth.

What sawest thou with the dawn ?
Say ! Christian Warder, say !
When the mists of night were gone,
And the hills grew soft with day ?

We beheld the morning swell
Bright o'er the eastern Sea,
Till the rushing sunbeams fell
Where the westward Waters be !

City and bulwark lay
Rich with the orient blaze ;
And rocks, at the touch of day,
Gave out a sound of praise !

The Tree of Life.

No hill remained in cloud,
 There lurked no darkling glen ;
 And the Light of GOD is loud
 Upon every tongue of men !

There shall never more be night
 With this eternal Sun !
 There be Hebrons many in sight,
 And the Sacrifice is done !

The Tree of Life.

From an old Latin Poem.



HERE is a spot, of men believed to be
 Earth's centre, and the place of Adam's
 grave,
 And here a slip that from a barren Tree
 Was cut, Fruit sweet and salutary gave—
 Yet not unto the tillers of the land ;
 That blessed Fruit was culled by other hand.

The shape and fashion of the Tree attend :
 From undivided stem at first it sprung ;
 Thence in two arms its branches did outsend,
 Like sail-yards whence the flowing sheet is hung,
 Or as a yoke that in the furrow stands,
 When the tired steers are loosened from their bands.

Three days the slip from which this Tree should
spring

Appeared as dead—then suddenly it bore,
(While earth and Heaven stood awed and wondering)

Harvest of vital Fruit ; the fortieth more
Beheld it touch Heaven's summit with its height,
And shroud its sacred head in clouds of light.

Yet the same while it did put forth below
Branches twice six, these too with fruit
endued,

Which stretching to all quarters might bestow
Upon all nations medicine and food,
Which mortal men might eat, and eating be
Sharers henceforth of Immortality.

But when another fifty days were gone,
A Breath Divine, a mighty storm of Heaven
On all the Branches swiftly lighted down,
To which a rich nectareous taste was given,
And all the heavy leaves that on them grew
Distilled henceforth a sweet and Heavenly dew.

Beneath that Tree's great shadow on the plain
A Fountain bubbled up, whose lymph serene
Nothing of earthly mixture might distain ;
Fountain so pure not anywhere was seen
In all the world, nor on whose marge the earth
Put flowers of such unfading beauty forth.

And thither did all people, young and old,
Matrons and Virgins, rich and poor, a crowd
Stream ever, who, whenas they did behold
Those branches with their golden Burden bowed,
Stretched forth their hands, and eager glances
threw
Toward the Fruit distilling that sweet dew.

But touch they might not these, much less allay
Their hunger, howsoe'er they might desire,
Till the foul tokens of their former way
They had washed off, the dust and sordid mire,
And cleansed their bodies in that holy Wave,
Able from every spot and stain to save.

But when within their mouths they had received
Of that immortal Fruit the gust Divine,
Straight of all sickness were their Souls relieved,
The weak grew strong; and tasks they did
decline
As overgreat for them they shunned no more,
And things they deemed they could not bear they
bore.

But woe, alas! some daring to draw near
That sacred Stream, did presently retire,
Drew wholly back again, and did not fear
To stain themselves in all their former mire,
That Fruit rejecting from their mouths again,
Not any more their Medicine, but their bane.

An Ode of Manzoni on the Nativity. 155

Oh blessèd they, who not withdrawing so,
First in that Fountain make them pure and fair,
And who from thence unto the Branches go,
With Power upon the Fruitage hanging there :
Thence by the Branches of the lofty Tree
Ascend to Heaven—The Tree of Life oh, see !

An Ode of Manzoni on the Nativity.



When from off some precipice
A mass of rock goes sounding,
O'er long and steep declivity
From mountain summit bounding ;
O'er crags and hollows leaping,
A course resistless keeping,
It strikes the dale, and stays ;

And where it stopped, immovable
Its bulk inert remaineth
Across the lapse of centuries,
And never more regaineth
Its former lofty station,
If gracious ordination
The fallen shall not raise :

So lay the wretched progeny
Of man, that by transgression
Had braved an Anger Infinite—
When under that oppression

156 An Ode of Manzoni on the Nativity.

The nethermost of evil
He reached, and from its level
Could rear his neck no more.

Who then among the inheritors
Of malison from Heaven
Durst move the far-off Holy ONE
That they might be forgiven?
Who made new Leagues eternal?
Who forced the Foe infernal
His prizes to restore?

Behold! a CHILD is born for us;
A SON to us is granted:
If but His Eyelid quivereth
The hosts of Hell are daunted:
His Hand to man He tenders,
He raises him to splendours
Beyond his former lot.

From Palace-courts ethereal
A Fountain is descending,
And through the fissures briary
Its living stream extending:
Trunks are with honey flowing,
And flowers there are blowing
Where life or sap was not.

O SON, to Whose Original
No age an epoch setteth,
Eternal, Whom the Eternal ONE
Like unto Him begetteth,

Who art, Whose Comprehension
Exceeds the world's extension,
Whose Word the world hath made—

Didst Thou Thyself humiliate
To wear this nature earthy?
What excellence could render it
Of so much Bounty worthy?
O Thy deep Counsels grounded
On Mercy, what unbounded
Compassion they displayed!

This Day He's born : to Ephrathah
That place foretold, the Maiden,
The Glory unto Israel,
With Him ascended laden :
She to the Same doth owe Him,
Who promised to bestow Him
Thence, when He comes on earth.

The Mother incomparable
In Swaddling clothes enlaced Him
Of poorest sort, and tenderly
Within the Manger placed Him :
Then worshipped, O the greatly
Favoured, That God That lately
From her pure self had birth.

The Messenger Angelical,
That had to bear to mortals
These wondrous tidings, halted not
At rich or great men's portals :

158 An Ode of Manzoni on the Nativity.

But Shepherds world-neglected
And fervent he respected ;
 And showed a sudden blaze,
In which, around him clustering
 From all the nighted region,
They saw Celestial Ministers,
 A flying, flaming Legion,
That in their Heavenly measure,
And fired with zeal and pleasure,
 Were heard to sing GOD's Praise.

Returning to the Firmament
 They ceased not from their singing,
Which through the clouds was issuing
 Fainter and fainter ringing ;
Till higher yet ascended
The sacred Hymns, and ended
 For those Believers' ears.

Now rise the watchers fortunate,
 And seek without delaying
For that abode of poverty,
 Which well they find displaying
The Truth foretold, where swaddled
And in the Manger cradled
 The LORD of Heaven appears.

Sleep, Heavenly BABE, sleep quietly :
 No storms shall murmur o'er Thee,
That went like Thy Van-cavalry
 O'er guilty earth before Thee,

Let slumber still possess Thee,
 And waking not distress Thee,
 Nor weeping gall Thine Eye.

Sleep, Heavenly ONE : the multitudes
 Have heard not yet Thy Story,
 But they shall be Thy Heritage
 Hereafter and Thy Glory ;
 And in abode so lowly,
 And hid in dust, their holy
 Lawgiver shall descry.

Stanzas.

Thou gavest me no Kifs.



THOU gavest me no Kifs,
 JESUS, my Master, oft I sadly thought !
 Perchance Thou choosest to be found
 unsought

And I was ever seeking ! Yet in this
 Methought, I cannot change ; and should I miss
 Thee on Thy Way, yet there I will abide
 And track Thy Foot-prints to the dark stream's
 side.

Thou gavest unto me
 No Sign ! I knew no loving Secret told
 As oft to men beloved, and I must hold

My peace when these would speak of converse
high ;
Yet would I, JESUS, Master, still be nigh
When these would speak, and in the words rejoice
Of them who listen to the Bridegroom's Voice.

Thou gavest unto me
No goodly Gift, no Pearl of price untold,
No Signet ring, no Ruby shut in gold,
No Chain about my neck to wear for pride,
For love no Token in my breast to hide ;
Yea ! these perchance from out my careless hold
Had slipped ; perchance some robber shrewd and
bold
Had snatched them from me ! So Thou didst provide
For me, my Master kind, from day to day,
And in this world, Thine Inn, thou badst me stay
And saidest, " What thou spendest, I will pay."

I never heard Thee say,
" Bring forth the Robe for this My Son, the best !"
Thou gavest not to me as unto guest
Approved, a festal Mantle rich and gay ;
Still singing, ever singing, in the cold
Thou leavest me without Thy Door to stay,
And the night draweth on, the Day is old,
And Thou hast never said, " Come in, My Friend :"
Yet once, yea ! twice, methinks, Thy Love did
send

A secret Message, "Blessed unto the end
Are they that love and they that still endure:"
JESUS, my SAVIOUR, take to Thee Thy poor,
Take home Thy humble Friend!

Declension and Revival.

DIE to thy root, sweet Flower!
If so GOD wills, die even to thy root,
Live there awhile an uncomplaining, mute
Blank life, with darkness wrapped about thy head.
Oh, fear not for the silence round thee spread;
This is no Grave, though thou among the dead
Be counted, but the Hiding-place of Power:
Die to thy root, sweet Flower!

Spring from thy root, sweet Flower!
When so GOD wills, spring even from thy root;
Send through the earth's warm breast a quickened
shoot,
Spread to the sunshine, spread unto the shower,
And lift into the sunny air thy dower
Of bloom and odour; life is on the plains
And in the woods a sound of birds and rains
That sing together; lo! the winter's cold
Is past, sweet scents revive, thick buds unfold.
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power;
Spring from thy root, sweet Flower!

M

Death.

IN Spring the green leaves shoot,
 In Spring the blossoms fall,
 With Summer falls the fruit,
 The leaves in Autumn fall ;
 Contented from the bough
 They drop ; leaves, blossoms now
 And ripened fruit, the warm earth takes them
 all.

Thus all things ask for rest,
 A Home above, a Home beneath the sod :
 The Sun will seek the West,
 The Bird will seek its nest,
 The Heart another Breast
 Whereon to lean ; the Spirit seeks its God.

Vespers.

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
 When I have sung my little song,
 How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
 The valley and the hill along ;
 How sweet the Summons " Come away"
 That calls me from the busy throng !

I thought beside the water's flow
 Awhile to lie beneath the leaves ;
 I thought in Autumn's harvest glow
 To rest my head upon the sheaves ;

But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring—and yet accepted, free,
And blest, my LORD, I come to Thee.

What matter now for promise lost,
Through blast of Spring or Summer rains?
What matter now for purpose crossed,
For broken hopes and wasted pains;
What if the Olive little yields,
What if the Grape be blighted? Thine
The Corn upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the Vine.

Thou lovest still the Poor; oh, blest
In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confessed,
I love the rich in loving Thee!
My Spirit bare before Thee stands;
I bring no gift, I ask no sign;
I come to Thee with empty hands
The surer to be filled from Thine.

A Legend of S. Peter.



ALL of you shall soon forsake Me—One
already hath betrayed—
So the LORD addressed His loved Ones;
only One an answer made.

Simon Peter, self-reliant, yet the strongest in the
Faith,

Answered—Master, I go with Thee both to prison
and to death.

Soon, too soon, he rued that answer! Now, by
GOD's great Mercy blest,
Clings he closer to the SAVIOUR thrice denied, yet
thrice confessed.

And for Him Who knoweth all things, knows he
loves Him, will he keep
Until death that last Injunction, CHRIST's Com-
mand, to feed His Sheep.

Toils he on with patient labour through the work
and wail of years,
But though still in CHRIST rejoicing, sheds he
still repentant tears.

Still whene'er the bird of morning, ere the day
break, sounds his call,
Up S. Peter at the summons rises—kneels to
weep his fall.

So, though holiest aspirations on life's work our
hearts may fix,
Still the tears of deep contrition with the noblest
aims must mix.

Now at length, his mission ended, in a prison he
must lie,

Where the foes he braved have thrown him, cap-
tive, and condemned to die.

But the brave and faithful Servant, eager yet to
work for all,
Cannot rest in patient waiting 'neath that dreary
dungeon-wall.

Stealthily he leaves his prison in the silence of
the night,
Though no Angel now attends him sent from
Heaven to aid his flight :

Yet the massive gates of iron yield unto his
trembling hands—
What is this? Can sight deceive him? CHRIST,
his LORD, before him stands.

Joy and wonder overwhelming, heart and head
before Him bow,
Scarce his lips can form the question—Master,
whither goest Thou?

Falls the hope that erst had thrilled him, CHRIST
with him might there abide—
Peter, I to Rome am wending ; there, I must be
crucified !

Then, as once when at Emmaus in the Breaking
of the Bread,
He before His two Disciples spake the Word and
vanished,

So e'en now He spake to Simon, spake, and
vanished at the Word,
Leaving him transfixed in wonder at the tidings
he had heard.

Ponders he—Though He redeemed us by His
Death of shame and pain,
Though subdued is Death's dominion must He
suffer all again?

No! 'Twas once for all He suffered, by His
Death to make us free;
But His Followers still may bear Him: He must
die again in me.

I who late have left my prison, feared to suffer for
His Name,
Have I thus again denied Him? Coward spirit!
blush for shame.

Have I then in deed belied Him, spurned the holy
Truth's defence?
Oh, the act of sinful weakness! Satan! Tempter!
get thee hence.

Now, O LORD, would I confess Thee with no
self-confiding breath;
LORD, I love Thee: take me with Thee both to
prison and to death.

Humbled, yet in hope exultant, stricken, yet of
fear bereft,

Turns he back a willing captive to the dungeon
he had left.

With the iron chain they bind him, bear him
prisoner into Rome :

Ah! they little reck they lead him unto his
eternal Home.

One more Victim stands beside him, fellow-witness
to the Faith,

Who, for love of his Dear SAVIOUR, will endure
the pains of death.

Saints of GOD he persecuted till he heard his
Master's Call,

Then with holy Zeal he laboured more abundantly
than all.

Now before the Cross S. Peter stands confessing
bold and free,

Speaks the thought that seethes within him—Is
this privilege for me ?

No ! myself I will not liken to the LORD Whom
once I spurned ;

Of His Death I am not worthy ; downward let
my head be turned.

Thus he suffers—yet, who knoweth what Divine
Support is nigh ?

Who shall say what golden Visions float before
that closing eye ?

An Easter Carol.

Who shall guess what inward rapture stays that
 short and gasping breath,
 While the pallid brow is moistened with the chilly
 dews of Death ?

Who shall doubt, the warfare over, on his Master's
 Breast he lies ;
 Face to face doth there confess Him 'mid the Joys
 of Paradise !

An Easter Carol.



HEY bound him well in the dungeon
 cell,

His father's best-loved son,
 And the iron dole into Joseph's soul

Its bitter way hath won :

But faith and truth have gained him ruth

And loosed the tyrant's chain,

And the exile lone to Egypt's throne

From prison comes to reign.

The SON of the FATHER, Almighty to save,

Was laid for three days in the heart of the grave,

But the fetters which held Him no longer may
 bind,

And He reigneth to-day over ransomed mankind.

He laid him down in Gaza town,

The forceful Nazarite,

And the heathen guard kept watch and ward

To slay him at morning-light :

But at midnight he rose from the midst of his foes,
No longer would he stay,
And to Hebron's hill of his own strong will
He carried their gates away.
The Nazarene Captive Whom Hell had ensnared,
Around Whom the hosts of the Evil One glared,
Hath gone from among them in conquering state,
And broken in pieces their bars and their gate.

O now His rolling chariot wheels
Lead bound captivity,
And where His Presence He reveals
His people bow the knee.
He takes to Him a priestly Bride,
And He Himself is glorified,
And clad in white and gold :
He sitteth on the royal seat,
And all the nations at His Feet
Lay tribute manifold.

The riddle erewhile spoken,
May now be read with ease,
The slaughtered lion's token,
The honey and the bees.
To-day in full completeness
The mystery stands good,
Since from the strong comes Sweetness,
And from the eater, Food.

Hearken to Him as He comes in His Might,
Monarch of monarchs, victorious in fight :

Speaks He in anger, the sinner to blame?
 Speaks He in sorrow, the dastard to shame?

With no reproach for blindness

He meets His own to-day,

In perfect Loving-kindness

Thus only will He say—

The winter time away is past, the rain is gone
 and o'er,

The flow'rets bloom again at last, the birds are
 heard once more,

And in our land we list afresh the cooing of the
 dove,

The figs and vines are green and lush, O come
 away, My Love!

Qui procedis ab Utroque.

A Sequence of Adam of S. Victor to the Holy Spirit.



THOU from FATHER, SON, proceeding,
 Sanctify our praise and pleading,
 PARACLETE, enthroned above;
 Lips of Inspiration lend us,
 And responsive ardours send us
 To Thine own rich flames of Love.

Hail by FATHER, SON, beloved!
 Equal unto Each, approvèd
 Peer of Perfect DEITY;

All things filling, all sustaining,
Warder of the stars, and reigning
Moveless o'er the moving sky.

Light the clearest, Light the dearest,
Who our inward darkness cheereſt
With Thy cloud-diffolving Ray :
By Thine Advent men are mended,
Sin departs, her empire ended,
And ſin's ruſt is wiped away.

Knowledge of the Truth Thou ſoweſt ;
Thou the road of Juſtice ſhoweſt,
And the pleaſant paths of Peace :
Far from hearts perverſe Thou ſieſt,
But, where Goodneſs is, ſupplieſt
Acceſs to Thy Myſteries.

Nothing dark where Thou explaineſt ;
Nothing foul where Thou remaineſt ;
Thy pervading Preſence bright
Wakes exultant Spirit-voices ;
Conſcience feelingly rejoices
In the cleanneſs of Thy Light.

Thou canſt render heart-ſtrings tender,
And expelleſt, where Thou dwelleſt,
Clouds of heavineſs and gloom :
Flaming ever, burning never,
Hallowed fires from pain deliver
Human Souls, where Thou doſt come.

Intellects that erewhile slumbered,
With a deadening crust encumbered,
 Quickened in Thy glorious Light :
Into Speech-divine Thou mouldedst
Tongues, and lovingly upholdest
 Hearts made ready for the right.

Help of Souls for succour groaning,
Comforter of mourners moaning,
 Refuge of the friendless poor,
Teach us to cast off the leaven
Of this earth : to Thine own Heaven
 Every erring love restore ;
Clear from taint what wrong hath blighted,
Reconcile the disunited,
 Be our safeguard evermore !

Thou who once, in visitation,
Strength and lofty Consolation
 To Thy trembling Church didst send,
Visit, if it be Thy Pleasure,
Even us, and in like measure
 All who at Thine Altars bend.

Equal Majesty and Power
Stand the everlasting Dower
 Of the GODHEAD—THREE in ONE :
Thou, the Third, art rightly reckoned
Equal with the First and Second ;
 Ordered scale existeth none.

Wherefore, in Thy mighty Presence,
 Sharer of the FATHER's Essence,
 Humbly do Thy Servants sue :
 We to GOD the FATHER ever
 And to GOD the SON deliver
 And to Thee our praises due.

The Advent Antiphons.

O Sapientia.



THOU, the Essential WISDOM, Who
 dost proceed
 Eternal from the Eternal, in the Breast
 Of the Great FATHER dwelling, ever
 blest,

First Cause of all, and Crown of time's last deed !
 Love's Sovereign purpose shines in Thee decreed
 Through void of ages making manifest,
 In measured Might harmoniously expressed,
 The unseen Infinite, which does all things lead.
 Come! Quickly come! Thy Touch bids WISDOM
 spring,

A stream of Grace from Nature's barren rock,
 To spread rich pastures for Thy wandering Flock.
 Come! Quickly come! enable us to bring
 Thanks meet for Heaven, to be accepted there :
 Thy WISDOM crowns us, if Thy Grace we share.

O Adonai.

THOU who ever rulest Israel's Race
 With Love still pledged to Abraham's
 faithful prayer :

In Sinai's bush, the Flame revealed Thy Care :
 Thy Voice gives Light which clouds can ne'er
 efface.

Thy WORD calls forth a people full of Grace :
 Why doubt we Thy Commands ? Thy Might we
 bear,

Called from earth's chains Thy Laws pure robes to
 wear :

Cleanfed in Thy Name, we claim the children's
 place.

Come ! Quickly come ! Through sin's foul touch
 we pine :

And disobedience, wailing o'er her dead,
 Finds pleasures wither wherefo'er she tread.

Come ! Quickly come ! stretch forth the Arm
 Divine !

In years of grief Obedience didst Thou learn :
 Redeemed Obedience waits for Thy Return.

O Radix Jesse.

THOU, the Root of Jesse ! Many an age
 Has trampled down Thy Stock with heed-
 less mood !

Yet was GOD's Truth Thy Guard : and aye,
renewed,

Thy Bloom shall cheer earth's briar-grown or-
phanage :

Kings shall fall prostrate and forget their rage,

In silence by Thy fragrant Power subdued :

Nations shall flock to Thy blest solitude,

And claim in prayer GOD's promised Heritage.

Come ! Quickly come ! spread wide Thy shelter-
ing Grace !

Meek violets fed with tears are all our wealth :

Love brings Thee all, and seeks Thy balmy
Health.

Come ! Quickly come ! Let Hope's imprisoned
race

Rise free and vigorous, tasting Thy soft Gale,

And Love's bright form outshine Time's cloudy
veil !

O Clavis David.



THOU That bearest David's wondrous
Key,

The Sceptre of united Israel !

No foe shall enter where Thy Saints shall dwell :

Heaven's gates unfold their bliss to none but Thee :

Men murmur at Thy Voice, but Thy Decree,

Supreme in Power each stubborn heart to quell,

Builds here on earth the Saintly citadel

To shine with Thine own Self for ever free.

Come! Quickly come! sin shall be ours no more,
 Safe in Thy Sanctity! when scorers fly
 Shut out in darknes, hope and fear shall die.
 Come! Quickly come! through Thee, Heaven's
 mystic door,
 For Death's dark exile gain we GOD's true Light,
 For space-bound sense, existence infinite.

O Oriens.



THOU, the central Orb of righteous Love,
 Rising in fulness of Eternal Light
 On this our wintry world! Thy Radiance bright
 Wakes the glad shout of Faith! Hope dwells
 above;
 Thy Saints with holy lustre round Thee move,
 Stars of a new Creation, in the height
 Of GOD's ordaining Counsel, as Thy Sight
 Gives measured Grace to each, Thy Power to
 prove.
 Come! Quickly come! and let Thy Beams dis-
 perse
 The lingering taint of primal sin's defiling,
 With kindling touch, transforming, reconciling.
 Come! Quickly come! dispel fallen manhood's
 curse,
 Till all our nature feels the eternal ray
 In Fellowship Divine of spotless Day

O Rex Gentium.



THOU, the King of Nations, throned
supreme

On blisful height of bounteous Providence,
The Long-desired, Long-promised ! Man's offence
Broke off a world from GOD : do Thou redeem !
Now glows Thy Majesty with nobler beam,
The Corner-stone of true Love's triumph, whence
The flash of multiform Magnificence
Thrills through the shrine of Life with jewelled
streams !

Come ! Quickly come ! our cold dark stains efface !
Thy Breath to GOD's pure Beauty raised our clay ;
Renewing Love shall that same Breath display.
Come ! Quickly come ! raise up Thy new-born
race

From slumbrous apathy ! let Zeal consume
Each trace of earth, and Godlike gild the gloom.

O Emmanuel.



THOU, EMMANUEL, Who now dost hide
In Substance of dependant Infancy

Thine All-sufficing GODHEAD, sinners flee,
Our King and SAVIOUR ! to Thy gentle Side.
Hence bursts the Fount of Manhood Deified,
Making us meet for GOD. O CHRIST, to Thee
The gathering of the nations soon shall be,

N

To own as Judge the SAVIOUR they denied.
 Come! Quickly come! Bid their blind raging
 cease,
 Joy of Thy Saints and Terror of Thy foes!
 Arise to save us and Thy Power disclose!
 Come! Quickly come! Thy Presence gives us
 Peace!
 The bond of Saints Thy lonely Cradle brings,
 And Hosts unseen adore Thee King of kings.

The Transfiguration.



WHO would not burn with strong desire
 To mount up with the favoured
 three?
 Whate'er the height, whose feet
 would tire
 On Tabor's top that sight to see?
 Words are too faint
 That scene to paint;
 Language can give no fit narration
 Of CHRIST our LORD's Transfiguration.
 Who were those chosen sons of men
 Who climbed the path where JESUS led,
 Who saw what baffles tongue or pen,
 Who trod where Angels feared to tread?
 Best of the best
 (Though good the rest)
 Of all the Twelve the safest, surest,
 The foremost three, the bravest, purest.

O pass not by their honoured names ;
 Peter the prompt to do and dare,
 The loving John, the faithful James
 Breathe with their LORD the mountain air.

But mountain air
 And prospect fair,
 All, all are lost in wondrous gazing
 At JESUS' Form in brightness blazing.

For, while he prayed in accents low,
 That Human Form became Divine ;
 His Raiment glitters as the snow,
 With Heavenly Glow His Features shine,
 Transfigured, bright,
 White as the light.

But lo ! while bending they adore Him,
 Two forms in Glory stand before Him ;

Moses the meek—from Sinai's height
 Who gave the Law 'mid thunders loud ;
 Elias—who in chariot bright
 Ascending pierced the opening Cloud ;
 The glorious two,
 Now sent to view
 JESUS the Radiance here resuming,
 Which erst He wore, ere Man's sad dooming.

But not alone to view they came ;
 High converse with their LORD and ours
 They held of suffering, death, and shame,
 Of triumph too o'er Satan's powers.

But where are ye

Apostles three ?

A dizzy dimness o'er them creeping,
They sank awhile, unconscious, sleeping.

Awaking soon in wondering fear

Peter, his brethren's mouth-piece, cried—
'Tis good, 'tis blessed to be here,

Where, LORD, Thou deignest to abide ;

With prayer and praise

Three Tents we'll raise ;

Three structures, reared with labour pious,
For Thee, for Moses, and Elias.

The random words escaped his tongue,

(For he and they were sore afraid)

Such Mystic Wonders round him hung,

He scarce was conscious what he said.

While yet he spoke

A bright Cloud broke

In overshadowing gleams around them,

And from the Cloud these Words astound them—

This, This is My Beloved SON,

To Whom, well-pleased, all Power I give ;

Hear Him (for He with Me is ONE)

And from His Lips learn how to live—

Down to the ground

(As that high sound

Passed from the Cloud, with tones o'erpowering)

The listeners fell, in wonder cowering.

How strange their thoughts what tongue can say?
Their terrors who can understand?
Till JESUS viewed them as they lay,
And touched them with a tender Hand—
 Arise, my Friends,
 The Vision ends;
Arise (He cried) and fear no longer,
Arise with faith and courage stronger.

With wakened sight in vain they ranged
 The fainted Two again to see;
Alone with JESUS! all is changed:
 Yet found they all, Good LORD, in Thee;
 As down He led—
 Tell none (He said)
This wondrous Scene, till from Death's prison
The SON of MAN again is risen.

Down from the Mount, fresh work of Love
 Soon claimed the SAVIOUR's healing Power;
But John and James and Peter strove
 With hearts more zealous from that hour,
 To keep that Word
 They now had heard
In solemn charge—with rapt reflection
On Death, the Grave, the Resurrection.

In Diebus Celebribus.

A Hymn for the Holy-Days of the Church.



THE Christian must on Holy-days
Abstain from all unlawful ways ;
From things forbidden he must cease,
As hurtful to his Spirit's peace.

Repressing all desires to roam,
The Mind must keep itself at home ;
And, earthly thoughts expelling thence,
Must bar the doors of flesh and sense.

Who sees not that such calm repose
A concentrated power bestows
To worship, on His glorious Throne,
The LORD, Who is our GOD alone ?

The Intellect, the Memory,
The Will, moreover, then so free,
With every faculty of Soul,
Must yield to His entire Controul.

We must rejoice alone in GOD,
And grieve to have provoked His Rod ;
And turn, with hope and holy fear,
His gentle Words of Love to hear.

His Influence let us realize ;
His Absence fear ; His Presence prize ;

To Him, whate'er may happen, bring
Each adverse and each prosperous thing.

More deeply cherished be the thought
Of what our Blessed LORD has wrought
In Gifts bestowed, or claimed again ;
And what His Promises contain.

He has our numerous sins forgiven ;
And, from His boundless Store in Heaven,
Our Souls, renewed in Righteousness,
He will with endless Riches bless.

The Gifts of Nature and of Grace
Our Souls must now in silence trace ;
Think on the wicked's doom of woe,
And what reward the Just shall know.

We must reflect what wondrous loss
Our SAVIOUR suffered on the Cross,
That we, redeemed from endless flame,
Might be rewarded in His Name.

So also, in this thoughtful state,
The mind must love to meditate
With what serene and glorious rest
The Citizens of Heaven are blest.

The very purpose of this Day,
When servile works are put away,
Is that the Soul may use her wings,
And rise to gaze on Heavenly things.

Thus let us now ascend on high,
And pierce by faith the orient sky ;
And see the Saints' rich Joy and Love,
In the Jerusalem above.

With plenitude of Grace supplied,
Their happy Souls are satisfied,
Possessed of all they wished below,
And freed from every mortal woe.

Within, without, and everywhere
Celestial Glory fills them there ;
From GOD, their All, around them all
Rays of immortal Splendour fall.

In freedom there, through wondrous Grace,
They see His Beauty Face to face ;
And, filled with rapture at the sight,
They love Him with intense delight.

From His blest Countenance alone
The Light of Glory is their own :
The whole Celestial Company
Hence gather all they wish to be.

O happier far than tongue can tell
The blissful City where they dwell,
And where, in purity, they see
The Glory of the TRINITY !

Hence all the radiance of the sky,
With all its social harmony :

The Angels and the Saints above
Drink from one Fount of glorious Love.

To praise with all their Spirit's might
The FATHER of Eternal Light
Is all their action—to be blest
In Him for ever, all their rest.

From this the thoughtful mind will see,
In rest or movement, it must be,
Throughout the hours of Holy-days,
Devoted to JEHOVAH's Praise.

For Blessings given while he lives,
For those which GOD in promise gives,
The Christian now in lively song
Must praise the LORD with heart and tongue.

Who thus on holy Festival
Is free upon His GOD to call,
Knows best within himself the way
To celebrate a Holy-day.

To us this knowledge while we live,
King of Eternal Glory, give ;
Then we in Heaven Thy Name will praise
With Angels in immortal lays.

To Christ hanging on high.



OW with vivid desire
In thine accents of fire,
Voice in my Heart weeping,
A new measure try ;
No longer lie sleeping ;
He heareth on high.

Mid vain talking merely,
Distinguished most clearly
The words of emotion
Contrite and sincere,
The song of devotion
He loveth to hear.

This Wood is the token
Of Faith never broken,
Of Love never told,
Faith crying to me—
Draw near and behold
Where He hangeth for thee.

Here, sin ever hated
Thou hast expiated,
Thou, Lamb ever purest,
Of sin's misery
The burden endurest,
Hope giving to me.

I living, adore Thee,
I loving, implore Thee,
Lamb ever fairest,
Bestow upon me,
Of all Gifts the rarest,
A Heart turned to Thee.

Make calm by a Word,
This Heart tempest-stirred,
The guilt far removèd,
May I cry unto Thee—
I have sinned, most Belovèd,
Have pity on me.

Raise up cleansed in brightness,
This Soul in Death's likeness,
Sublime and set free
In Thy Goodness immense,
I groaning implore Thee
For true penitence.

If fully bestowing
Thy Grace to o'erflowing,
Even here may the Spirit
Enraptured unfold
Her wings, to inherit
The Palace of gold.

Thou, blessed Salvation,
Dost give invitation,

The Way-side Cross.

To unending Pleasure
 Dost draw me above,
 Where I beyond measure
 May joy in Thy Love.

Thus while I behold Thee,
 Sweet Peace doth enfold me ;
 I hope for the conquest,
 And ever to be
 In the rapture of Rest
 Abiding in Thee.

The Way-side Cross.



SILENT we rested where a towering Cross
 On the dry fields of far Bavaria
 stands ;
 And wide as man's illimitable loss,
 Its all-embracing arms, like Love, expands.

Upon the wondrous fixture drooping low
 Its wooden weight, a Human Figure hung !
 That melancholy Form, I mark it now ;
 That ghastly Look, from dread endurance wrung.

Its Brow was crowned in mockery with thorn,
 That dimmed its calm composure all with Blood ;
 So deep, so difficult the Passion borne,
 That suffering seemed to fill the impassive wood.

Age had not yet its heavy honours hung
 Upon that Aspect meek, and Godlike Form ;
 Youthful, not His the vigour of the young,
 The foot to flee, or breast to brave the storm—

O great Example !—superhuman tie
 Fashioned in Heaven ! love-chant of many parts
 By Angel chorus sung, while glad reply
 Echoes on earth from thousand bleeding hearts !

Ah matchless Beauty ! what compared to Thine
 The chiselled grace of young Antinous' form ?
 What wreath so graceful as the cruel spine ?
 What chisel like Heaven's dreadful anger-form ?

Still is that patient Head in love reclining
 When evening hangs her silver lamps on high ;
 And still, when morning in the East is shining,
 That great white wondrous Figure marks the sky.

No Rizpah wipes that cold and clammy Brow ;
 No shield is thine against the fiery sun ;
 Thou that o'ershadowest all, unshaded Thou
 Bear'st the great ills of the fallen world alone !

Hard were it on such picture long to gaze,
 And not believe it Very CHRIST to be—
 True Sun, though shooting through a mist its rays ;
 Dread Avatar, Incarnate DEITY.

And Memory treasures still the mournful Figure ;
 And Fancy opens wide her half-shut eye ;

And Faith herself recruits her failing vigour
At sight of that immortal Constancy.

There still It stands : no friendly form is nigh ;
Only the way-worn Pilgrim kneeling down
With head reclined, but tearful upward eye,
Forgetting in that Sorrow all his own.

There through the changing year the stars look
forth,
And each above in silent glory sings ;
Both when the winter strips the cold blue north,
And when the west wind spreads its summer
wings.

And sometimes haply as the pilgrim passes,
While the dark wind pipes loud, the shadowy
Form
Seems all to swell and sigh, while mournful masses
Come through the pauses of the driving storm.

Peace to such thoughts—

* * *

And yet be pardon mine,
If sometimes all too fondly I may fix
My pensive gaze where Love has set her shrine,
Within thy blood-streaked boughs, mysterious
Crucifix !

Quam Glorificum.

An Ancient Latin Poem.



BLISS beyond telling,
 To muse all alone,
 When the Spirit is dwelling
 Serene on its throne;
 When the Bridegroom is near,
 Discerned through a glass,
 Where no shadows of fear
 Cast a gloom as they pass.

Alas! that this gladness
 Comes seldom, soon flies;
 O'erclouded by sadness
 It fades and it dies:
 For life till the end
 Is a wearisome strife,
 And Man must contend
 Against ills that are rife.

Lo! Sin is prevailing,
 And waxes more bold;
 While Love unavailing
 Grows faithless and cold.
 From far and from near
 Comes the Foe with a shout:
 Within there is fear;
 There are fightings without.

Oh! why 'mid my sorrow
Are gleams thus allowed,
Which the grief of to-morrow
Shall veil in its shroud?
What is life at the best
But a burden of care,
With seldom a rest
From the weight of despair?

O Speck in creation,
How can'st thou complain,
Though sore thy probation
Of sorrow and pain?
Forgetting that life
Is no season of ease,
But of watching and strife,
Till the battle shall cease.

As gold is made purer
By trial of flame,
My Son, so grows surer
Thy faith in My Name.
I chastise whom I love,
It is writ in My Word,
Nor are Servants above
The lot of their LORD.

Say, hast thou forgotten,
How all My Life long,
I, the ONLY-BEGOTTEN,
Bore anguish and wrong?

How I wandered forlorn,
 With no place of repose,
 No shelter from scorn
 In My manifold Woes?

Be patient ; be lowly ;
 And so shalt thou be
 In feature more wholly
 Made like unto Me,
 Who came from on high,
 True GOD and True LORD,
 To live and to die
 Despised and abhorred.

And she, as thou knowest,
 From whom is My Birth,
 Was counted the lowest
 And least upon earth ;
 Was proved and was tried
 By a chastisement sore,
 But is now glorified
 And exalted the more.

Those whom I hold dearest
 I chasten and prove
 By trials severest
 The sign of My Love :
 By the sharpness of pain
 Their faith is made sure,
 Till the joys they attain
 That for ever endure.

The poor and the lowly
Find grace in My Eyes,
While all the unholy
And proud I despise :
In the world they have fame
And renown for a day,
But are covered with shame
When I spurn them away.

Oh ! could'st thou but ponder
The Joys of the Blest,
Thou never would'st wonder,
Though sorely distrest,
In hope to attain
The Joys that are stored
For those who bear pain
And reproach for their LORD.

For nought can'st thou tender
More dear to thy LORD
Than thus to surrender
Thyself to His Word :
With never a moan
All thy sufferings bear ;
Bring those to His Throne,
As thine Offering there.

When all things are beaming
With peace and delight,
There are whose fair seeming
Proves false in the fight :

When succours are few,
In the moment of need,
'Tis shewn who are true,
And who faithless indeed.

Too often Man chooses
To own sin's control ;
Then sweet are the uses
Of pain to the Soul :
For this is the way
That My Servants have trod
To the Realm far away,
To the Courts of their God.

O JESU, Thy SPIRIT,
I pray Thee, impart,
That I may inherit
This patience of heart :
And in every woe
Enable me still
Chief solace to know
In doing Thy Will.

Thus nearer, oh ! nearer,
LORD, draw me to Thee ;
And make Thy Cross dearer
Than all things to me :
By Thee let me stand
In Thy Torture and Shame—
By Thee 'mid the Band
That rejoice in Thy Name !

To Thee, UNBEGOTTEN,
 Creator of all,
 To Thee, SOLE-BEGOTTEN,
 Who hearest our call,
 To Thee, SPIRIT Blest,
 THREE PERSONS ONE LORD,
 Be praises addrest
 With eternal accord !

After the Earthquake a Still Small Voice.



OME! let us wander by the silent beach
 Of this our mimic lake or inland sea,
 Type of the Haven where our Souls
 would be,

And learn the lessons which its waters teach,
 As all God's voiceless Creatures use to preach.

We need not travel to the Holy Land,
 To trace the sacred print of Jesus' Feet,
 Where, without ebb or flow, the wavelets beat
 With mystic murmur o'er the level sand
 Of Galilee's world-venerated strand.

Sweet are the Fountains of fair Jordan's Lake,
 Bitter the ocean-springs of yon Sea-bay ;
 O'er both, most bright, most blue, the sun-gleams
 play,
 While fitful breezes solemn echoes wake,
 And oft the encircling crags in terror quake.

GOD'S Voice is heard in thunder underground ;
 The rumbling, reeling earth, man's last sole stay,
 Labours with gape and heave to roll away ;
 The seething billows, one huge tidal mound,
 Pour their volcanic torrent far around.

Woe to Bethsaida ! to Chorazin woe !—
 Sad dirge of men's hearts failing them for fear
 At roaring sea and waves—thy doom is near ;
 Repent, or else expect thine overthrow ;
 Though high as Heaven, as Hell thou shalt sink
 low.

Then all is calm and smiling as before ;
 The river cleaves the interlacing hills
 With gentle flow, made musical by rills
 From yonder snowy peak's perennial store,
 Where many a grassy steep o'erhangs the shore.

And many a Ti-palm, many a tufted bush
 With blossoms glimmering red through pendant
 leaves

Of creeping parasites, a garland weaves ;
 And giant trunks their festooned branches push
 Above the tangled scrub and feathery rush.

And many a Fern-tree rears its lofty crest,
 Embowering leafy nooks of paler green
 Than the deep umbrage of the forest screen,
 Where birds of varied plumage shun their nest
 To bask in that sweet sunny realm of rest.

198 **After the Earthquake, &c.**

Their notes, like silver chimes, fill all the grove
 With modulated music, rich and clear,
 Cheering the lonely fisher on the mere,
Or where his net upon the rock is hove,
While sportive shoals glance harmless through
 the cove.

Here JESUS might have fed the famished host ;
 Here wrought the Miracle of frantic swine ;
 On yonder Mount, Transfigured, shone Divine ;
O'er yon calm waters roamed from coast to coast,
Or hushed them with His Word, when tempest-toft.

The Gospel is not written in a book,
 A tale that may be read and then forgot ;
 Its work of Love and Truth endureth yet,
Or in the silence of this desert nook,
Or in the busy hum we late forsook.

JESUS is everywhere, is very nigh ;
 The Holy Land is in us and around ;
 Grace blends with Nature, Earth with Heaven
 profound ;
To them of loving heart and single eye
Deep Sacraments all Creatures underlie.

Who so is wise, like JESUS' Self, will blend
 The Active with the Contemplative Life ;
 Leave for awhile the city's cares and strife,
In solitude his proud heart's knee to bend,
And in the wilderness seek One True Friend.

In calm or storm, in sunshine or in shade,
 His Presence will go with thee and give rest,
 Soothing the stormy passions of the breast ;
 Lo ! I am with you always—so He said—
 Even to the end ; 'tis I, be not afraid.

The Three Enemies : a Colloquy.

The Flesh.



SWEET, thou art pale.—More Pale to
 see

CHRIST hung upon the cruel Tree,
 And bore His FATHER's Wrath for me.

Sweet, thou art sad.—Beneath a rod
 More heavy, CHRIST for my sake trod
 The Winepress of the Wrath of GOD.

Sweet, thou art weary.—Not so CHRIST,
 Whose mighty Love of me sufficed
 For Strength, Salvation, Eucharist.

Sweet, thou art footsore.—If I bleed,
 His Feet have bled : yea, in my need
 His Heart once bled for mine indeed.

The World.



SWEET, thou art young.—So He was Young
 Who for my sake in silence hung
 Upon the Cross, with Passion wrung.

The Three Enemies.

Look, thou art fair.—He was more Fair
Than men, Who deigned for me to wear
A Visage marred beyond compare.

And thou hast riches.—Daily bread :
All else is His ; Who Living, Dead,
For me lacked where to lay His Head.

And life is sweet.—It was not so
To Him, Whose Cup did overflow
With mine unutterable woe.

The Devil.

THOU drinkest deep.—When CHRIST would
sup

He drained the dregs from out my cup :
So how should I be lifted up ?

Thou shalt win Glory.—In the skies :
LORD JESUS, cover up mine eyes
Lest they should look on vanities.

Thou shalt have Knowledge.—Helpless dust,
In Thee, O LORD, I put my trust :
Answer Thou for me, Wise and Just.

And Might.—Get thee behind me ! LORD,
Who hast redeemed and not abhorred
My Soul, oh, keep it by Thy Word.

Pentecostal Odes of the Holy Eastern Church.

An Ode of an unknown Author.



WE keep the Feast of Pentecost,
The Coming of the HOLY GHOST;
Our hope is now fulfilled, and we
Receive the mighty Mystery.

The Day of Promise long foretold,
The time appointed we behold,
And therefore gladly now we sing,
To Thee be praise, Creator, King.

O wondrous Gift of CHRIST the LORD
On His Disciples newly poured,
That they to all might Grace proclaim,
And publish far the Saving Name.

Thy Love immortal, WORD of GOD,
In foreign Tongues they sound abroad,
And all the wounds of sin to heal,
Thy signal Mercy they reveal.

The HOLY SPIRIT all things leads,
From Him all Prophecy proceeds,
His Priests He ever sanctifies,
He makes the poor and lowly wise.

On Fishers He hath poured His Grace ;
 He rules the Church, His Dwelling-place ;
 He welds her Order, and His Might
 Protects her Children in the fight.

Thee, ONE in Nature, ONE in Throne,
 Eternal COMFORTER, we own,
 With GOD the FATHER and the SON,
 The Ever-blessed THREE in ONE.

An Ode of S. John Damascene.

THE tuneful sound of music
 Burst sweetly forth of old,
 In honour of the Idol,
 The lifeless form of gold ;
 We cry, with awe adoring
 The SPIRIT's radiant Flame—
 Sole TRINITY, we bless Thee,
 For evermore the Same.

They who the Voice Prophetic
 Knew not as Word of Thine,
 The Unknown Tongues regarded
 As drunkenness of wine ;
 But we, in faith devoutly,
 Give GOD the honour due—
 Sole TRINITY, we bless Thee,
 Who makest all things new.

'The Prophet Joel looking
 Upon the Face of GOD,
 Astonied heard Him speaking,
 And told His Words abroad—
 They whom I give My SPIRIT
 Shall cry, thus filled with Might—
 Sole TRINITY, we blefs Thee,
 O everlasting Light.

The Third Day-hour abounded
 With Grace, that we might know
 The Source of Blessing, Threefold,
 Whence Benedictions flow :
 And now, on this glad morning,
 The best and chief of Days—
 Sole TRINITY, we blefs Thee
 In Hymns of grateful praise.

An Ode of S. Cosmas the Melodist.

HE Who with His mighty Hand
 Breaks the battle and the brand,
 Now hath buried in the tide
 Egypt's chariots and her pride.
 Songs of victory we sing,
 Perished are her host and King,
 Tell the triumph far and wide,
 GOD the LORD is glorified.

Thou a Light on earth hast shined,
 CHRIST, the Lover of mankind ;

Thou the COMFORTER hast sent,
 All hath found accomplishment,
 Which the Law and Prophets old
 In the ages past foretold ;
 Every Promise, every Word
 Which Thy dear Disciples heard.

For the HOLY SPIRIT's Grace
 On the true and faithful race
 Freely hath to-day been poured,
 From the world's foundation stored :
 Gladly then these Hymns we lift,
 Thankful for the wondrous Gift,
 Praising, as is right and meet,
 God the Blessed PARACLETE.

An Ode of S. John Damascene.

INTO the fiery Furnace flung,
 The Holy Children sweetly sung,
 And singing, turned the fire to dew
 Which quenched each flame that leapt anew :
 And this the strain their love expressed,
 GOD of our fathers, Thou art Blessed.

What time the Twelve inspired of God,
 Redemption's Story sent abroad,
 The Working of the Breath Divine,
 The unbelievers deemed new wine :
 But we, through this same SPIRIT see
 The THREE in ONE, the ONE in THREE.

The Nature One we praise and blefs,
 The Glorious TRINITY confefs;
 Co-equal, Co-eterne, the Same,
 We lift on high the Threefold Name,
 And laud the Faith of old professed—
 GOD of our Fathers, Thou art Blessed.

The Ascension.



WAS on the Mount of Olives,
 Nigh where the faithful Three
 Had bid the Master welcome
 So oft at Bethany,
 'Twas there the MAN we cherish,
 The Mighty GOD we praise
 Among His Chosen ended
 The wondrous forty days.
 There was not ought about Him
 The coming change to say,
 Only a cloud was o'er them
 As on a common day;
 He stood with Hands uplifted;
 He blessed; that Blessing o'er,
 After that earthly pattern
 He will not blefs them more.
 For while He spake, the SAVIOUR
 Passed from this world of ill
 Far o'er the sacred village,
 Far o'er the ancient hill;

Love unto Love returning,
Light to Its kindred Light,
The cloud o'erhead He entered
And passed from mortal sight.

Then Angels came foretelling
That He shall come once more
In clouds that we may follow
Where He has gone before ;
And then His Own descending
Hastened with joy where lay
The towers of Sion City
Distant a Sabbath-day.

So GOD went up to Heaven ;
But many an age has passed,
And still the Angel's promise
We wait, in this, the last,
And oft our Souls expectant
Send up the cry of pain—
Too long, too long He lingers ;
When will He come again ?

Be hushed, life-weary Spirits !
Not slack the Work proceeds ;
On earth He strives and quickens,
In Heaven His Death He pleads,
With Kings for nursing-fathers
Shall we the Servants fail ?
Not without Blood Divinest
The Master passed the Veil.

Death.

Wishes about Death.



WISH to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee ;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.

And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse :
But, LORD ! I have a death to die,
And not a death to choofe.

Why should I choofe ? for in Thy Love
Most surely I defcry
A gentler Death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.

But Thou wilt not difdain to hear
What thofe few wishes are,
Which I abandon to Thy Love,
And to Thy wifer Care.

Triumphant Death I would not ask,
Rather would deprecate ;
For dying Souls deceive themselves
Sooneft when moft elate.

All Graces I would crave to have
Calmly abforbed in one—

A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.

All Sacraments and Church-blest things
I fain would have around,
A Priest beside me, and the hope
Of Consecrated ground.

I would the light of reason, LORD,
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my Soul
Until it passed to Thine.

And I would pass in silence, LORD,
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should cloud my Soul, and I
Should die in the eclipse.

But when, and where, and by what pain—
All this is one to me :
I only long for such a death
As most shall honour Thee.

Long life dismays me by the sense
Of my own weakness scared :
And by Thy Grace a sudden death
Need not be unprepared.

One wish is hard to be unwished—
That I at last might die
Of grief for having wronged with sin
Thy spotless Majesty.

The Paths of Death.

NOW pleasant are thy Paths, O Death!
Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadeſt down into the glow
Where all thoſe Heaven-bound ſunſets go,
Ever from toil to reſt.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death!
Back to own dear Dead,
Into that Land which hides in tombs
The better part of our old homes;
'Tis there thou makeſt our bed.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death!
Thither where ſorrows ceaſe
To a new Life, to an old paſt,
Softly and ſilently we haſte
Into a Land of Peace.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death!
Thy new reſtores our loſt;
There are voices of the new times
With the ringing of the old chimes
Blent ſweetly on thy coaſt.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death!
One faint for want of breath—
And above thy promiſe thou haſt given:
All, we find more than all in Heaven,
O thou truth-ſpeaking Death.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !

E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !

E'en grown-up men secure
Better manhood, by a brave leap
Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep—
Manhood that will endure.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !

The old, the very old,
Smile when their slumberous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb—
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !

Ever from pain to ease ;
Patience, that hath held on for years,
Never unlearns her humble fears
Of terrible disease.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !

From sin to pleasing GOD ;
For the pardoned in thy Land are bright
As Innocence in robe of white,
And walk on the same road.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !


Straight to our FATHER'S Home ;

All loss were gain that gained us this,
The Sight of God, that single Bliss
Of the grand World to come.

How pleasant are thy Paths, O Death !
Ever from toil to rest—
Where a rim of sea-like splendour runs,
Where the days bury their golden suns,
In the dear hopeful west.

Quam dilecta Tabernacula.

A Hymn for the Dedication of a Church.

OW loved Thy Halls and Dwelling-
place,
O LORD of Hosts most High !

Selected are the Architects,
Secure the Buildings lie !
Untouched by storm, or wind, or rain,
Nay, e'en for these they firmer still remain.

How rich in beauty and in strength
Is the Foundation-stone !
Of old in Sacramental type
And shadow oft foreshown ;
Eve ta'en from sleeping Adam's side,
Type of an everlasting Race supplied.

For Noah was salvation wrought
In Ark composed of wood,

Which, piloted, did safely ride
Above the world's vast flood :
And Sarah laughed in joyance wild
When late in life she bore the promised Child.

Rebecca standing by the well
With Abraham's servant nigh,
To quench the Camels' thirst and his
The water doth supply ;
Bracelets and earrings weareth she,
That for her husband she prepared may be.

Jacob supplants the Synagogue
Which wanders far away,
Whilst in the letter of the Law
It is content to stay.
To weak-eyed Leah hid must be
What Rachel, wed in equal bond, doth see.

And by the way-side, as she sits
With closely veiled face,
Long widowed Thamar twins conceives
From Judah's fond embrace.
Here in an Ark, by rushes bound,
By Maid who came to bathe is Moses found.

Here is the blessed Offering made,
The sacred Lamb is slain—
And Israel, sated with its blood,
May ever safe remain.
Here too is passed the Red Sea wave
'Neath which the Egyptians found a watery grave.

Here is the Urn with Manna filled ;
 And here the Law's Commands
 Stored in the Ark of Covenant
 (The Law which God demands ;)
 Here are the Ornaments Divine
 The glorious robes of Aaron's Priestly line.

And here Uriah is condemned,
 And Bathsheba is known
 As one to highest honour raised,
 The sharer of a throne.
 In gold-embroidered garments dressed
 She stands, as daughter of King's house confessed.

Attracted by his wisdom rare
 King Solomon to see
 The Queen of Sheba hither comes,
 All black, yet comely she—
 As when commingled to the skies
 The fragrant clouds of myrrh and incense rise.


To us the day of Grace reveals
 Whatever was foretold,
 Whate'er in shadow and in type
 Enveiled was of old ;
 And we at length are given to rest
 All safely on our own Beloved's Breast.

Uplift we then the song on high
 Since now the Marriage-feast is nigh,
 Which trumpets did inaugurate—
 Its end shall psalteries celebrate.

214 In a Vision of the night, &c.

Let thousand thousand voices raise
The joyous strain, the Bridegroom praise ;
And as in harmony they blend
Repeat they ever without end—
Alleluia ! Amen.

In a Vision of the night when deep Sleep
falleth upon Men.

N dreams I slept, where Israel wept of
old,
Her walls down-torn, her altars shorn
of gold :

And in my dream Euphrates' stream rolled by
With sullen pride, in ocean's tide to die.
At first, how bright, how clear the night had
seemed—
Sweetly at even the lamps of Heaven had beamed ;
All toil was stayed, the winds were laid in calm—
From dells and bowers, went up of flowers sweet
balm.

Sudden, on high was heard a cry of woe ;
Heaven's darkest pall fell over all below.
With flashing flame GOD's thunder came—that
sound
Whose echoes hold faint hearts or bold spellbound.

* * * *

So on that shore, long years before he lay
In Heavenly trance, and upward glance alway

Daniel, that Seer whose holy fear and love
 Gained a blest sight of Saints' delight above ;
 When from the seas a fourfold breeze had blown,
 When Beasts on wings, and mystic things were
 shewn.

* * * *

So from my view slowly withdrew the veil :
 Full on my sight a Form of Light I hail.
 A wondrous power in that dread hour was mine :
 Scathless to hear those Words of fear Divine—
 “ No answer give if thou would'st live—be still—
 Where'er I go these thunders show God's Will ;
 At Whose Command I sweep the land of sin
 Till ye, like us, be glorious within.
 O ! happy those when night shall close whoe'er
 Spotless have worn their robes ; for morn is near.”

A Tradition of S. John the Evangelist.



WO thousand years have wellnigh past
 Since he, the gentlest and the last
 Of all that holy band,
 That with their LORD and SAVIOUR
 bore
 The weary toil and labour sore,
 Led by His guiding Hand,
 Hath passed unto his rest away,
 Where Love can never more decay

And Faith and Hope are o'er ;
All gently closed his eyes in sleep,
E'en while his Children round him weep,
That he may stay no more.

They laid him in the hallowed ground,
And many a day they watched around,
And deemed the earth did wave
At every breath of slumber sweet,
And gently heave beneath their feet
Upon his lowly grave.

And long they watched the glad flowers grow,
And deemed that still his breath below
Did heave that little mound ;
For aye they thought to hear once more
The tones of Love oft heard before,
And list their peaceful sound.

They thought upon his last farewell,
How with faint voice he still would dwell
On Love and Love alone ;
How, while his Children all stood near
Fondly his parting words to hear,
Love breathed in every tone.

And when they asked why that one word,
From him so long, so often heard,
Was all he uttered still,
He said, as faint his accents fall—
That Love, and Love alone, would all
Our SAVIOUR'S Words fulfil.

Then as his eyes in slumber closed,
They deemed he now awhile reposed,
And laid him in the grave ;
And, as they watched long years around,
They still would think that grassy mound
Did gently heave and wave.

And thus would they long vigil keep
Over the place of his last sleep,
And aye in Love would dwell.
Those early days of Peace are o'er :
Do we of later ages store
His peaceful Words as well ?

How tread we now the paths of old,
With Faith all faint and Love grown cold,
With feeble steps and slow ;
Our very Souls cling fondly fixed,
With scarce a nobler longing mixed,
On fancied joys below.

Yet oft in glowing words we speak
Of Love all holy, pure and meek,
While strange the sense they claim ;
For, joined in an unholy tie,
False Creeds and Faith all sheltered lie
Beneath this specious name.

It is not thus ; for faint from far,
Soon as we heed it not, the star
Of Truth more dimly gleams

With wandering and uncertain ray—
 So to our eyes it seems who stray
 Far from its nearer beams.

O Love, so prized in days of yore,
 While all the Crofs before them bore,
 How faint and low the tone
 That comes from forth thy holy Shrine ;
 Far other is thy glance benign
 Than that which we would own.

O early dawn of Christian Love,
 Enkindled by the Holy Dove,
 O days of glowing Faith,
 When hearts beat high to suffer here,
 When Faith and Hope prevailed o'er fear,
 And Weakness conquered Death.

Hymns of Novalis.

The Desire of God.



KNOW not what I could desire
 Wert Thou, dear Being, only mine ;
 Wert Thou to crown my Soul with
 gladness,

And still be near and call me Thine.
 The vext crowd to and fro are hurrying,
 With eager glance they search around ;
 They call themselves the wise, the prudent,
 And yet this Treasure have not found.

One thinks his hand the Prize now grasping—
Lo ! what he hath is nought but gold ;
Another, earth and sea exploring,
Hath for a Name his quiet sold.
One for the Crown of victory striveth,
One for the Poet's wreath of bay,
And thus the ever-changing glitter
Attracting all doth each betray.

To you Himself hath He revealed not ?
Can you forget Who died for you ?
Who for your sakes from Life departed—
Yea, Scorn and bitter Anguish knew ?
Have ye not read, have ye not listened ?
Of Him, from Him ne'er heard a word ?
How He brought down Divinest Mercy,
What endless Good on us conferred ?

How from high Heaven He descended,
The exalted Son of Mother blest ?
What Tidings to the earth He carried—
How many healed by Him find Rest ?
How, by pure Love drawn down, He offered
Himself for us, a Victim free ?
Low laid in earth, of GOD's own Temple
The eternal Corner-stone to be ?

And shall not such a Message move you ?
Is not This MAN sufficient found ?
Your doors to Him will ye not open
Who passed for you Hell's dismal bound ?

Will ye not then lose all things gladly,
 Forego with joy each idle thought,
 Your hearts for Him alone reserving
 Whose Grace is promised you unbought ?

Lift Thou me up, Thou Gentle SAVIOUR !
 Thou art my world, my life is Thine ;
 Though nought of earthly hope were left me,
 I know my Recompense Divine.
 Thou all my love with Love returnest ;
 Thy Truth for ever shall endure ;
 The Heavens bow down in adoration ;
 Thou dwellest still within me sure.

The Desire of Death.

AWAY, below the earth's broad breast,
 Far from light's realms descending !
 Storms of woe and wild unrest
 Departure glad portending ;
 The narrow bark shall waft us o'er
 Full soon to land on Heaven's calm shore.

Blest be that everlasting night ;
 Blest, never-broken slumber :
 Day with toils hath worn us quite,
 Cares too long encumber ;
 Now vain desires and roamings cease,
 We seek our FATHER'S House in peace.

What should we do in this cold world
With Love and Truth so tender ?
Old things are in oblivion hurled,
The new no gladness render :
O sorrowful his heart and lone
Who reverent loves the past and gone !

Those ages past, whose purer race
High thoughts with ardour fired,
When Man beheld our FATHER's Face,
And knew His Hand desired ;
While many a simple mind sincere
Resembled still His Image clear.

Those days of old, when flourished wide
Stems of Patriarch story ;
When even Children joyful died
And suffered for Heaven's Glory ;
While though life laughed and pleasure spake,
Yet many a heart for strong Love brake.

Those times of yore when GOD revealed
Himself in young life glowing ;
With early death His Passion sealed,
His precious Blood bestowing ;
Nor turned aside the stings of pain
Us nearer to Himself to gain.

Through deepening mists how vainly gaze
Our fond thoughts, backward turning :

Nought in this dreary age allays
The thirst within us burning :
We must arrive our home within
That ancient Holiness to win.

What still delays our wished return ?
The Loved have long been sleeping ;
Their grave our earthly journey's bourne—
Enough of fear and weeping !
With fruitless striving long annoyed
The heart is weary, the world a void.

Strange rapture ever new, unknown,
Through the faint frame is thrilling :
Hark ! the soft echo of our moan
The hollow distance filling ;
Whence the Beloved towards us bend,
Their breathings of desire ascend.

Down to the Bride, to CHRIST we go,
The Bridegroom gone before us ;
Be of good comfort, mourners ; lo !
Grey twilight deepens o'er us :
A dream dissolves our chains unblest,
Our FATHER takes us to His Rest.

Paradise.

From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.



REGION of Life and Light !

Land of the Good whose earthly toils
are o'er ;

Nor frost nor heat may blight

Thy vernal beauty ; fertile shore

Yielding thy blessed Fruit for evermore !

There without Crook or Sling

Walks the Good Shepherd ; blossoms white and
red

Round His meek Temples cling ;

And, to sweet pastures led,

His own loved Flock beneath His Eye are fed.

He guides, and near Him they

Follow delighted ; for He makes them go

Where dwells eternal May,

And Heavenly roses blow,

Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height

Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,

And Fountains of Delight ;

And where His Feet have stood

Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

The Incarnation.

And when in the mid skies

The climbing Sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,

With all His Flock around

He witches the still air with modulated sound.

From His sweet Lute flow forth

Immortal harmonies, of power to still

All passions born of earth,

And draw the ardent will

Its destiny of Goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,

A wandering breath of that high Melody

Descend into my heart,

And change it till it be

Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in
Thee!

Ah! then my Soul should know,

Beloved! where Thou liest at noon of day;

And from this place of woe,

Released, should take its way

To mingle with Thy Flock and never stray!

The Incarnation.



TIME hath no brighter jewel on his brow
Than this, all worlds, all ages, wondering scan:

Shall GOD in very deed Himself allow
Limit and bound, and dwell on earth with man?

I marvel not that some should misconceive—
 I marvel one should easily believe ;
 That when the Tale is told
 (Sole tale which ne'er grows old)
 How Flesh and Blood the Invisible once did shrine,
 Rather all hearts incredulous not combine
 Such mightiest task of faith, unequal, to resign.

The fabled lore that lured the untutored ear
 Of the young world, ere fancy's vernal age
 Had ripened into reason—then more dear
 Than all the time-schooled wisdom of the Sage—
 The most unbounded flights e'er roved at will
 By lawless dreams, or thoughts more lawless still,
 Lose all their wild and strange,
 To most experienced range
 Brought meanly down, of credence easier far
 Than that the WORD, He by Whom all things
 are,
 Changed for His high Abode one poor inferior
 star.

Down from the Heavenly hills in Love descending,
 Far in the depths of night His Eye descried
 The clusters of His Universe, one blending
 Of infinite Lights—stars in their courses, tied
 By order firm and ne'er-infringed law ;
 A world of worlds, whereof each one doth draw
 About the central bright
 Its duteous satellite ;

Yet chose He not His Palace in some sun,
By Heaven alone in native light outdone,
But this our darker Orb His radiant Presence won.

There was no lack of Sovereign seats and thrones
Worthy of His possessing ; large domains
Waited His Lordly bidding ; populous plains,
The wealth of Empires, all the mingled tones
Of queenliest Cities called Him—pomp and song
And loud applause of many a rapturous throng :
But, such as these passed by,
Beneath the Syrian sky
He sought the meanest state, the lowliest shed,
That, earth's most bitter lot most thoroughly read,
No heart might sink so low but He might lift it
high.

And therefore did the greatness of His Scorn
Vouchsafe the measure of His glorious Rise ;
And they who here with Him that Shame have
borne
Shall share His Crown and Triumph in the
skies :
He That descended is the same That rose
Above all Heavens, victorious o'er His foes,
And evermore doth stand
A Priest at God's Right Hand,
Till, in the fulness of the times, once more
He come with Might and Majesty, His floor
In Righteousness to purge, and all things to restore.

And thou and I (O wondrous thought and strange !)

May call Him Brother ; eat His Flesh, and
live ;

Drink of His Blood, that with all-quicken-
ing change

Doth joy for grief, health for unsoundness give :
May love Him, though we see Him not ; may
hear

His Voice behind us, feel His Footstep near :

Thou, Who dost all things fill,

Art with Thy Children still,

Who here through sighs and tears their voices
raise,

Or round Thy Throne, with rapt adoring gaze,

Lift high the harmonious Anthem of perpetual
praise.

I will exult, my evil days and few

Spending where God hath sojourned ; His dear
Breath

Hath left a sweetness in the air, a new

Celestial fragrance, all the damps of death

Quite overmastering, filling with perfumes

The grave unlovely, and dark funeral rooms ;

That each glad Soul may spring

Upward from earth, and sing,

Beholding in her tomb Heaven's opened door,

And hearing in her knell His Summons ring—

‘ Come up, dear Child, and dwell in Rest for
evermore.’

The Earth He trod is consecrated ground ;
One stone His Feet have touched hallows the
whole,
Reclaimed for Heaven's just uses, from the round
Of torrid heats, to either utmost pole :
Where He alighted burst a Spring, that flows
To every land, and ever widening goes,
Sustained by what distils
From the everlasting Hills,
And still shall swell, a River broad and deep,
Till its great flood, with all-compelling sweep,
The bars and gates of Hell triumphantly o'erleap.

Who so receiveth this, doth all receive :

His faith can soar no further ; all the train
Of Signs and Wonders written, that doth leave

A breach in Nature's statutes, to explain
By reason's rules he aims not, lest as wise
Himself professing, folly's meed he gain :

But, in mute awe profound

Upon that holy ground

Standing unshod He hears, amidst the cries
Of jarring doubts and creeds, the still small Voice
Speak to his inmost heart, and trembling doth
rejoice.

His the unfettered Faith to childhood given,

That questions not how such a thing might be ;
Whom large experience hinders not that Heaven
Should mix with earth, but whose clear eye doth see

In happy dreams the golden Ladder bending,
 And Angel-feet for evermore descending :
 Thus human and Divine
 To childlike hearts combine,
 Who from the world's Soul-deafening noise retreat,
 And meekly sitting at the Master's Feet
 Lift to His Heaven-brought Words in contem-
 plation sweet.

Jael.



LONELY Woman's feeble hand—
 A mail-clad Warrior in his might—
 At her tent-door behold her stand
 To greet the Captain of the fight.

Stern greeting hers ! for from on high
 Unbidden comes the LORD's Behest,
 And fires with wrath her gentle eye,
 And arms with fraud her guileless breast.

LORD, whence is this ? what spell is cast ?
 Whence this up-heaving flood within,
 This lightning-blaze, this whirlwind-blast,
 Too calm for rage, too pure for sin ?

It comes : it comes : she may not pause ;
 Herself the hammer of Heaven's will,
 She executes the unwritten Laws,
 Nor wists the word that bids her kill.

One blow—and where is he whose head
Gave strength and guidance to an host ?
Low at a woman's feet and dead,
Man's foe and GOD's lies ever lost.

And who shall doubt—that in GOD's Book
Hath scanned the Gospel through the veil,
And learned beyond the Law to look—
Whose is the hammer and the nail ?

The Woman among women blest,
Where but at Bethlehem is she ?
The victor vanquished in his rest,
Where but on crimson Calvary ?

'Twas she who, when the strife ran high,
Gave flesh and birth to GOD's Own SON,
Gave to the Life the power to die,
And raise by death a world undone.

O SON of Mary ! cheat our foe,
Down with him even to the ground ;
In the grave's slumber lay Death low,
And in the weak let strength abound.

Funeral Hymn.



BROTHER ! now thy toils are o'er,
 Fought the battle, won the Crown ;
 On Life's rough and barren shore
 Thou hast laid thy burden down :
 Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
 With the Spirits of the Blest.

Through Death's valley dim and dark
 JESUS guide thee in the gloom,
 Shew thee where His Footprints mark
 Tracks of Glory through the tomb :
 Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
 With the Spirits of the Blest.

Angels bear thee to the Land
 Where the towers of Sion rise,
 Safely lead thee by the hand
 To the fields of Paradise :
 Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
 With the Spirits of the Blest.

White-robed at the crystal gate
 Of the New Jerusalem
 May the Host of Martyrs wait,
 Give thee part and lot with them :
 Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
 With the Spirits of the Blest.

Choirs of Angels over us
Bear CHRIST's weak and trembling Lamb,
Give thee peace with Lazarus
At the breast of Abraham :
Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
With the Spirits of the Blest.

Rest in Peace : the gates of Hell
Touch thee not, till He shall come
For the Souls He loves so well—
Dear LORD of the Heavenly home :
Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
With the Spirits of the Blest.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
Clay we give to kindred clay ;
In the sure and certain trust
Of the Resurrection Day :
Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest
With the Spirits of the Blest.

CHRIST the Sower sows thee here :
When the eternal Day shall dawn
He will gather in the ear
On that Resurrection morn :
Grant him, LORD, eternal Rest,
Light and Life at Thy Behest,
With the Spirits of the Blest.

The Story of the Cross.

The Question.



IN His own Raiment clad,
With His Blood dyed,
Women walk sorrowing
By His Side.

Heavy that Cross to Him,
Weary the weight,
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him, the LORD.

Oh whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree?
He Who first carries it—
Who is He?

The Answer.



FOLLOW to Calvary;
Tread where He trod,
He Who for ever was
SON of GOD.

The Story of the Cross.

You who would love Him, stand,
 Gaze at His Face,
 Tarry awhile on thine
 Earthly race.

As the swift moments fly
 Through the blest week,
 Read the great Story the
 Cross will teach.

Is there no beauty to
 ‘ You who pass by,’
 In the lone Figure which
 Marks that sky ?

The Story of the Cross.

ON the Cross lifted
 Thy Face I scan,
 Bearing that Cross for me,
 SON of MAN ;

Thorns form Thy Diadem,
 Rough Wood Thy Throne,
 For us Thy Blood is shed—
 Us alone.

No pillow under Thee
 To rest Thy Head—
 Only the splintered Cross
 Is Thy Bed.

Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear ;
No voice is nigh to say,
Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall
Though it is day ;
Thy Friends and Kinsfolk stand
Far away.

Loud is Thy bitter Cry ;
Sunk on Thy Breast
Hangeth Thy Bleeding Head
Without rest.

Loud scoffs the dying Thief,
Who mocks at Thee ;
Can it, my SAVIOUR, be
All for me.

Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few Weepers Thou
Call'st Thine Own.

I see Thy Title, LORD,
Inscribed above—
'JESUS of Nazareth,'
King of Love !

What, O my SAVIOUR,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me ?

LORD, if Thou only wilt
 Make me Thine Own,
 Give no companion save
 Thee alone.

Grant through each day of life
 To stand by Thee !
 With Thee when morning breaks
 Ever to be !

The Passion.

Jesus dying.



VER each tower and minaret,
 And where in channel dark as jet
 The streams of Kedron toll and fret,

Falls the inexplicable Veil,
 The Sign when Nature's powers shall fail
 Of universal woe and wail.

No light and shade, in interchange
 Softening the dark horizon's range,
 But sudden midnight stern and strange !

Rushed the uptreasured Darkness from
 Its hidden, uncreated home
 To witness GOD's own Martyrdom ?

Or did the LORD Who hides His Face
 In Shadows that betoken Grace,
 And drapes in gloom His Dwelling-place,

Did He in His most awful Mood
Curtain around the Holy Rood
From man's unchastened neighbourhood ?

Or came the Type and Form wherein
Wrong works, to watch the strife within,
And learn the death of death and sin ?

Thou GOD That hidest, who can tell,
Unless Thou teach us how to spell
And learn aright the Miracle ?

It hushes all things ; not a sound
Or far or near is heard around ;
The guard seems rooted to the ground.

No word the Divine Sufferer saith ;
Only is heard His heaving Breath
Fighting the duel fierce with death.

And breaking o'er His quivering Lips :
Only the Blood that as it drips
Throbs through the palpable eclipse !

Oh, vanquished Light return once more ;
Oh, breaking Heart that we adore,
When shall this travail-pang be o'er ?

When shall the day its fetters burst,
And JESUS, from the Tree accurst
Speak once, and own Himself athirst ?

Last act of His Humility
Better to witness, than to see
This still and voiceless Agony.


SAVIOUR, and Suffering GOD ! when I,
Knowing it is my time to die,
Upon my final cross shall lie ;

When Nature's deepening shadows fall
O'er Soul and sense, and like a pall
Suit all things to the funeral ;

In my eclipse, oh, let me see
Thy Sorrows, borne in love for me,
Upon Thy Cross, on Calvary—

Borne, that I might in dying rest,
And lay, undarkened, undepressed
My head on Thy all-loving Breast.

Jesus dead.

 STAY the obsequious fingers !
O spare the myrrh and balm !
From the depths of this pure silence
This inexpressive calm ;
From the lineless Lips where Slumber
Sets her consecrating seal,
Back on the world that wronged Him,
He smiles His last Appeal.

Not like daylight's last effulgence,
So tender yet so bright ;
When reluctantly the glory
Just flashes out of sight :
But Sorrow and Forgiveness
Are blended on His Cheek,
Like the gleam that fills the twilight
As the dawn begins to break.

For Him is no more sorrow,
There is neither change nor loss ;
Life has no further torture,
Nor Agony, nor Crosses :
The Counsels of the Ages,
The Destiny of Time,
At last are consummated
In this Martyrdom sublime.

He was weak, when in the Manger
He drew an Infant's Breath ;
He was weak, when in the Garden
He sorrowed unto Death ;
Beneath the Cross He fainted,
On the Cross He bowed His Head :
But here is more than weakness—
All is finished ! He is Dead !

But the Love that is undying
Lights His Features, like a Mind ;
And His final Look is pleading,
With the Heart of Humankind.

That owns, when it is hardest
 Death's power to control,
 And conquer and o'ermaster
 The passions of the Soul.

And thus His Look is pleading—
 No more your anger keep :
 O My Brother, give thy pity !
 O My Sister, turn and weep !
 I was True, in Love unceasing,
 Though My Labour was unprized ;
 And My Crown of sorrows pierced Me
 When I saw that Love despised.

Ah, the world remains unheeding,
 And will not brook the sight :
 Quick ! shade the Features, winding
 The CORSE of GOD in white :
 Let the hands that Love has hallowed
 Close fast the holy Eyes ;
 Let the two familiar faces
 Look on Him where He lies.

There He lies ! the wondrous Master
 Upon Whose Lips we hung ;
 Who had Might upon His Finger,
 And Life upon His Tongue :
 Still and cold ! that glorious Teacher
 Who had GODHEAD in His Eye !
 Oh, cruel Heart within me,
 Wilt thou never break and die ?

Thoughts from the Manual of
S. Augustine.

*He that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and
God in him.*



WHO neither loves, nor seeks for JESUS'
Love,
His Soul a barren desert shall remain ;
And life will prove
To him, whate'er its joys, but life in vain.

To live for Thee, O LORD, alone is Life ;
To live without Thee, were at once to die,
'Twere but the strife
Of aimless folly swiftly passing by.

Most Merciful ! to Thee I give anew
The life and understanding which I owe ;
That Thou art true
And wilt that life restore, by Faith I know.

Believing, I will love Thee and adore,
With Whom I hope for ever to remain,
Or, could I more,
In endless Rest and Blessedness to reign.

What Soul, unloving, seeks not after Thee,
The slave of sin and earthly love impure,
His lot shall be
The helpless thrall which guilty men endure.

O may this bondage never, LORD, be mine,
But let my pilgrimage securely end

Along the line

Of aspirations pure which Heavenward tend.

My Soul, in this her exile, longs for Rest ;
Be that to her, O LORD, for which she longs,

Softly expressed

In contemplation sweet, or grateful songs !

In sorrow, or in joy, when tumults swell,
Grant her the shelter of Thy guardian Wing ;

Do Thou compel

A calm, from whence soe'er the tempests spring.

O richest Master of the noblest Feast,
And bountiful Dispenser unto all,

Even the least,

On whom the mercies of Thy Goodness fall !

Do Thou to weary Souls sweet Food afford ;
Thy scattered Children safely gather in ;

O Loving LORD,

Set free the bound, restore the lost in sin !

Lo ! at the door a wretched Wanderer stands
And knocks ! O brightest Day-spring from on High,

Brightening the lands

Of death and sin, in mercy hear his cry !

Open ! and let this craving suppliant in,
That freely he may find his way to Thee,

And rest from sin,

And with Thy Heavenly Food refreshèd be.

244 **Thoughts from S. Augustine.**

For Thou, of Life the Bread and Water art,
Of Light eternal the eternal Fount,
 The living Heart
Of righteous Men who climb the Heavenly Mount.

*There shall be no more Death, neither sorrow,
 nor crying.*

THREE blessed Land of Heavenly glad-
 ness!

Where life is Life in endless flow ;
Where undisturbed by fear or sadness
Greatness and Peace their sweets bestow ;
Where Health is pure, unchecked by sickness,
And 'laid up' Treasure never fails ;
Where no more Death betrays its weakness,
Nor Time its fleeting course bewails ;
Where Happiness unyoked from sorrow
Fills up its ample store with Love ;
And face to Face, no more we borrow
Figures to shadow GOD above.

There too, we know as we are known,
The heights of Love Divine we scan,
And see the Light from out the Throne
Enlightening ere the worlds began ;
The unfailing Food of Life is there,
Beholding Whom our Souls are fed ;
Beholding, yet with longing care
Still to behold—still upward led.

All quickening there, with beauteous Ray
 The SUN of Righteousness is set,
 Illuming all the golden Way
 Where Citizens of Heaven are met.

Nor only so ! but the Redeemed
 Are there, one mighty World of Light,
 As never Mortal could have dreamed
 Of sun or stars, so dazzling bright !
 To GOD Immortal joined are they
 Who no corruption more shall see ;
 And now, O JESU, day by day
 They claim that Pledge which fell from Thee—
 FATHER, I will that where I dwell
 Whoe'er are Mine may dwell with Me,
 As Thou and I, so they, may tell
 The wondrous Blifs of Unity !

Childlike Holiness.



BEAUTIFUL is Noon !

The glory and effulgence of the day ;
 Bright zenith of the Sun's majestic sway,
 Whose sceptred light floods forth for
 Nature's boon.

Hushed are all birds ; the shortened shadows lie
 Crouched 'neath the trees. We feel a Presence nigh,
 As from our shady nook,
 On the clear outward glare we look,
 And reverence the Power
 Who hath set forth His Image in this hour.

Beautiful is Eve !

The stars are tangled in her deepening Veil ;
On the great sea grows dim the snowy sail ;
With twitterings low, the birds their concert leave ;
The dewdrops form upon the thirsting blades,
And timid Peace steals from her silent glades.

The village hum is still ;
The sheep are folded on the hill ;
And we our spirits yield
Unto the rest that wraps sky, wood and field.

Yet, lovelier far
Than Noon-tide, or the infant steps of Night,
Is Morn ! Rekindled Hope and new-born Might
Rise up, and hail his westward-coming car.
And there is song in Heaven and song in earth ;
And ocean dimples o'er with smiling Mirth ;
And the sad evening heart,
That thought not from its grief to part,
Sees with astonished eyes
Rays of unlooked-for joy mount up the skies.

* * *

Inspiring is the sight
Of Manhood's Piety ! Amid the fight
Of this world's harass, work and care,
The weary day, the shortened night
To mark his unforgotten prayer,
His evening questioning of heart,
His faith still burning in its shrine ;
Loyal to Heaven, in Senate, Feast or Mart,
Bringing to earthly labours Love Divine.

And beautiful is Age !
 As worldly cares do less its heart engage,
 When, like the tranquil end of day,
 Its warmest feelings cease to rage,
 And shed a clear but quiet ray,
 Shining as stars, benign and fair :
 And Youth grows reverent at the sight ;
 And Children gather round the well-loved chair
 Of CHRIST's tired Pilgrim, bidding Earth ' Good-
 night !'

But oh ! more sweet than all,
 Than Manhood's faith, or Life's calm autumn fall,
 Is holy Childhood ! 'Tis the dew
 That after-hours can not recall ;
 A joy which years can ne'er renew ;
 'Tis incense in a virgin fane ;
 'Tis new fallen snow from fields above ;
 The white-bleached robe, awhile without a stain,
 Drawing our gaze of mingled awe and love.

No more the sacred voice
 Which interposed, and bade faint hearts rejoice
 Falls on our ears. But echoes tell
 That GOD, for nearest Heaven, makes choice
 Of Infant hosts. His Asphodel
 For the young, spotless brow is twined ;
 And unveiled Vision waits the eyes
 Of childlike Purity, with Love enshrined
 In hearts, where'er they beat beneath the skies.

The Advent.

NOW by shining Forms attended,
 By what golden stair,
 He, the SON of GOD, descended,
 Tell me, Earth and Air!
 Hark! the Heaven itself is ringing,
 All the blue wide arch
 Rolls a sound of Angels singing
 His triumphal March.

Not with iron steeped in slaughter,
 Nor with blood-red feet
 Comes He! but like rills of water
 Where the dry fons beat:
 Love with happy eyes before Him
 Melteth sin like snow;
 All whom He hath made adore Him,
 Fount of Peace below.

Wise Men of the East unravel
 Wondrous Signs afar;
 Forth to Judah's land they travel,
 Led by the new Star:
 Thither, for their Soul divineth
 Some great Birth foretold,
 Each his several Gift consigneth,
 Incense, Myrrh and Gold.

On the quiet hills, far sleeping
 In a silver light,
 Shepherds lonely watch were keeping
 Mid their flocks by night,
 When strange Harmonies above them
 Bursting, wave on wave,
 Told of CHRIST come down to love them,
 CHRIST, Supreme to save.

Turn and look where feeble, tender,
 Helpless to behold,
 Lies our King, bereft of splendour,
 Touched with heat and cold:
 In a stable, in a manger,
 Heir to sorrows born,
 Even He, a BABE, a Stranger,
 Naked and forlorn.

Tell me what Divine Affections
 Throng that Infant Brain!
 Say what dreamy recollections
 Breathe, preluding pain!
 Holy CHILD, Priest, Prince, and Prophet,
 That mysterious rest
 Shadows, though men know not of it,
 Anguish in Thy Breast.

Read, O Man, that sacred story,
 How the GOD most High
 Came down, emptied of His Glory,
 Here to mourn and die—

Canst thou, ere the long nights darken
O'er thine evil day,
Canst thou hear it, and not hearken,
Weep, repent, obey ?

Yet, when thou art filled with sadness
At thy SAVIOUR'S Woe,
Peals an Angel-strain of gladness
And thy joys o'erflow :
By that All-sufficing SPIRIT,
Born to human Breath,
Souls Eternity inherit,
And men vanquish Death.

Thus to hail Thine Advent hither,
Grant, O LORD, to me
Large delight and griefs together
May united be :
Here though bitterness hath found Thee
For our guilt undone,
God's high Pæan sails around thee
For a conquest won.

Thus alternately to borrow
Health from pain and loss,
Joy's companionship with sorrow
Yield me from Thy Cross ;
Tears for Thy deep Tribulation
And sin's winepress trod,
Praise for uttermost Salvation
And the Hymns of God.

Colloquies between the Disciple and the Divine Master.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.



TELL not abroad another's faults
 'Till thou hast cured thine own;
 Nor whisper of thy neighbour's sin
 'Till thou art perfect grown:
 Then, when thy Soul is pure enough
 To bear My searching Eye
 Unshrinking, then may come the time
 Thy brother to decry."
 'JESU, SAVIOUR, pitying be;
 Parce mihi, DOMINE!'

"Thine ears may hear, thine eyes may see
 The word or deed of ill,
 But not the tears that flow to Me,
 Nor contrite sighs, that thrill
 Beyond the stars, and through the hosts
 Of all Mine Angels bright;
 Which that poor grieving heart pours out
 In silence of the night."
 'JESU, LORD, O pardon me;
 Parce mihi, DOMINE!'

"And if not yet he own the fall,
 And unrepentant be,

252 Colloquies between the Disciple

Then pray for him as for thyself,
Plead for his Soul with Me.
And if he wrong to thee have done,
Still plead more earnestly,
Till prayer of Faith becomes the prayer
Of glowing Charity.”
‘ LORD of Love, O help Thou me ;
Parce mihi, DOMINE !’

“ And weary not ! I watched for thee
On mountains lone all night :
Athirst, for love of thee, I toiled
All through the hours of light.
In meekness and in lowliness,
In weariness and pain,
I spent My Life, I died My Death
Thy dead, lost Soul to gain :
And on My Heart I bear thee still,
That thou with Me may’st reign.”
‘ LORD of Life, Who lovest me,
Parce mihi, DOMINE !’

The Complaint of a Pilgrim.



LORD, my GOD, the way is rough and
long;
And I through weariness am faint and failing.’
“ I am thy Staff, and I will strengthen thee,
Though earthly help is vain and unavailing.”

‘ There is no water in this weary land,
While thirst consumes my parched and fainting
Soul.’

“ Come unto Me! of living Streams the Fount ;
I will refresh thee ; I will make thee whole.”

‘ But, O my LORD ! my heavy daily Cross
Doth well-nigh weigh me down. LORD, succour
me !’

“ I bear it with thee, O faint-hearted One,
Who a far heavier Cross have borne for thee.

“ Fold not the darkness fondly round thy heart,
Think of My Mercy sweet, and comfort thee,
My poor, unworthy Child ; for Mine thou art,
And sin alone can snatch My Child from Me.

“ I leave thee never ; thou art not alone,
And with thine own and thee Mine Angels
dwell :

Possess thy Soul in patience ; freely give
Me love for Love, and all shall yet be well.

“ The Time is short. They that now weep, ere
long
Shall be as though they wept not : they that
mourn

Be comforted, for I will comfort them :
And sweet shall be their glad thanksgiving
Song.”

In Domo Patris.

*Of the various Mansions and Rewards of the Elect
in the Heavenly Jerusalem.*



IN My FATHER's House on high,
Where He reigns above the sky,
Many Mansions, passing fair,
I for Mine Elect prepare :

They alone shall enter in
Who in holy strife with sin
Fight till they the battle win.

Foremost there is Mary seen,
'Mid the Virgins Virgin-Queen :
Blest is she, supremely blest,
Thus preferred before the rest :
Close to Me she holds the seat
For My Best-belovéd meet,
With the Angels at her feet.

Glad is she with great delight,
Keeping ever in her sight
Me, her own Beloved SON,
Who alone the Victory won,
Seated at the FATHER's Side,
Ruling o'er creation wide,
King of all the Glorified.

Joying with the Heavenly Choir,
Adam, man's primeval Sire,
Gladly renders thanks to Me ;
Comforted to hear and see
How the fallen human race,
Lost through his defection base,
Is by Me restored to Grace.

Lo ! the Patriarchs with mirth
Leap for gladness at My Birth :
Promises they heard of old
Now accomplished they behold :
All the nations, Faith confessing
In My Name, receive the Blessing,
Endless Life through Me possessing.

Sweetly harping in My Praise
There the Prophets tune their lays ;
Joyful they have found the Grace
Thus to see Me Face to face :
In the world, in days of old,
While they lived of Me they told ;
True were all their sayings bold.

David, Israel's Psalmist sweet,
John, who gave Me Baptism meet,
In the place of light Divine,
With especial brightness shine :
Sent before, as I drew nigh,
Not so much to prophesy,
As to point and testify.

How illustrious appear,
Those My twelve Apostles dear !
In My Throne of Glory sharing,
Part with Me in Judgment bearing :
From themselves to Me they turned,
All their earthly treasures spurned ;
With My Love their spirits burned.

Martyrs brave, of faith unfailing,
Who, ten thousand deaths assailing,
For My Name their witness bare,
Robes of gleaming crimson wear ;
Shining clear, in splendour bright,
Glowing with a rosy white,
Raised to Honour's topmost height.

All who patiently endured
Glory have with Me secured,
Decked with fewer pearls or more,
As they heavier trials bore ;
Now their groans and tearful sighing
Stores of gladness are supplying,
Source of pleasure never dying.

Free at length from earth's turmoils,
Each according to his toils,
Well Confessors are repaid,
In befitting robes arrayed ;
Purple vestures are their due,
Blending tints of diverse hue,
Crimson red with azure blue.

Golden chains about their neck
Mine elected Teachers deck ;
Doctors, by My special Love,
This Reward possess above ;
By whose doctrine, clear and sound,
Faith in Me, with Virtue crowned,
Spread to earth's remotest bound.

Monks, who kept the life Divine,
Drink their fill of My new Wine ;
Feasting with their Heavenly King
Songs of joy and praise they sing :
All the labours which they wrought,
Discipline, with rigour fraught,
Sweeten now their every thought.

Anchorites, with Grace endued,
Hermits, from their solitude,
With bright beatific glance
View My beaming Countenance :
Thirsting sore this Bliss to taste,
Long they sojourned in the waste,
And a straitened life embraced.

They that brake a stubborn will
Strict obedience to fulfil
Now are My Companions made,
And in garments fair arrayed :
Now no self-constraint they use,
No inviting pleasure lose,
Nothing shun which they would choose.

Humble Souls, and poor in spirit,
Exaltation great inherit :
Once by men on earth abased,
Warmly now by Me embraced :
They for whom contempt was shewn,
To My Side are raised alone,
Seated on a lofty Throne.

Virgins, pure in life and heart,
Bear with Me a gladsome part ;
Through the Halls of Heavenly song,
In the dance, they sweep along ;
Perfume sweet they cast around,
With immortal garlands crowned ;
All their Hymns My Praises sound.

Constant Widows, true and chaste,
My celestial Glory taste :
Great indeed is their reward
Who were faithful to their LORD :
Earthly nuptials they disdained ;
In the Heavens a House they gained,
And My glad Embrace attained.

Well-beloved, with Me abide
Holy Souls in wedlock tied ;
They, according to My Will,
Zion's holy City fill :
From their blessed children's store
Grows the band upon the Shore,
Saints in number more and more.

Unto those whose continence
Triumphed o'er the joys of sense
Many crowns by Me are given,
For the times that they have striven ;
Glittering with brighter sheen
As the struggles they have seen
Harder and more fierce have been.

Safe they kept their innocence,
Guiltless of the great offence,
Much they marvel, much rejoice,
At their Heavenly-guided choice ;
How throughout they were defended
From the sin to which they tended,
Sin which with their birth descended.

Penitents, with equal joy,
Rest in Peace without alloy :
Now their Souls are cleansed within
From the stain of all their sin :
Hence their glory ; hence their praise ;
Hence to Me immortal lays
With exulting heart they raise.

Masters, Servants, bond and free,
Nursed in wealth or penury ;
Every sex and every age,
Prince and peasant, fool and sage ;
Each, according to his measure,
Holds a never-failing Treasure,
In the Realm of peace and pleasure.

All this Heavenly company
 Live for evermore with Me :
 Wondrous glad is their thanksgiving
 In the Mansion of the living :
 Round them they behold displayed
 More than all for which they prayed
 While below, on earth, they stayed.

Earthly pleasures therefore leave,
 To the Heavenly country cleave :
 Let thy labours know no bound,
 That thou mayest be holy found,
 So, when thou hast bravely striven,
 Unto thee shall part be given
 In the Happiness of Heaven.

* * *

Fount of Blessing, whence doth flow
 Every good that man can know ;
 Holy TRINITY, the sum
 Of the Saints' reward to come ;
 Still Thy Majesty transcends
 All the praise which Thee attends,
 To the age that never ends.

Grant that with Thy Saints above,
 One in Faith and Hope and Love,
 We, amid the ransomed throng,
 Join the everlasting song :
 Unto Thee our anthems pour,
 Thee with glowing hearts adore,
 Praising Thee for evermore.

Thoughts in Lent.

Consolation.

HARK! yon white-robed Angel-choir
 Strike their tuneful golden lyre;
 Hark! responsive to their cry
 Pure and saint-like Souls reply,
 They whose victory-crowned brow
 Knows not sin nor suffering now:
 Hark! how floats that sound along;
 Lift! the notes of Heavenly song—
 Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD!
 Bursts from each soft echoing chord,
 Robed in Brightness o'er the Sun,
 Thou, the High and Holy ONE!

LORD! what earthly voice can tell
 Joys which minds Celestial swell?
 Or can join with them to raise
 Hymns of never-ending praise?
 Yet wilt Thou Thyself impart
 To the meek and contrite heart;
 Nor wilt Thou, O GOD, despise
 A broken Spirit's sacrifice.
 He that trembleth at Thy Word
 Need not fear Thy glittering Sword,
 Reconciled through Thy Dear SON
 To the High and Holy ONE.

Though Thou hear'st the Seraphs cry,
 To the humble Thou art nigh ;
 Though in Heaven Thy Dwelling-Place,
 Thou hast yet a Throne of Grace ;
 Thou hast said that Thou wilt be
 With each Soul that seeketh Thee,
 Him in Righteousness array
 Till the great and final Day,
 Fit him by Thy SPIRIT'S Power
 For the peaceful parting hour :
 In those Heavenly regions high,
 Past mortal thought or mortal eye,
 Thou hast said that such shall be
 In those glorious Realms with Thee,
 By Thy SPIRIT, through Thy SON,
 When life's toilsome course is done,
 With the High and Holy ONE !

Humiliation.

FOUNT of all Mercies, lo, I come
 Again to seek my long-lost Home,
 And Thee the GOD of Comfort pray—
 Turn not Thy Suppliant away.
 Thou Who restrained Thine Anger's power
 In Salem's penitential hour,
 Thou Who wast found, and found to bless
 The Wanderer in the Wilderness,

Who hearest grief and suffering's cry
And wasthest out the purple dye,
Who sinful Nineveh didst spare,
Hear ! oh, hear ! my contrite prayer.

I ask not that 'Thou should'st restore
The earthly joys I loved before ;
I ask not that my life's sad sun
Should in its former splendour run ;
The Christian's hope, his first glad song
To fallen Souls no more belong ;
That Robe so spotless once, so bright,
Is ever soiled in human sight :
I only ask Thee—nor deny .
To hear Thy Suppliant's mournful cry ;
I only ask, O GOD of Heaven,
To die in peace, to die forgiven !

Verses from the German.

Retirement.



H, whither flee, or where abide ?
Where is the lone sequestered spot,
Where outward things can reach me
not

And from their turmoil I may hide ?

Can no deep solitude be found
Where prayer and praise might ceaseless be
To Him Whose Grace had set me free
From each distracting sight and sound ?

For desert wastes my spirit longs ;
Had she the pinions of a dove,
There would she seek the Source of Love
Far from these restless noisy throngs ;
She dare not longer make abode,
She cannot keep her own Faith pure,
Where men are caught in Folly's lure,
And strive but to forget their God.

Then forth my Soul ! Escape again
From snares that long have held thee fast ;
Quit worldly schemes and friends at last,
That so thou may'st that rest attain,
Where voice nor touch nor sight can come
To break thy commune deep and still
With Him Who every want can fill,
Who is alone our proper Home.

There in some narrow quiet cell,
My Paradise, my Promised Land,
These wandering thoughts I might command,
And fixed in rapt devotion dwell,
No foe to thwart with blame or praise ;
My God alone should fill my Soul,
As toward my peaceful death should roll
In changeless course my tranquil days.

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Alas ! poor Soul ! hadst thou thy will,
'Twere resting ere the field was won ;
How hopest thou all foes to shun
When blind self-will goes with thee still ?
In outward things thou seekest rest,
But thou wilt never find it so ;
Nought outward is so much thy foe
As what thou hast within thy breast.

Safe is Obedience, that alone ;
No loyal Soldier leaves his post,
Though toil or pain or life it cost,
Until his Captain saith, ' Begone.'
And Faith knows not to pause or choose,
And flees no strife however stern,
Where in the struggle she may learn
How in GOD'S Will her own to lose.

But if thy heart on Peace is bent,
O'er fair false dreams no longer brood
Of blest, congenial solitude,
They will but breed deep discontent ;
No Paradise is left us here ;
Our Peace is in a will resigned ;
Then amid crowds thou yet may'st find
Thy Unseen LORD most surely near.

Midnight.

T dead of night
Sleep took her flight ;
I gazed abroad ; no star of all the crowds
That people Heaven, was smiling through the clouds
To cheer my sight
That dreary night.

At dead of night
I scaled the height
Of giddy question o'er our mortal lot,
My searchings found no answer, brought me not
One ray of light
In that deep night.

At dead of night
In still affright
I turned, and listened to my throbbing heart ;
One pulse of pain alone, whose ancient smart
Had dimmed sweet light,
Beat there that night.

At dead of night
I fought the fight,
Humanity, of all thy pain and woes ;
My strength could not decide it, and my foes
O'erwhelmed me quite
In that deep night.

At dead of night
 All power and might
 I yielded, LORD of Life and Death, to Thee,
 And learnt Thou watchedst with me, and that we
 Are in Thy Sight
 In deepest night.

Bethsemane.



IN hardens, all the heart with ice en-
 crusting,
 And narrowing its current evermore ;
 Therefore, O SAVIOUR, Loving, Pity-
 ing, Trusting,
 Thy Heart, the ice of sin ne'er crusted o'er,

Was tenderer to feel each pang that tried Thee
 Than any heart that ever broke or bled,
 The timid Love that followed yet denied Thee,
 The selfish Fear that kept far off or fled.

* * *

But sin must ever weaken while it hardens,
 Enfeebling to endure, or act, or dare,
 Till nothing save the balms of Heavenly Pardons
 Can nerve the heart again to do or bear.

Then must Thy Heart be stronger far to suffer
 Than any sinful heart that ever beat ;

And if Thy Path than any path be rougher,
Yet hast Thou Strength unscathed its woes to
meet.

What tide of grief then, Mightiest, o'er Thee
rushes
Thus tasting e'en Thy Patience and Thy Trust ?
What woe beyond all woe Thy Spirit crushes,
Bowing Thee Sinless, Spotless, to the dust ?

Martyrs for Thee have gone to meet their anguish
Singing glad Hymns e'en with their dying breath,
Not all their tortures causing once to languish
The hope that led them forth for Thee to death.

Thy Stephen's face shone like a holy Angel's,
Uplifted midst the stones towards Thy skies,
Beaming from radiant brows Thine own Evangel's,
And glowing with the welcome in Thine Eyes.

Yet Thou, LORD, liftest not Thy Face to Heaven,
But bowest prostrate on the dewy sod ;
Thy Soul exceeding sorrowful with death-pangs
riven,
Thy Sweat of anguish as great drops of Blood.

What storm is this in which Thou all but sinkest,
Whose Arm has borne so many through the flood ?
What bitter Cup is this from which Thou shrinkest,
Strength of all Martyrs, Patient LAMB of GOD ?

The sin of all the world, whose throne Thou
claimeſt,

Hadſt made ſo fair, ſo fallen, loved and fought!
The ſin of all Thine Own, to whom Thou cameſt,
Thou cameſt, and Thine Own received Thee not!

The ſin of all the Saved, that dying bleſſed Thee,
Who from the ſting of Death hadſt ſet them free;
The ſin of all Thy Martyrs who confeſſed Thee,
And died rejoicing that they went to Thee.

This is the weight of Agony unſpoken
Which Thee, O Higheſt, thus ſo low hath
laid?

The curſe of all the law mankind had broken,
The ſin of all the world which Thou hadſt made.

Earth's ſerried woe and crime in one compreſſing,
Thou burieſt all within Thy ſingle Breſt,
And changeſt thus our every curſe to Bleſſing,
Giving us Life through death, in labour Reſt.

Old Testament Hymns.

David and Barzillai.



N Bleſſing parted from the King
By Jordan's brimming wave,
Yet ſhalt thou hear the City ſing
With him beyond the grave.

Thy Monarch's home should yet be thine,
Jerusalem the blest,
Though Gilead's balms in all their calms
Have steeped that aged breast.

O birthday crown of fourscore years,
Which some with strength attain !
Vain conquest, to survive with tears
And more than manhood's pain !

The King that eye shall yet descry
In all His Beauty rare ;
To Angel's lute no voice is mute,
No ear is listless there.

Rizpah, the Daughter of Aiah.

BEFORE those bones unshrouded,
On Gibeah's deathful hill,
Beneath the skies unclouded,
Beside the gasping rill,
Watch ! lonely Mourner, keeping,
With all thy sackcloth spread,
The raindrops of thy weeping,
The harvest of thy dead.

Those gracious tears are winning
The Blessing from above,
The Sacrifice for sinning,
Bathed with a sinner's love ;

Not yet upon the mountains
 Falls there the promised dew ;
 Break, Heart, thy sorrow's fountains,
 Baptizing them anew.

Lift ! lift His Cross, Wood-hewer,
 Draw ! draw that water's tears—
 The latter and the newer,
 The purer rain appears ;
 There droops a Sinless BROTHER
 His sweet atoning Brow ;
 There breaks the Virgin Mother
 A spotless heart below.

Is it well with the Child ?

AS rippled, by the sickle prest,
 The cornfield's crested wave,
 He sank upon the Reaper's breast
 Whose garner is the grave.

O well is it, sweet Child, with thee,
 Soft lies thy drooping head ;
 Death's pillow is thy Mother's knee,
 Thy bier the Prophet's bed !

'Tis not new Moon, nor Sabbath soon,
 No grief the Prophet knows ;
 No new Moon now of hope hast thou,
 No Sabbath of repose.

Hold ! Mother, hold the Man of God,
 Lay there thy sorrow's loss ;
 He wakes not to the Prophet's rod
 Who sleeps beneath the Cross.

O full are they of healing sweet,
 His Saints, ere CHRIST appears,
 Ere mourners hold those blessed Feet,
 Or wash them with their tears !

Elijah and Elisha.

STERN Remembrancer of error
 With the lightning of thine eye,
 Locking with the key of terror
 All the portals of the sky,
 Calling, while the blessing lingers,
 Laving flames on Carmel's steep,
 Ere the cloud with dewy fingers
 Scoops the vapours of the deep :
 Man of GOD, no CHRIST I see—
 What have I to do with thee ?

Earth with fire and blood baptizing,
 Mingling with the gracious rain,
 Then on wheels of flame uprising,—
 Shine upon the mount again ;
 There with wrathful Moses standing,
 Smiting with the vengeful rod,

Fire from Heaven and earth commanding,
 Make thee like the SON of GOD :
 Darkest of the Clouded Three—
 We will build no house for thee !

Cast thy mantle on another,
 Who shall all thy terrors quell—
 Kissing Father, kissing Mother,
 Ere he bids the world farewell ;
 Like thee only once in cursing,
 When the scoffing sons rebel,
 As the SPIRIT gently nursing,
 Save when Ananias fell :
 There the SON of GOD I see—
 Prophet, let me cleave to thee !

Thine the still small Voice remaining,
 Chiding Horeb's stormy blast,
 Hushing all the world's complaining,
 When the flaming Law is past ;
 Bidding with the Minstrel's soothing
 All our angry passions cease,
 Softened by the SPIRIT's Smoothing
 All to Gentleness and Peace,
 Perfect Love, without a fear—
 SON of GOD, I see Thee near !

An Allegory.



STOOD in the shade of a stately Tree,
 The Forest Monarch ; far and wide
 It spread its branches on every side ;
 Fruit alone there was none to see
 On the wide-spread boughs of that stately Tree.

A stern dark Man, from whose gloomy brow
 Passèd never a fearful frown,
 Rode through the Forest up and down ;
 His steed was pale as the driven snow,
 And he carried an Axe at his saddle-bow.

Wherever that pale white horse did tread,
 Some sapling tall or gnarlèd oak
 Fell by the stern Man's ruthless stroke,
 Or some the fairest of flowers lay dead,
 Like grass on the house-top witherèd.

Yet all unchanged was the sylvan scene,
 For still as he journeyed from place to place,
 He left of his presence no lasting trace,
 But the Forest grew on as thick and green,
 As through it the pale horse had never been.

While I mused on this, forth from the glade
 That same pale horse and its Rider stern,
 With fixed fell purpose, seemed to turn,
 Till where the tall Tree cast its shade,
 Horror of horrors ! their course was stayèd.

Oh, what fear ! oh, what dismay !

I would have fled from the doomèd spot,

But my spell-bound limbs suffered me not ;
I would have opened my mouth to pray,
But the words unuttered died away.

Thrice he brandished his Axe in the air !

Thrice the Hand of ONE unseen

Came the Axe and the Tree between,
And I heard a Voice—Depart ! forbear !
Let it alone another year.

Reluctant the stern Man obeyed,

And slow withdrew ; but ere he passed,

Forth his Axe from his hand he cast,
And the keen edge of the glittering blade
At the root of the stately Tree was laid.

And One, ‘ bright as the Morning Star,’

Yea, ‘ bright as the Sun’ when he rides at
noon

Through the cloudless sky, ‘ fair as the Moon,’
Awful as ferried armies are,
Bearing their ‘ banners’ aloft for war,

Stood and cried—Repent ! repent !

Now the Axe lies at the root

Of every Tree not bearing fruit ;
Ere thy Day of Grace be spent,
Child of Adam, repent ! repent !

Then as far as my sight could pierce the wood,
 I saw that Axes all around,
 At the root of the Trees, covered the ground ;
 And the Trees were no longer Trees, but I stood
 In the midst of a Human Multitude !

Aged Sires with hoary hair,
 Tender Infants, Children young,
 Women and Men, fair and strong :
 But at the foot of each one there
 Lay an Axe, sharp and bare.

And then a lurid darkness seemed
 To cover the whole, and forth there broke
 Gnashings, wailings, fire, smoke ;
 Awful Words not to be named—
 GOD be praised, I had but dreamed !

The Burial.



WHEN the LORD JESUS Crucified
 Ere death unto His FATHER cried—
 I yield to Thee my Soul—and died ;

When the Centurion standing nigh
 With mighty stirrings heard that Cry
 And GOD in CHRIST did glorify ;

When they who gathered round as one
The things to witness which were done
Had wildly beat their breasts and gone ;

Joseph the rich man then waxed brave
The Body of the LORD to crave
That he might lay It in the Grave.

When Pilate bade it so to be
There came a little company
And sadly gathered round the Tree.

From Hands and Feet the nails they wrenched,
Weeping that they so late had blenched,
And came not till the Light was quenched.

From His dear Head they took the Crown,
Half thinking He might know His Own,
And sadly then they took Him down.

Upon the earth its Maker lies ;
They gently close His All-pure Eyes,
They feel His late-felt Agonies.

Each gracious Arm, which stretching wide
To clasp the world for which He died,
So long was parted from the Side,

Each Arm, so kind to things so base,
Now seeks Its natural resting-place,
Yet ceases not from that embrace ;

But for the Blood which left each Vein
They need not wash That sacred Stain,
To wash all else It doth remain.

Where is the Linen Joseph bought?
The Spices Nicodemus brought,
Aloes and Myrrh? Be wanting nought.

The snowy Cerements wrap Him well,
The Spices Him yet sweeter tell,
We add our hearts with Him to dwell.

Slowly they lift Him from the sod,
With holy fear the path is trod,
As men should walk who bear their GOD.

In reverent order sad and slow
From the dark place of Death they go,
Or weeping wild or sobbing low ;

And yet they tend to happy bowers,
Alone among the garden-flowers
They go to lay their GOD and ours.

Now to the hard Rock He is borne ;
Sweet Rock by after-pilgrims worn,
Sweet Field of the dead Wheaten Corn.

A little while their Trust they keep,
A little while they pray and weep,
And then they lay Him down to sleep.

They close the Tomb and go away
To keep that awful Sabbath-day,
But with the LORD in heart they stay.

How may a soon-forgotten rhyme
Thus faintly shadowing things sublime
Bear fruit to live in after-time ?

Look back, O Brother, on the Hill,
Where late the Enemy had his will,
Where eve is falling calm and still.

What crowns its summit now ? declare ;
Thou say'st a Cross alone is there ;
A Cross alone ? O would it were.

O blind with error ! pray for eyes,
Still on the Cross the Victim dies,
Still sin the Sinless crucifies.

More ruthlessly the ploughers plough,
More sharp the thorns about His Brow,
More cruel nails transfix Him now.

Daily by sins of Christian men
In busy street and peaceful glen
The LORD is crucified again.

Daily by sins of me and you
The LORD is crucified anew ;
What, Men and Brethren, shall we do ?

The Burial.

We, His true murderers heretofore
Will bear the Burden Joseph bore,
Will take Him from the Crofs once more.

The broken contrite-hearted wail
May lift the thorns, may wrench the nail,
May all the sad past countervail.

So, ere our life's fun reach the west,
We will take down the Only-Blest,
And lay Him in the Grave to rest ;

Lay Him to rest, and cast within,
Through His dear Dying, all our sin,
Then wait and weep and strive to win.

The Crofs stands out against the sky ;
The LORD has left it. Ye and I
Must hasten where He died to die ;

Be ours awhile the nails and thorn,
So never ours the shame and scorn
In the great Resurrection-Morn.

So never be to us addressed—
Depart, ye cursèd, to unrest ;
But—Come ye, of My FATHER blest.

The Power of Contrition.

An Ode from the Italian.



POWER irresistible
 In lowly prayer contained !
 There's nothing but unfeigned
 Repentance may procure.

Ascend, my Soul, to Golgotha,
 And see the Cross displaying
 A proof beyond gainsaying
 That all this hope is sure.

Remember, in Thy Majesty
 In Heaven when Thou art seated—
 The contrite Thief entreated—
 Remember me, O LORD,
 Of sinners me the wofullest.
 The zeal of his confession
 Had under death's oppression
 A thrill of warmth restored.

And JESUS to the suppliant
 Inclined His Ear to pardon ;
 Said—Thou in Heavenly Garden
 This day shalt be with Me.
 His FATHER's Realm of Blessedness
 He brought him to inherit,
 When He resigned His Spirit
 Upon the painful Tree.

The Power of Contrition.

Before the Apostles' Fellowship
This penitent Transgressor
Was made by Grace possessor
Of Heavenly Riches sure.

O Power irresistible
In lowly prayer contained !
There's nothing but unfeigned
Repentance may procure.

O Tear beyond all valuing
Which penitence expresses :
No pearl the East possesses
Can be compared with thee.
In Heaven the very profligate
Becomes admitted by thee,
And let but GOD descry thee,
No Rigour more hath He.

Thou Tear, that Mary Magdalen's
Face trembling rankest over,
Thy glistening to discover
Made all the Angels glad.
'Gainst forfeitures innumerable
An instant compensation,
An earnest of Salvation
In thy great worth she had.

And when upon the countenance
Of Peter thou didst trickle,
From eyelid unto fickle
Lips that untruth had stained,

Thou cleared'st all his perfidy :
Such is thy worth excelling,
And sinful Souls past telling
Have cleanness thus regained.

O would this gem past valuing
Were granted me to cherish !
May Grace before I perish
This boon confer on me !
For, where the tear spontaneously
The contrite Soul expresses,
No pearl the East possesses
Compared with it can be.

Lux advenit veneranda.

A Sequence for the Feast of the Purification.



DAY of bright illumination,
Day of choral jubilation ;
Kindling hearts have caught the
blaze ;

Joyful light which brings another
Feastday of GOD's Virgin Mother,
Sacred Day of solemn praise.

Let melodious voices sounding,
Hearts with deep emotion bounding,
Part in glad thanksgiving bear :

Praise to GOD's supreme Perfections !
In our glowing recollections
Let His noble Mother share.

Glorious in her exaltation,
Tender in commiseration,
Named from penitential Love :
Crowned with Dignity Maternal,
With Virginity eternal,
Shining in the Heaven above.

As the Bush with fire was glowing,
Yet the flames, their power foregoing,
Scathèd not the tenderest rod ;
So she whom the SPIRIT graces,
Free from conjugal embraces,
Maid and Mother bare her GOD.

Sealèd Fount of waters rising,
Garden shut, yet fertilizing
With the seeds of Virtues, she :
She was that mysterious Portal
Closed by the King immortal,
Ne'er for man unclosed to be ;

Gideon's Fleece with dewdrops streaming,
Field with scented odours steaming,
Fragrant to the bounds of earth ;
Aaron's Rod in secret growing,
Earth with Righteousness o'erflowing
For the faithful in that Birth.

Types of her, the mystic Fountain,
Were the Castle, Temple, Mountain,
Palace, Chamber, City fair :
And whatever names of glory
Mark the Saints in sacred story,
Let her also in them share.

Blest was she, with Grace endued ;
By her name is joy renewed,
Lilies to her fragrance yield,
Honey by the sweetness sealed
In her lips is far outdone :
Richer than the wine's red glow,
Whiter than the gleaming snow,
Softer than the dewy rose,
Brighter than the moon she shews
In the Light of the True SUN.

Thou, O King of Hosts supernal,
Vanquisher of powers infernal,
Way which must to Heaven be taken,
Nor by constant hope forsaken ;
Gather to Thyself the erring,
Call them back, their spirits stirring
By the faithfulness of Thine :
SON of Mary, true Physician,
Grant us our devout petition ;
Look not on sin's aggravations,
But behold our supplications ;
Guilty Souls in fear abiding,
Only in Thy Love confiding,
Take into the Life Divine.

Verselets.

Master, say on!



THOU art gone Home, Thine earthly
Work complete :
Yet from the calm height of Thy
Heavenly Seat,
By Thine own Messenger, the PARACLETE,
Master, say on!

Those many things that Thou hadst yet to say
We fain would hear, and be they what they may,
Would bear them for Thy sake and in Thy way ;
Master, say on!


We have heard Thy loved Voice, and followed
Thee
All through Thy Life, through all Thy Ministry
From Bethlehem to glorious Bethany ;
Master, say on!

Friends freshly parted soothe their yearning pain
With written words that make them one again :
Link us to Thee by Thy sweet Comfort's chain ;
Master, say on!

Dear are glad tidings from a distant strand ;
But dearer are the traces of Thy Hand,
The greetings from Thy far-off Holy Land ;
Master, say on!

Until Life's weary Summer heat be past,
And joys and griefs, like Autumn leaves, fade fast,
We listen still, then till Thine Advent blast,
Master, say on!

Easter-Day.

 HE Graves grow thicker, and life's ways
more bare

As years on years go by :
Nay ! Thou hast more green gardens in thy care,
And more stars in thy sky !

Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to
memories
Are fading out of sight :
Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams to
certainties
Are glowing in God's Light.

Hither come backslidings, defeats, distresses,
Vexing this mortal strife :
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
Crowning immortal Life.

No jubilees, few gladsome festive hours
Form landmarks for my way :
But Heaven, and earth, and Saints, and friends,
and flowers
Are keeping Easter-Day !

The Lord's Largefs.

TWO Days, by contrast linked together,
Sharing the wealth of spring-tide weather,
The buoyant cloud, the breezy calm,
The budding growth of flower and palm,
Each with a holy history
Fraught with a hidden Mystery :
To that, the depth of shame and sadness ;
To this, the height of glorious Gladness.
That, darkeſt hour of ſorrow's night,
Is brightened by the coming Light ;
This, to enhance her joy, would fain
Glance backward to that ſhade again.
Lo ! for each pent-up pang of trouble
The promiſed Peace is rendered double ;
No claim receives its due diſcharge,
But more—the LORD hath heard at large :
He bids the ſinful throng depart,
Whoſe watch weighed down each ſtony heart ;
Then ſends thoſe hearts ſo cold and hard
The Bleſſing of an Angel-guard.
The Earth's drear curſe of brier and thorn
On the bleak hill of Calvary borne,
Returns from Paradifal bowers
An Eaſter boon of buds and flowers.

Ad perennis Vitae Fontem.

A Hymn of S. Peter Damiani on the Joys of Paradise.



FOR the Fount of Life eternal is my
thirsting Spirit fain,
And my prisoned Soul would gladly
burst her fleshly bars in twain,
While the exile strives and struggles on to win her
home again.

As she groans beneath the troubles which with
weary weight oppress,
She is thinking on the Glory which she lost through
wickedness,
And the thought of joy departed but increaseth
her distress.

Who can tell the perfect gladness of the Peace
within the skies,
Where, of living pearls upbuilded, Mansions for
the Blessed rise,
Where the golden halls and rooftrees shine and glow
with radiant dyes?

Framed alone of precious jewels stately Dwellings
there appear,
And the highways of the City, paved with gold,
as crystal clear;
Mire is far, and filth is banished, nought that may
pollute is near.

Winters snowing, summers glowing, never thither
 pain may bring,
There the gorgeous roses flower in the calm of
 endless spring,
Balms exude, and crocus blushes, lilies fair are
 blossoming.

Meads are sheening, fields are greening, honey
 drops from combs of bees,
Liquid odours, fragrant spices, shed their perfume
 on the breeze,
Never falling fruits are hanging from the ever
 leafy trees.

There no moon through phases passes, sun and
 stars bestow no light,
But the LAMB on His glad City, Light unsetting,
 shineth bright ;
There the day is everlasting, gone for aye are
 time and night.

For the Saints, now crowned in triumph, like the
 sun in radiance glow,
Greet each other in that gladness which the Saints
 alone can know,
While, secure, they count their battles with their
 subjugated foe.

Fleshly wars they know no longer, since with
 blemish stained is none,

For the spiritual body and the Soul at last are
one ;

Dwell they now in Peace eternal, with all stumbling
they have done.

To their first estate return they, freed from every
mortal sore,

And the Truth, for ever present, ever lovely, they
adore,

Drawing from that living Fountain living sweetness
evermore.

And they drink in changeless being as they taste
those waters clear ;

Bright are they, and swift, and gladsome, no more
perils need they fear ;

There the youth can know no ageing, never cometh
sickness near.

Thence they draw their life unending, passingness
hath passed away,

Thence they grow, and bloom, and flourish, freed
for ever from decay,

And deathlessness hath swallowed up the might of
death for aye.

They know Him Who knoweth all things, nothing
from their ken may flee,

And the thoughts of one another in the inmost
heart they see ;

One in choosing and refusing, one are they in
unity.

And though each for divers merits there hath won
a various throne,
Yet their love for one another maketh what each
loves his own,
Every prize to all is common, yet belongs to each
alone.

Where the Body is, together in their flight the
eagles speed,
There the Saints and there the Angels seek
refreshment in their need,
And the Sons of Earth and Heaven on that One
Bread ever feed.

Ever full, yet ever craving, they desire, and yet
possess,
But their fulness brings no loathing, and their
hunger no distress,
Eagerly they eat for ever, ever eat in joyfulness.

In new harmonies unceasing they with voice me-
lodious sing,
While their listening ears are gladdened with the
harps' exulting ring,
And for He hath made them victors, praises chant
they to their King.

Where the King of Heaven is present, happy is
the gazing Soul,

She is not dead, but sleepeth. 293

And she sees the double framework of the globe
beneath her roll,
Sees the sun and moon and planets and the stars
that stud the pole.

JESU, Palm of all Thy Soldiers, who in Thee
alone confide,
Bring me to that Holy City when my belt is laid
aside,
Grant that I may share the portion of the Saints
who there abide.

While the war is yet unended, give me vigour for
the fray,
Give me, when the fight is over, Peace that passeth
not away,
Give Thyself to me, O JESU, as my one Reward
for aye.

She is not dead, but sleepeth.



ISTER, once more with fairy touch
Wake music's spirit from the strings,
While o'er the rose the twilight blush
And the tired throftle folds her wings.

My body lies within this room
Worn by the strife of busy day—
But far beyond the deepening gloom
My Soul hath fled, far, far away.

294 **She is not dead, but sleepeth.**

Beyond yon mountain in the clouds,
Whose white peak faintly flushes still,
I steal 'mid Angel-glist'ning crowds
That slowly float adown the hill.

What seems to thee a wild blue plain
Among cloud headlands, is a lake,
On whose clear ripple rests no stain,
While Angel-voices o'er it break.

Their long robes glistening as they pass
Oaring on gently with soft flight,
Cloud-shadows noiseless o'er the grass—
Are these the Children of the Light?

Seven Angels coronalled with gold
And lilies, lift above each head
Their white arms, in whose tender fold
A little Sister lieth dead.

A Baby-angel, on whose face
God's holy Dew is shining yet,
Who nestles in her resting place,
Her lips with tearful kisses wet.

O'er the blue lake their footsteps fall,
While myriad echoes haunt the sky,
Around that tiny form so pale,
Around that sleeping stirless eye.

Just where the fringe of deathless flowers
Is kissed by every dimpled wave,

They lay her in the careless bowers
Of Paradise beyond the grave.

Yet one Boy-Angel stoops to kiss
The silver Cross upon her brow—
In the lap of Eternal Bliss
The Baby is no Baby now.

Higher and higher soar the wings—
I cannot see their azure eyes ;
Yet one clear voice upsoaring sings—
In me its music never dies.

In silence of the wakeful night,
Beside the hurry of Life's stream,
I listen with a strange delight,
I wander in a stranger dream.

I dream that men may cark and moil,
And yet their labour be in vain ;
Their knowledge but a mocking toil
Which lands them on the shores of pain.

But that dead Baby seeth now
What our dim eyes aye fail to see—
The glories of that radiant bow
That links Time to Eternity.

I dream God's Angels stand around
To watch the Baby's waking smile,
As couchèd on the holy ground
Where nought may enter to defile.

296 **She is not dead, but sleepeth.**

She reads with knowledge, clear and strong,
The Truths from Angels eyes concealed,
And bears upon a flood of song
Love's fuller, brighter Creed revealed ;

Is fondled by the LORD's Redeemed,
Is kissed, and passed from hand to hand,
As one upon whose face had gleamed
The love light of the old home land.

And o'er the lake, and through the clouds,
Gazing they yearn to hear once more,
From out sin's mist that overshrouds
The surges of earth's troublous shore ;

Once to hear how their loved ones fare ;
Once to breathe—We are happy here,
Where is no sin or strife or care,
Where childlike Love hath lost all fear.

'Tis o'er—the music Melts away—
Death's voices tremble on its tide.
Oh, in my Soul, through life's brief day
The wise grief of that song abide !

The Holy Sacrifice.



BEHOLD ! all things await
 Thy Coming, LORD, in state.
 The Altar-Vessels gleam, the Tapers
 burn :

O must not we prepare
 Our hearts Thy Light to share,
 And should not all our Souls with longing yearn ?

O Childhood, dear to Him
 Who sways the Cherubim,
 O Manhood, with the careworn brow so pale,
 That into Truth can'st look,
 And wilt not shadows brook,
 Come ! at His Shrine the Incarnate LAMB to hail.

And thou, true Woman's heart,
 That knew'st not to depart
 When thy LORD lay deserted in the Tomb,
 Rejoice ! The greatest now
 Before Him bend the brow.
 Come ! earth's remotest Nations, there is room.

Once, SAVIOUR ! once alone
 Upon Thine Altar-Throne,
 Dear Calvary's Cross, didst Thou for sinners die ;
 But in Thine own Abode
 Thou art the LAMB of GOD,
 And blindest earth and Heaven in spousals high.

As victims slain of yore
Beside the open door,
Within the veil by fire Heaven's Gifts became,
Love infinite, Divine,
On Heaven's translucent Shrine
Consumes, and yet consumes not, in its flame.

Sweet LAMB of GOD, once slain,
Who alway dost remain
The Undying LAMB on Heaven's vast Throne
above,
At this most wondrous Feast
Each Christian Soul is Priest,
And yields Thyself, the Sacrifice of Love.

Lo ! over earth's expanse,
Beneath Heaven's countenance,
A myriad Altars wait the Incarnate Guest,
Who stoops, whilst time and space
Lie in His Arms' embrace,
To be the Inmate of the faithful breast.

As from the source of day
A myriad sunbeams play
Upon earth's vales, and fill each chaliced flower,
So He, Who guards Heaven's Throne,
Still makes His Presence known
Through earth's wide courts, and comes in Love
and Power.

Not in all gems of Inde
Couldst Thou be fitly shrined,
Most gracious Presence, Heavenly, yet most True ;

Our earthly accents fail,
Nor Heaven may speak the tale,
But hearts may yield the fervent homage due.

Descend, O LORD ! And we
Will supplicate, through Thee,
For all we love in earth or Spirit-sphere,
And for Thy costly sake
We know that GOD will take
Our feeble prayers, as flowers of love and fear,

And bind them in a wreath
To circle Hell and Death
And draw the universe to His great Throne.
This is our service due ;
Come ! Children, aid may you,
For CHRIST is here, and Children are His Own.

And all the sacred throng
Shall join in our glad song ;
Angels, Archangels, Thrones and Hierarchies,
And she, that Virgin Blest,
Who cradled on her breast
The LORD of all, and kissed His sleeping Eyes.

With her each Patriarch great,
All Souls that conquered hate,
Prophets, Apostles, Martyrs, all as one,
Swell high the blisful Song
Which, ages vast along,
High Heaven shall carol to the FATHER'S SON.

God's Acre.

O HOLY GHOST, come! fire
 Our hearts, and joy inspire
 Worthy His Presence Who descends this morn.
 Peace, Mortals: song nor speech
 Can this great Mystery reach;
 Into a world of sinners GOD is born.

God's Acre.



UN was shining bright and fair,
 Wind was hushed, and calm was there,
 Calm, and Peace beyond compare
 In GOD's Acre.

Flowerets blooming, rare and gay,
 Decked the Grave-plats on that day,
 And each Chaplet seemed to say—
 We fade and bloom.

Thought I then with joy and woe
 Of dear Friends I once did know,
 Sleeping now long years ago
 In GOD's Acre.

Thought I then with throbbing brain,
 Heart was beating—not with pain,
 For I heard a glorious Strain
 From GOD's Acre.

" We—the Voices seemed to say—
Far from pain and grief away,
Ever, for thee, lone One, pray,
 Watches keeping.

" Thine awhile must be the strife,
Thine the battle-field of life,
Thine the day with sorrow rife,
 Yet be hopeful.

" Wear thine armour, Soldier brave,
Sailor, breast the swelling wave,
One there is all strong to save,
 Then be faithful.

" Wipe the tear-drop from thine eye,
And repress the rising sigh :
We unseen, yet ever nigh,
 Will cheer thee on.

" Ye who toil, and we that wait
By the bright and golden Gate,
Till we reach the highest state,
 In CHRIST are one."

Sun was shining bright and fair ;
Blest Spirit-voices filled the air ;
With thankful heart I said my prayer
 In God's Acre.

The Five Smooth Stones of David.



READY for battle's grim array
 Encamped two hostile armies lay—
 Now trumpet sounds and drum ;
 But still from yonder mountain's side,
 Though signs there are of martial pride,
 None armed for combat come.
 A mighty Champion's standing here,
 And all his form gigantic fear :
 Fierce is his look, his Challenge loud ;
 Pale terror haunts the fainting crowd.

His height six cubits and a span,
 By half he passes mortal man :
 Who can his stature reach ?
 The very love GOD gives of life
 To turn from such unequal strife
 Would all but madmen teach.
 Thus argue still the worldly wife,
 For ever seeing mountains rise,
 And trembling lest a little breath
 Should swell into the storm of Death.

A brazen helmet on his head
 Nods terrible, and plates are spread
 Of polished brass around ;

Of stature vast he treads the earth
Like offspring of some monstrous birth,
And shakes the solid ground.
Impregnable appears the shield
One bears before him on the field ;
His hands, like hazel wand, uprear
Of dreadful length his iron spear.

Methinks I trace in him again
The great Arch-enemy of men,
In verse immortal told :
He, when his fury fiercest burned,
From armoury celestial turned—
And why art thou less bold ?
'Twas Angels and an Arm Divine
Repulsed him then : such arms are thine :
The Soldiers of a Heavenly King
To combat Heavenly weapons bring.

Thou who in youth hast often read,
“ Salvation sure shall fence the head,
True Peace the feet defend,
Strong Faith, resisting every dart
With ample Shield, fence every part,
And round thy steps descend ”—
His simple Word to thee is “ Stand !
Girt round with Truth, and in thy hand
Tight grasp, to serve for spear and sword,
The two-edged falchion of His Word.”

304 **The Five Smooth Stones of David.**

There's but one secret in the fight—
The trusting to ANOTHER's Might ;
 For, strange as it may seem,
Whoe'er shall to the lists descend,
Though armed in proof, without this Friend,
 Will find his strength a dream.
We wrestle not with things of earth,
But subtle Foes of airy birth :
Who combats in that shadowy field
Must more than mortal weapons wield.

He who this Champion vast withstood
Thought not e'en royal armour good
 Whose temper was unknown ;
But mindful of a former strife,
Trusted Who then preserved his life
 Would still with triumph crown.
Now first, ere join we in the fray,
A moment each in earnest pray ;
Together turn we then and look
For five smooth Pebbles in the Brook.

Inquire you where that River flows ?
On Sinai first the Fountain rose,
 Then Judah's valleys laves,
Till, mixing with the waters free,
From one small Well in Galilee
 It swelled to mightiest waves :
And still with never-ceasing song
It rolls majestic along,

The Five Smooth Stones of David. 305

Fountain of Peace in every land,
Or Zembla's ice, or Afric's sand.

One Stone resplendent o'er the rest,
Fit Jewel for an Angel's breast,
Shines bright in cold or heat ;
And not in all yon Eastern train,
'Mid mines of gold where Sultans reign,
May such your vision meet :
No larger than the mustard's seed,
From it such lustrous rays proceed,
Where'er Faith's lucid sparkles shine,
They make whate'er they touch Divine.

Fragment of some unshaken Rock
This seems; whose force may bear the shock
Of tempest and of tide ;
And though, perchance, of rougher face,
It stands with more enduring grace
Than smoother works of pride :
If placed beside the waters' brink,
Who treads on it shall never sink ;
Wild though the waves of sorrow roll,
They may not overwhelm the Patient Soul.

In the clear depths another lies
Of which secure a Shaft may rise
Ascending day by day ;
Upright and pure, the busy morn
Shines on it from the early dawn
Till gleams the evening ray :

306 **The Five Smooth Stones of David.**

Contented with the rules of old,
It seeks no adventitious gold
Of man's device. Thus spake the LORD !
Obedience asks no further word.

Goodly thy structure : clouds will form
And shroud it with the coming storm ;
 Perchance thy heart may quail—
The Pillar of Obedience rock
Unsteady 'neath the thunder shock,
 Well-nigh the basement fail ;
Faith's Jewel will its light supply
More radiant through its bright ally :
Who could with earthly sorrow cope
Unlighted by the Gleams of Hope ?

Now all seems polished, fixed, secure,
Rock, Pillar, Jewel, to endure
 And shine through years to come ;
Yet somewhat still deficient seems,
A warmer glow to shed its beams
 On neighbour and on home :
It shines with such diffusive ray,
Ne'er on one spot its glories stay ;
Base, column, capital above,
All sparkle with the Rays of Love.

O might I such a Temple rise,
Compact with what the LORD supplies,
 The Unction of His Grace !

O might my life henceforward be
Pure, straight, from worldly follies free,
Stedfast in its own place !
Patient myself, with active Zeal,
True Love that can for others feel,
With Hope still cheerful in my breast,
And Faith in an Eternal Rest.

Hymns for Whitsuntide: from
the Latin.

Jam Christus astra ascenderit.



OW CHRIST had climbed the starry skies,
Once more returning to his Own,
Fraught with the FATHER'S Gift of
Price,

To send the HOLY SPIRIT down.

Onward the Solemn Feast-day rolled,
Upon its seven-fold circle borne ;
The mystic week of weeks, that told
The coming of that blessed morn.

It comes, the third Hour of the day,
While thunder shakes the world's wide dome,
And, as the blest Apostles pray,
Heralds aloud that GOD doth come.

Forth from the Everlasting SIRE

The FLAME Divine falls manifest,
With the True WORD's enkindling Fire
To fill each faithful Christian breast.

The HOLY SPIRIT breathes abroad,

And while their freshened hearts rejoice,
They speak the mighty Works of GOD
With varying tongue, but one true Voice.

To men from every Nation called,

Barbarian, Latin, Jew, and Greek,
Wondering alike, alike appalled,
With tongue of each the Preachers speak.

False Jewry then, with heart untrue,

And spirit stern and evil-willed,
Dares madly taunt CHRIST's faithful few—
'Yea, with new wine these Men are filled!'

But with high deed and sign of might

Peter confronts the crowd, and shews
By proof, on Joel built aright,
That falsely speak those faithless Jews.

Beata nobis gaudia.

ROUND roll the weeks our hearts to greet,
With blissful joys returning;
For lo! the Holy PARACLETE
On twelve bright brows sits burning.

With quivering Flame He lights on each,
In fashion like a Tongue, to teach
That eloquent they are of speech,
Their hearts with true Love yearning.

While with all tongues they speak to all,
The nations deem them maddened ;
And drunk with wine the Prophets call,
Whom GOD's Good SPIRIT gladdened ;
A marvel this, in Mystery done,
The Holy Paschal-tide out-run,
The duly numbered days have won
Remission for the saddened.

O GOD most Holy, Thee we pray
With reverent brow low bending,
Grant us the SPIRIT's Gifts to-day,
The Gifts from Heaven descending :
And since Thy Grace hath deigned to bide
Within our breasts, once sanctified,
Deign, LORD, to cast our sins aside,
Henceforth calm seasons sending.

Inter sulphurei fulgura turbinis.

AMID the whirlwind and the thunder cloud,
Amid the lightning fires that flash abroad ;
With blast of trumpet sounding long and loud,
On Sinai's Mount of awe,
Unto Thine ancient Race their ancient Law
Thou givest forth, O GOD :

By terror thus 'Thou triest their faithless hearts ;
 Dost sin forbid ? Or as the price of sin
 Dost death assign ? But what avail these smarts ;
 Can dark and dismal threat
 In them obedience or true Love beget,
 Can dread their homage win ?

Lo ! at the foot of that still smoking Hill
 'The People, heedless of their plighted troth,
 The loved, the faithless People, faithless still,
 A molten Image make,
 And for an Idol their True GOD forsake,
 The GOD of Sabaoth.

Oh ! without Thee, our Souls' far better part,
 What can our poor weak minds avail, O LORD ?
 Pour light upon our spirits ; from our heart
 Its iron hardness draw,
 And make us, for 'Thou canst, obey Thy Law,
 And doers of Thy Word.

Quo vos Magistri Gloria, quo Salus.



O where your Master's Glory
 Invites your band abroad ;
 Go forth for man's Salvation
 And bear the Word of GOD ;
 Go where the Virgin harvest of all lands—
 Go where a Brother's Soul your loving care demands.

Go! sacred Band : behold ye,
Even now the fields are white ;
For Brethren thrice a thousand
Have caught the Words of Light ;
Matured whereby, and ripened like a field
That God hath blessed, their fruit a thousand fold
they yield.

Pricked to their inmost hearts'-core
They weep with bitter tears ;
And in the hallowed laver
Their stains of by-gone years
Fain would they wash away—they burn, they
burn,
For that blest Stream whose waves all stains to
freshness turn.

But not to Judah's border
Shall that bright sunshine cling,
The Sun, where through all regions
He runs his golden ring,
Lights up fresh fields of triumph for your feet,
And warms all hearts with glee your gladsome call
to greet.

A thousand fanes are falling ;
Proud wisdom veils its front ;
The courtly tyrant trembles ;
The murdering sword is blunt :
Wild though the torturer's wrath—his furies
cease,
And conquered vengeance quails before the Men
of Peace.

The Church.

Come ! All-creating SPIRIT,
 Thou a new world didst frame ;
 On us Thy Power out-pouring,
 Our Souls with Love enflame ;
 Almighty GOD, All-gracious, All-benign,
 Us with Thy Grace renew, and make us wholly
 Thine.

The Church.



THOUGH thou art lowly now,
 Pale and discrowned,
 Laying thy holy brow
 Faint on the ground,
 Traitors deceiving thee,
 Scorners surrounding,
 False teachers grieving thee,
 Cruel hands wounding ;
 Though the storm hover
 Frowning and dark ;
 Though the wave cover
 The walls of thine Ark,
 And Hope's sweet Dove for thee
 Bring not one leaf,
 Mother, our love for thee
 Grows with thy grief !

What if her word may be
 Void of command !

What if the sword we see
Drop from her hand !
Shall we not fear her ?
Dare we forget her ?
Cling we the nearer !
Love we the better !
Let our thoughts only paint
What she has been ;
Meek as a lonely Saint !
Crowned as a Queen !
When she lies dumbly
Gather we humbly
Kneeling and say—
Powerless and lonely !
Speak, whisper only,
We will obey !

No idle sigh for her !
Ye who would die for her,
Nerve ye to live for her ;
Suffer and strive for her ;
Pray for her tearfully ;
Hope for her fearfully ;
Let your tears rain on her,
Till each foul stain on her
Pass from the sight,
And there remains on her
Robes of pure white !

By the dews of thy morning,
Holy and soft,

The Church.

By words of sweet warning
Uttered so oft,
By accents adorning
Daily which rise,
Where spires upsoaring
Pierce the deep skies,
By Him Whose Mission
Gave, not in vain,
The awful Commission—
Remit and Retain !
By the Life which thou livest
E'en now in thy shame,
By the Food which thou givest
We dare not to name,
By the Gifts that are in thee,
Power, Faith, and Purity
Seek we to win thee
From sloth and obscurity.
Answer our loyalty
Waiting and weeping !
Put on thy royalty !
Rise from thy sleeping !

Take thine own place again
Where stars are bright,
And from GOD'S Face again
Drink deathless Light !
Rise and subdue to thee
All, as of old,
Those that were true to thee,
Those that were cold ;

Children who pained thee,
Rebels who took thee,
Foes who disdained thee,
Friends who forsook thee !
Yes, all shall gaze on thee,
Showering their praise on thee,
As those pure rays on thee
Visibly shine ;
Earth, now no home for thee,
Then shall become for thee
One mighty Shrine,
One vast Community,
Known by its Unity
Truly Divine !

Call ye this vanity,
Work never done,
Which poor Humanity
Mars, ere begun ?
Nay, no despair for us !
Think on CHRIST'S Prayer for us—
Let them be One !
Ear to the thunder dull,
Sense-blinded eye,
God still is wonderful,
CHRIST yet is nigh !

The Salutation of the Greek Church on Easter Day.



SPRINGTIDE birds are singing, singing,
For the daybreak in the East,
Silver bells are ringing, ringing,
For the Church's glorious Feast.

CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!

Sin's long triumph now is o'er.

CHRIST is risen! Death's dark prison
Now can hold His Saints no more.

CHRIST is risen! risen, Brother!

Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed!

Holy Women sought Him weeping,

Weeping at the break of dawn,

Sought their LORD where He lay sleeping,

In the love of hearts forlorn,

Life for death on death's throne meeting

Joy for sorrow, faith for fear,

For their tears the Angel's greeting—

CHRIST is risen! He is not here.

CHRIST is risen! risen, Brother!

Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed!

Loved Apostles, scarce believing

In His Triumph o'er the grave,

Hear the tale amid their grieving,

Hasten eager to the Cave,

Salutation of the Greek Church. 317

Find the folded grave Clothes lying,
Death's unloosed and shattered chain,
Find Him gone, Death's power defying,
From the Cavern sealed in vain.
CHRIST is risen ! risen, Brother !
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed !

Mary comes, a refuge seeking
For her mourning and her shame,
Lo ! a well-known voice is speaking,
Lo ! the Master calls her name—
First, the life o'er sin victorious,
She who wept for sin adored,
For her tears the mission glorious
To announce the Risen LORD.
CHRIST is risen ! risen, Brother !
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed !

For her tears, O glad reversing
Of the Woman's work of old,
Glorious Tidings now rehearsing ;
For the tale in Eden told,
Woman's voice that tale supplying,
Brought in death by Satan's lie ;
Woman's voice is now replying—
CHRIST is risen ! we shall not die.
CHRIST is risen ! risen, Brother !
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed !

Where the noontide rays are falling
On the rugged mountain side,

318 Salutation of the Greek Church.

Brethren journey, sad recalling
How He loved, and how He died.
He is with them ! He is hearing
How their trust and hope had fled,
To their loving faith appearing
In the Blessing of the Bread.
CHRIST is risen ! risen, Brother !
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed !

Flashing back the sunset glory
Burns a casement high and dim,
There the Ten, on all His Story
Sadly dwelling, speak of Him.
He is there ! the Light that never
Into twilight fades away,
Day-star of the Dawn that ever
Breaks into the perfect Day !
CHRIST is risen ! risen, Brother !
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed !

Saints ! your Cross in patience bearing,
Mourners ! stained with many a tear,
Penitents ! in sorrow wearing
Darkest weeds of shame and fear,
CHRIST is risen ! lose your sadness
Joying with the joyous throng,
Faithful hearts will find their gladness
Joining in the Easter song.
CHRIST is risen ! risen, Brother !
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed !

CHRIST is risen! CHRIST the Living,
All His mourners' tears to stay,
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST forgiving
Wipes the stain of sin away.
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!
Sin's long triumph now is o'er;
CHRIST is risen! Death's dark prison
Holds His Faithful never more.
CHRIST is risen! risen, Brother!
Brother, CHRIST is risen indeed!

De Laudibus S. Scripturae.

An ancient Latin Poem.



O cull the gems of such a theme for
praise,
Though in a feeble song is gracious
toil;

This is the household grain for famine days
That Hebrew Pilgrims drew from Coptic soil.
The palatable Manna from the sky
Flavoured with every sweet to every lip;
Briefly in price it doth the gold outvie,
In sheen the Sun, in taste what bees do sip.
What day brings earth, it doth to mankind bring;
Day lights the fields: this lights the Soul
within;

320 **De Laudibus S. Scripturae.**

A garden-brook, a fathomless waterspring
Nurturing all thoughts, all hearts o'erparched
with sin ;
GOD's Pasture and CHRIST's Wine-store : Heavens
that glow
With stars for every mystery they hide ;
This the quick writer's pen, and this the bow
Whose medicinal shafts each heart divide.
The in-wheeling wheels that like to Ocean's flow
Are full of wonder, all are here again ;
Four forms, one kind, that mount or stand or go
As the indwelling energies ordain.
The Roll upon the LAMB's Right Hand, writ
through,
Within the mystic, and the plain outside ;
Here Moses' face is hidden from the view ;
Here CHRIST's own Glory draws the veil aside.
This which in figure Moses, CHRIST in deed
Sprinkled with Blood, both form and matter
holds ;
The old, the form, the new Law for our need
More large ; what that would cover this unfolds.
While lasts the type that testifieth, Deep
Calls unto Deep. Fit title for the twain ;
A slender bolt doth those abysses keep,
But to embrace them were an effort vain.
Here evermore to muse, to search, and know
Is to enjoy Heaven's light, and Heavenly store ;
No better lot has man, than studying so,
To root his life where Life is evermore.

S. Patrick's Coat of Mail. 321

Happy, who thirsting, in this spring can find
Elixir to embalm his life each day ;
Else doth the man seem tasteless to my mind
Who fails, to learn by heart this Heavenly lay.
Who studies it for wealth or human praise
He is not wise nor yet to Wisdom near ;
She for herself must courted be always,
And oh what boons she gives her lover ! Hear :—
More chaste the love becomes ; the sense more
bright,
From temporal pressures is the mind more free ;
The text breeds virtues ever, renders light
The Soul, and bids all mortal failings flee !

S. Patrick's Coat of Mail.



ARM me to-day, in this awful hour,
My prayer to the All-Holy TRINITY,
My faith in Him Who reigneth in
Power,
The GOD of the Elements, FATHER, and SON,
And PARACLETE-SPIRIT, Which THREE are
The ONE,
The Incomprehensible DEITY.

Arm me to-day, my Prayer to the LORD,
To CHRIST the Eternal WORD,
Who came to redeem from sin and death

Y

Our fallen race ;
And I would place
The Virtue that compasseth
His Incarnation lowly,
His Baptism pure and holy,
His Life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous Death, His Crucifixion,
His Burial sacred and sad and lone,
His Resurrection to life again,
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high Throne,
And lastly His Coming dread—
His terrible Coming to judge all men,
Both the living and the dead.

Arm me, and keep me, in this dark place,
With Virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's love ;
The Virtue and the Grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the Archangels and Angels above :
And in the hope of the Resurrection
To everlasting Reward and Election ;
And in the Prayers of the Fathers of old ;
And in the Truths which the Prophets foretold ;
And in the Apostles' manifold Preaching ;
And in the Confessors' faith and teaching :
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within unsullied virgin's breast ;
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good Men who the Lord confessed.

Arm me to-day, in this fateful hour,
 The Heaven above with all its power,
 And the sun with its brightness,
 And the snow with its whiteness,
 And fire with all the strength it hath,
 And lightning, with its rapid wrath,
 And the winds with their swiftneſs along their
 path,
 And the ſea with its deepneſs,
 And the rocks with their ſteepneſs,
 And the earth with its coldneſs—
 All theſe I place
 By God's good Grace
 Between myſelf and the Devil's boldneſs.

Arm me to-day,
 O God, my ſtay ;
 May the Strength of GOD now nerve me !
 May the Power of GOD preſerve me !
 May GOD the Almighty be near me !
 May GOD the Almighty cheer me !
 May GOD the Almighty hear me !
 May GOD give me eloquent ſpeech !
 May the Arm of GOD proteſt me !
 May the Wiſdom of GOD direct me !
 May GOD give me power to teach and to preach !
 May the Shield of GOD defend me !
 May the Hoſt of GOD attend me,
 And ward me,
 And guard me,

324 S. Patrick's Coat of Mail.

Against the wiles of Demons and Devils,
Against temptations of vice and evils,
Against bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart ;
Against every man that designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart.

In this hour of hours
I place all these Powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threats body or Soul
With danger or dole ;
To protect me against the evils that flow,
From lying Soothsayers' incantations ;
From the gloomy laws of Gentile Nations ;
From Herefy's hateful innovations :
Be all these my defenders,
My guards against every ban,
Against spell of Druid and Witch and Magician ;
Against knowledge that renders
Thick night the condition
Of spirit and Soul of man.

May CHRIST, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding,
That so, in His Grace abounding,
I may earn the Preacher's hire.

**CHRIST, as a Light,
Illumine and guide me !**

CHRIST, as a Shield, o'ershadow and cover me !

CHRIST be under me ! CHRIST be over me !

**CHRIST be beside me,
On left hand and right !**

CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me !

CHRIST be this day within and without me !

CHRIST, the Humble, the Lowly, the Meek,

**CHRIST, the All-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of all who speak to me,
In all who draw near me,
Or see me, or hear me.**

Arm me to-day in this awful hour,

**My Prayer to the Holy TRINITY !
Glory to Him Who reigneth in Power,
The GOD of the Elements, FATHER, and SON,
And PARACLETE-SPIRIT, which THREE are
The ONE,
The Everlasting DIVINITY.**

**Salvation dwells with the LORD,
With CHRIST the Omnipotent WORD ;
From generation to generation,
Grant us, O LORD, Thy Grace and Salvation !**

Dies est lætitiæ.

Hymn on the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ.

ON this festal Day we sing
 Joyful tidings hearing,
 For this Day our Heavenly King
 On our earth appearing
 Comes a Sweet and Lovely CHILD,
 Born for us of aspect mild,
 Made for us a Creature ;
 He Who reigns in boundless space,
 God, Who has no form, nor face,
 Takes our human feature.

Mother here a Daughter see !
 Here the FATHER SON is !
 What more wondrous things could be ?
 GOD and MAN here One is ;
 Servant is, and Master too,
 Whom, though here, we cannot view,
 Nor can apprehend Him ;
 Present here, yet distant far :
 Lost in deepest mist we are,
 None can comprehend Him.

Nature at this Wonder done
 Lost in mute surprise is,
 When a Rose, GOD's Only SON,
 From a Lily rises ;

When a Virgin gives Him birth,
Him, Who made the Heavens and earth,
Him, our GOD Eternal ;
And her sacred Virgin Breast
Feeds Him, and affords Him rest,
In her love Maternal.

Lo ! an Angel bright appears
In deep night descending,
Calms the humble Shepherds' fears,
Who their flocks are tending ;
Joyful Tidings brings to earth
Of the King and SAVIOUR's Birth,
Infant feebly crying,
He Who is the Angels' LORD,
By all Heaven and earth adored,
In a Manger lying.

Crystal pure will still remain
Sunbeams through it shining,
So the Virgin knows no stain,
No high gifts resigning ;
Spotless after, as before,
Her blest Womb for mortals bore
God to earth descended ;
Blessed is that Virgin Breast ;
Blest those hands, which first and best
CHRIST, an INFANT, tended.

Night in darkness shrouds His Birth,
Who the Sun gives splendour,

In a stable lies on earth
Earth's Prince and Defender.
That right Hand so closely bound
Fixed the brilliant stars around,
And the Heavens extended ;
He is heard in infant Cries
Who with thunder rends the skies,
With dread lightnings blended.

Lo ! the Virgin humbly goes,
In her chaste Womb bearing
God's Own SON, to rank with those,
Who in crowds repairing,
Are in Bethlehem enrolled :
O may we our names behold
On Heaven's glorious portals,
With those Angels, who in love
Glory sung to GOD above,
Peace proclaimed to mortals.

Now with prayer be homage done,
Hearts and voices raising,
Worshipping the Infant SON,
And the Mother praising :
Here a Wondrous CHILD is found,
Publish then His Name around :
Thee our LORD imploring,
We proclaim our GOD most High,
Thee our JESUS ever nigh,
With all earth adoring.

CHRIST, Who with Almighty Hands
 This our being gave us,
 When we broke His high Commands
 Would be born to save us ;
 To Him now devoutly pray—
 LORD forgive our sins this day,
 Do Thou never leave us,
 Let us not at death be lost,
 But to join Thy Heavenly Host
 In that hour receive us.

Go, and come.



THOU sayest to us, " Go !
 And work while it is called to-day ;
 the Sun
 Is high in heaven, the harvest but begun ;
 Can hands oft raised in prayer, can hearts that
 know
 The beat of Mine through love and pain be slow
 To soothe and strengthen ?" Still Thou sayest
 " Go !
 Lift up your eyes and see where now the Line
 Of GOD hath fallen for you, one with Mine
 Your Lot and Portion. Go ! where none relieves,
 Where no one pities ; thrust the sickle in
 And reap and bind, where toil and want and sin
 Are standing white, for here My Harvests grow :

Go ! glean for Me 'mid wasted frames outworn,
 'Mid Souls uncheered, uncared for ; hearts forlorn,
 With care and grief acquainted long, unknown
 To earthly friend, of Heaven unmindful grown ;
 In homes where no one loves, where none believes,
 For here I gather in My goodly Sheaves."

Thou sayest to us, " Go !"

Thou sayest to us, " Go !
 To conflict and to death." While friends are few
 And foes are many, what hast Thou to do
 With peace, Thou SON of Peace ? A Man of war
 Art Thou from Youth ! when Thou dost girded
 ride,

Two stern Instructors, Truth and Mercy, guide
 Thy Hand to things of terror ; friends and foes
 Thine Arrows feel ; a Sword before Thee goes,
 And after Thee a Fire, confusion stirred
 Among the nations even by the Word
 Of Meekness and of Right. " Yea, take and eat
 Of these My Words," Thou sayest, " they are
 sweet

As honey ; yet this roll that now I press
 Upon your lips will turn to bitterness
 When ye shall speak its message ; lo ! a cry
 Of wrath and madness, ere the ancient Lie
 That wraps the roots of earth will quit its hold,
 A shriek, a wrench abhorred ; and yet be bold,
 O ye My Servants ! take My Rod and stand
 Before the King, nor fear if in your hand

It seem unto a serpent's form to grow ;
Rise up, My Priests! My mighty Men, with sound
Of solemn Trumpet, walk this City round,
A Blast will come from GOD, His Word and Will
Through hail and storm and ruin to fulfil ;
Then shall ye see the Towers roll down, the Wall
Built up with blood and tears and tortures fall,
And from the living Grave the living Dead
Will rise, as from their sleep, disquieted ;
O Earth, this Baptism of thine is flow !
Not dews from morning's womb, not gentle rains
That drop all night can wash away thy stains.
The Fire must fall from Heaven ; the blood must
flow
All round the Altar."—Still Thou sayest, " Go !"

And that Thou sayest, " Go !"
Our hearts are glad ; for he is still Thy Friend
And best beloved of all whom Thou dost send
The furthest from Thee ; this Thy Servants know ;
Oh, send by whom Thou wilt, for they are blest
Who go Thine Errands ! Not upon Thy Breast
We learn Thy Secrets ! Long beside Thy Tomb
We wept, and lingered in the Garden's gloom ;
And oft we sought Thee in Thy House of Prayer,
And in the Desert, yet Thou wert not there.
But as we journeyed sadly through a place
Obscure and mean, we lighted on the trace
Of Thy fresh Footprints, and a whisper clear
Fell on our spirits—Thou Thyself wert near ;

And from Thy Servants' hearts Thy Name adored
Broke forth in fire ; we said, " It is the LORD."
Our eyes were no more holden ; on Thy Face
We looked, and it was comely ; full of Grace,
And fair Thy Lips ; we held Thee by the Feet ;
We listened to Thy Voice, and it was sweet ;
And sweet the silence of our Spirits ; dumb
All other voices in the world that be
The while Thou saidst, " Come ye unto Me !"
The while Thou saidst " Come !"

We said to Thee, " Abide
With us ! the Night draws on apace ; but, lo !
The Cloud received Thee, parted from our side,
In Blessing parted from us ! Even so
The Heaven of Heavens must still receive
Thee ! dark

And moonless skies bend o'er us as we row.
No stars appear, and sore against our bark
The current sets ; yet nearer grows the Shore
Where we shall see Thee standing, never more
To bid us leave Thee ! though Thy Realm is wide,
And Mansions many, never from Thy Side
Thou sendest us again ; by springs serene
Thou guidest us, and now to battle keen
We follow Thee, yet still, in peace or war,
Thou ledest us. Oh, not to sun or star
Thou sendest us, but sayest, " Come to Me !
And where I am, there shall My Servants be."
Thou sayest to us, " Come !"

The Three Comings.

The First Coming.



EN thousand stars were burning bright
 To charm the lonely Shepherd's eye,
 But not a watcher turned that night
 To count the gems in Bethlehem's sky,

All Heaven was up and chanting still—
 Glory to GOD, to Man good will !

How eager then that listening throng
 Pressed to the lowly Manger gate
 To greet their Infant GOD with song,
 And at His Feet with homage wait
 Till e'en the walls with rapture thrill—
 Glory to GOD, to Man good will !

Blest BABE ! on this Thy holy Day
 From gaudy suns of earth we turn,
 To where with soft and spotless ray
 The Star of Bethlehem loves to burn :
 Hark ! LORD, our songs the Manger fill—
 Glory to GOD, to Man good will !

Thus at Thy Cradle while we kneel,
 And from Thy Lips a Blessing seek,
 Bid o'er our hearts Thy Image steal,
 Humble like Thee and good and meek :
 Thy Birth-day Promise thus fulfill—
 Glory to GOD, to Man good will !

The Second Coming.

THE Universe is shaking
Big with stupendous song,
Skies into voice are waking
With chorus loud and long ;
The Morning Stars are singing
With a sublime accord,
And all Heaven's courts are ringing—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD !

With a profound emotion
Earth hears the lofty strain,
And bursts into devotion
Mountain and rock and plain :
Ocean glad homage paying
With all her waves is heard,
O Forests ! ye are praying—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD !

And now of rapt creation
Time's kindreds catch the sound,
And each successive nation
Rolls the great Anthem round ;
Till at the Throne of Glory
Breaks in one mighty chord,
The universal Story—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD !

In wondering expectation,
LORD ! shall we ever wait ?

Great Monarch of Salvation,
Assume Thy royal State :
Angels and Saints implore Thee,
Gird on Thy conquering Sword,
And bow all hearts before Thee—
Thy Kingdom come, O LORD !

The Third Coming.

IN my last long slumbers lying
I shall hear, O Trump, thy sound ;
Time itself and Nature dying,
Say, and where shall I be found ?
Sun and Moon grow pale with wonder,
Stars appalled with horror flee,
Seas and Earth are rent asunder,
JESUS, LORD, remember me !

Hark ! again that Trump resounding,
Heaven's dissolving pillars nod ;
' Rise, O Man ! ' the Voice is sounding,
' Rise to meet Thy Coming GOD ! '
On the Clouds of Empire riding,
SON of MAN, Thy Form I see ;
Mid Thy radiant Hosts presiding,
JESUS, King, remember me !

Yet again, again 'tis pealing ;
Sinners ! mourn in helpless woe ;

The Old-Year's Blessing.

Righteous ! hail the morn revealing
 All Redemption can bestow ;
 Earth ! draw nigh and hear the story,
 Yonder bar is raised for thee ;
 Mid the lightnings of Thy Glory,
 JESUS, Judge, remember me !

Once upon a darkened mountain
 I that Form in Blood espied ;
 I approached the crimson Fountain
 And was cleansed beneath the tide ;
 At Thy Cross for Mercy sighing
 Peace I found and Pardon free :
 To Thy Throne for refuge flying,
 JESUS, GOD, remember me !

The Old-Year's Blessing.



AM fading from you,
 But one draweth near,
 Called the Angel-guardian
 Of the coming Year.
 If my Gifts and Graces
 Coldly you forget,
 Let the New-Year's Angel
 Bless and crown them yet.
 For we work together ;
 He and I are one :

Let him end and perfect
 All I leave undone.
 I brought good Desires,
 Though as yet but seeds ;
 Let the New-Year make them
 Blossom into Deeds.
 I brought Joy to brighten
 Many happy days ;
 Let the New-Year's Angel
 Turn it into Praise.
 If I gave you Sicknefs,
 If I brought you Care,
 Let him make one Patience,
 And the other Prayer.
 Where I brought you Sorrow,
 Through his care at length
 It may rise triumphant
 Into future Strength,
 If I brought you Plenty,
 All wealth's bounteous charms,
 Shall not the New Angel
 Turn them into Alms ?
 I gave Health and Leisure,
 Skill to dream and plan,
 Let him make them nobler—
 Work for God and Man.
 If I broke your Idols,
 Showed you they were dust,
 Let him turn the Knowledge
 Into Heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,
 Let sin die away
 Into boundless Pity
 For all hearts that stray.
 If your list of Errors
 Dark and long appears,
 Let this New-born Monarch
 Melt them into Tears.
 May you hold this Angel
 Dearer than the last—
 So I bless his Future,
 While he crowns my Past!

Verses.

God did send Me before you.



GOD hath sent a MAN before thee!
 Faint not, fear not, Christian Soul;
 One hath run the race thou runnest,
 One hath won for thee the goal.

GOD hath sent a MAN before us!
 Whatsoever griefs oppress,
 He hath known them in the fulness
 Of extremest bitterness.

GOD hath sent a MAN before us,
 Tried and tempted e'en as we,
 Who hath fought our every battle
 Who hath won the victory.

GOD hath sent a MAN before us,
Not along Life's bright highway
'Mid the beauty and the fragrance
And the pleasant light of day ;

But in lonely paths and rocky,
Where we only trace the Road
By the drops of Blood which tell us
Where the MAN of Sorrows trode.

Yea ! He sent His CHRIST before us
Unto Pain and Agony ;
Nor from Death's dark hour withheld Him,
Willing for our sakes to die.

He within the Veil is entered,
Where He offers still on high,
Priest and Victim, for our cleansing,
Sacrifice unceasingly !

The Lord shewed him a Tree.

The Disciple.

SHEW me a Tree, my Gracious LORD,
For o'er my troubled Soul
The bitter waters of despair
In whelming torrents roll :
Thou Who of old by Marah's tide
The healing Wood didst swift provide,
Oh ! hither speed in Love and Power,
And shed Thy Light on this dark hour.

The Divine Master.

There was a Tree in Eden set
 The day that Adam fell,
 A Tree, whose sweetness mortal words
 May not essay to tell :
 Though 'neath its weight thy weakness sink,
 To those dark Waters' cheerless brink
 Bear it, and cast it boldly in—
 It hath Divinest Medicine !
 The MAN of Sorrows' royal Throne—
 That Word all grief, all woe hath known.
 Dost thou despair ? oh ! haste to take
 The Cross where I, in anguish spake—
 Wherefore My GOD, dost Thou forsake !

The Disciple.

Seeking as erst a sweet'ning Tree,
 To Thee, O LORD, I haste,
 For heavy on my fainting Soul
 The hand of grief is prest.
 'Mid bitter foes, 'mid friends grown cold
 Alone I stand : oh ! now behold,
 And deign in love the Wood to show
 That can to sweetness change sad woe.

The Divine Master.

O hard of heart ! hast thou not yet
 Found hidden in My Cross

Virtue for all that bitterest seems,
 All gain for every loss ?
 On Calvary from the scornful Tree
 The Words were spoken e'en for thee,
 For thee, that thou mayest speak and live—
 They know not what they do, Forgive !

The Disciple.

I stand upon the awful brink
 Of Jordan's bitter Stream ;
 Cold flow its waves,—O LORD, my LORD
 Whose Pity did redeem,
 Thou Who in every trial-hour
 Hast succoured me with saving Power,
 Cast in the Tree, the sweet'ning Tree,
 Lest I be borne away from Thee
 And sink and perish utterly !

The Divine Master.

My Child, in passing through that Stream
 No evil need'st thou fear ;
 My Rod and Staff, the Holy Cross,
 Sheds sweetness ever here :
 Take to thee then My Words as shield—
 FATHER, to Thee My Soul I yield !
 Stoop to the waves, My Cross shall bear thee o'er,
 Calmly and safely bear to Canaan's shore.

*Laetabundi jubilemus.**A Prose for the Transfiguration.*

RISE and sing a joyful Lay,
 O Bride ! to Him thou lovest well ;
 On this most solemn Holy-day
 Be it thy joy to tell
 (So He but aid thee) how the Light
 Of GODHEAD gleamed on Tabor's height.

O He was ever what He then
 Appeared, Death's Conqueror strong and true,
 Giver of Life to dying men—

But He had hid from view
 All that bespoke Him GOD until,
 As on this Day, He fought the Hill.

And O ! while He was kneeling there
 His Face became a Sun for Light,
 The Garb which girt the Only Fair
 With utter whiteness white,
 Foreshowing how with Beams Divine
 The Just should one day rise and shine.

And when the CHRIST, the Power of GOD,
 To Peter and the Brothers blest
 That Excellence of Glory showed,
 Two Prophets left their rest,
 This Truth to witnesses from the dead—
 To talk with GOD how dear, how dread !

And then a cloud o'ershadowed all,
 And thence the Everlasting ONE
 Crowned with His Voice our Festival,
 Saying—This is My SON—
 Since there Omnipotence is rife,
 O hear, O heed that WORD of Life.

O clad in Brightness passing bright
 Behold the universal King,
 The Light of Saints, the cloudless Light
 Which lightens everything,
 The HOLY ONE of GOD, the CHRIST
 For earth's Salvation sacrificed.

O now there should be rage in Hell,
 For now is lost for evermore
 The bitter claim the Serpent fell
 Had on our race before ;
 The FATHER'S WORD in Flesh revealed
 The mortal wound of Flesh hath healed.

He died for us, He rose again
 That Heaven and Earth at one might be,
 And ended evermore the reign
 Of the last Enemy ;
 And now, Transfigured, He it is
 Whom the Great FATHER owns for His.

But troubled by those Accents dread
 Upon the earth those Fathers three
 Lay till another Word was said—
 Arise, nor fearful be—

And then they looked on CHRIST alone
In the poor guise they first had known.

And till the LORD should rise again
He willed to none the Sight were told,
But now the SPIRIT leads the strain,
And Voices manifold
Come after. On this marvellous Day
Be cords of Death all cast away.

Paradise.

The Land that is afar off.



HERE is the Land he saw in glorious
Vision,
The lone old Prophet in the Sea-
girt Isle,
True antitype of all the dreams Elysian,
Fashioned by Hope earth's sorrows to beguile?

Call them not idle, all the tales they fabled
Of Happy Isles in far Hesperian Seas,
Whose straining sight no torch of Truth enabled
To pierce by faith the unseen Mysteries.

Call it not vain, the rude untutored longing
For higher life each meanest mind that moves,
That murmurs still, when base affection wronging
Our nobler part too oft victorious proves.

Where is that Land? above, beneath, around us?
Loft in all space, or to a star confined?
O for one hour to pass the shores that bound us,
And fathom all the future of the mind!

Ye who have left our side to join the chorus
Of holy Minstrels in that distant clime,
Waft some faint echoes of your harpstrings o'er us,
To chase the mystery from your homes sublime.

They send no sound! Sweet Patience singeth only,
"Strive to the end, and struggle to the goal!"
Then, for earth's hours of anguish, dark and lonely,
Bright dawns eternal sunshine on the Soul.


Then they who mourn for earth's frail joys departed,
Oblivion sweet of all their woes shall gain;
The heavy-laden and the broken-hearted,
Balm for their wounds, and solace from their pain.

O Mourner, weeping long thy loved ones taken,
They tread the shining paths by Angels trod!
O thou by trusted hearts in need forsaken,
Love shall not fail thee in the Land of God!

There, Soul with Soul in converse sweet confiding,
Nor shy mistrust, nor selfish aim shall know;
Pure as the crystal Stream beside them gliding,
All wish, all thought, in unison shall flow.

Brave heart, hold on! in dauntless strength of duty
Work out thy lot, nor murmur at thy star!
So shall thou soon, in glory and in beauty,
Behold the King in that bright Land afar.

The Land of Beulah.

HEY trod not now the perilous ground
enchanted,

They breathed no more the thick and flumbrous
air;
But a delightful Land by Angels haunted
Appeared, Heaven's portal fair.

Straight lay the road through this bright Country
leading,
Balmy the air, and sweet each breath they drew:
On corn and wine and all abundance feeding,
Their Souls rich solace knew.

Here evermore they saw the flowers upspringing;
The Sun shone o'er them always, night and
day:
Ever they heard the birds in gladness singing,
The turtle's voice alway.


Far, far behind Death's shadowy Vale was lying;
They spied not hence the towers of grim Despair:
But lo! before, in golden lustre dyeing
The azure depths of air,

Shone forth the Walls of pearl, the Gates of glory,
 End of their hope, their hearts' desire and song;
 For this they marched, through all its changeful
 story,
 Their pilgrim path along.

And from that Light Celestial radiance bringing,
 Fair shining Creatures met them as they trod,
 Walking amid that Paradise, or winging
 Their bright way home to GOD.

And from that City came the sound of voices
 Many and loud, that sang with solemn glee—
 Even as the Bridegroom o'er the Bride rejoices,
 Lo! joys thy GOD o'er thee.

Heaven.

 HEARD the voice of Harpers, harping
 sweetly
 On harps of gold :
 I saw a crystal River—calmly, widely
 Its waters rolled.

I caught the flash of turrets, wrapt in splendour
 Of sunless light,
 Like to a star most lustrous, shedding glory
 Out of the night.

I dreamed of Lands Elysian, emerald Islands
 In shining seas,
 Soft perfumes wafted by sweet-whispering breezes
 From fadeless trees.

348 **The Disciple whom Jesus loved.**

I saw the ranks of Angels, silver-pinioned,
 And golden-crowned,
Swift radiant Forms, that like a sunbeam passing
 Touched the bright ground.

I saw the ancient Worthies, Heroes faintly
 Resting in calm,
Clad in white robes, out of great tribulation
 Bearing the palm.

I saw a King in beauty, cloud-encircled,
 Shrouded in light,
The likeness of a Throne, a Sea of glory
 Dazzling all sight.

A Voice as of great waters—Myriads falling
 Low on the sod :
A Silence : Harps struck louder ; Seraphs singing
 “ Glory to God ! ”

The Disciple whom Jesus loved.

BLANCHED in the blaze of light, all
 still and bare,
The Fishers gaze upon Gennefaret.
The sunset comes. Behind the Roman
 town

The dark boat's circled topfails swell and shift,
The tuniced boatmen dip their nets an hour,
And the sun goeth down on Jezreel.
The flickering furnace of the dust is quenched,

The mountain branded as with red gold rust.
But ere the cresset lights are in the vault
Where nothing trembles, suffers, wars or weeps,
To the Twelve comes ONE Purer than the stars :
And as a man just wakened in a room
Fronting the ocean, scarcely knows at first,
A little whiteness dawning on the pane,
A little line insufferably bright
Edging the ripple that orbs out anon,
Until he recognize the sun itself,
So hour by hour their knowledge grew of Him.

And as a mighty City far-off kenned,
Stretches with its immeasurable streets,
And though the same from every different height
Looks different to the merchantmen who wend
Towards its guarded gate, driving the ass
And camel, bearing spicery and balm,
Figs and all manner of fruits, tinted like the flower,
Half a blue week in summer ere it blows ;
Not otherwise, before those simple men,
That wondrous Nature grew from year to year,
Till to S. John it seemed to orb away
Into the Infinite Majesty of GOD.

Three years Love-sheltered from the outer world
His Spirit grew, as grows a delicate child
Brought over seas from foggy Northern lands,
And far a-forest lodged 'mid Southern pines,
Where all day long the needles of the light
Dart through green plumes upon the dropping
stems.

Three years, three wondrous years, three silent
years,

Silent that he might hear the SAVIOUR speak
Of Light and Love, and the Baptismal Dew,
Water of Life, and Sacramental Bread—
Until at last he stood beside the Cross,
And heard the sweet Bequest that gently gave
The Virgin-Mother to the virgin Soul—
Two Heavenly Gems in the small coronet
Of one poor home—and much he talked with her,
The pale and passionate Magdalene, who stood
Love-blinded in the garden by the veil,
Whose silver lines were woven of her tears,
That morn when first the sunlight touched the
Grave,
And for the first time Angels dressed in white.

In Sapientia disponens omnia Aeterna
Deitas.

A Sequence on the Circumcision.



OD, Who in Wisdom sweetly ordereth
all,
Grieving for man long held in direst
thrall,

An Angel sent, taught in His Purpose well,
The FATHER'S Promise of the SON to tell.

He hails the Virgin—GOD and Man, faith he,
SAVIOUR, First-source of all, shall spring from thee.

Not long the Promise halts; He speaks, 'tis done,
By Grace conceiving, Mary bears a SON.

Light of the faithful, earth He comes to bless,
Shining on all, the Sun of Righteousness.

A Heavenly sight the simple Shepherds see;
Not for earth's great ones may that vision be.

Look! in the Manger ONE is lying low,
Whose Might Divine no earthly bound may know.

The Bright and Morning Star is shining clear,
On Jesse's Rod the Flowers of Grace appear.

See, the Three Kings their duteous Offerings bring,
Gold, Incense, Myrrh, to the GOD-MAN their King.

He, Who for us assumed this mortal life,
Must now endure the Sacrificial knife:

In Jordan's stream a milder Rite He gives;
There man his sins doth wash, and washing lives.

The Virgin to the Temple brings her SON,
That all the legal Rites be duly done.

There thankful Simeon in his arms doth hold
The SAVIOUR long in sacred lore foretold.

At Cana's Feast CHRIST's Glory first doth shine,
When the pure water blushes into wine.

He makes the blind to see, to walk the lame,
And tongues long dumb His matchless Power
proclaim.

He That is born for man is GOD's Dear SON,
The King of Heaven, and other LORD is none.

Let all the Heavenly Host His Praises tell,
And all His Saints the chorus join to swell.

The Living Death.



H! say not that we die!
Say not that we, whose Heaven-born
Souls inherit
Their life from Life, can ever pass
away;

That we, whose source is the Eternal SPIRIT,
Can yield what is from GOD to slow decay.

Say! say! is it to die—
To give this weary body unto sleeping?
To lay down sorrow's crushing cumbrous load?
To rest where we can hear no sounds of weeping,
Far, far away from life's tear-tracen road?

Oh! say is it to die—
To burst from out this tottering mortal dwelling,
A Spirit unembodied, unconfined?
To view the wide expanse of Glory swelling,
And earth and all its anguish left behind?

Oh! say is it to die—

To pass from life's rough channel to the ocean?

To enter on the solemn after-life?

To feel our being pass with Spirit's motion

Free from the conflict and the mortal strife?

Say! say! is it to die—

To cease to drink the cup of earthly sorrow?

To cease to tread the narrow vale of tears?

To waken to that day that knows no morrow,

Where time is not, nor flowing, ebbing years!

Oh! say is it to die—

When Angels o'er the parting Spirit linger

Just as it passes to its God on high;

And point with beaming smile and beckoning
finger

To far-off Mansions in the happy sky?

Say! say! is it to die—

To lay aside a body daily wasting

With toil outworn, with weight of care opprest?

And spring away with eager faith, foretasting

The peace, the quiet of the promised Rest?

Oh! say is it to die—

To wear the SAVIOUR's radiant Form of bright-
ness?

To see Him as He is, with Glory crowned?

To stand in robes of pure unfulfilled whiteness,

Joining the Songs of happy Saints around?

A A

Oh ! this is not to die—
To leave a world of changes and of seeming,
Where amid fleeting phantasies we dwell ;
And wing away, as from a state of dreaming,
To waking and to Bliss unchangeable.

Oh ! this is not to die—
Is it not rather into Life expanding,
Breaking the trial-state to live indeed ?
Safe from the tempest in the haven landing,
From storms, from toils, from rocking billows
freed ?

No ! no ! we cannot die—
In Death's unrobing room, we strip from round us
The garments of mortality and earth ;
And breaking from the embryo state which bound us,
Our day of dying is our day of birth !

And yet to earth we die—
Born to new Life with all its weight of Blessing,
Born to a world where ills can never press ;
Exalted, pure, Angelic joys possessing,
If this be Death, then Death is Happiness !

Thoughts in Verse.

The true Light.

SEE the sun go down behind the wood,
 I watch his glories as they die away,
 My spirit yearns to float adown that
 flood
 Of light to endless Day.


For while I stand and gaze the shadows fall ;
 What was so bright and warm grows dull and
 cold :
 No longer plays the light upon the wall,
 No longer on the wold.

The only light is in the western sky,
 A single streak of crimson and of gold :
 All things beside within the shadows lie
 Of evening's fable fold.

So, too, when our short day is almost done,
 And Death casts shadows on the joys of earth,
 The Light of our dim path will be but One,
 And He of Heavenly birth.

All round, the shadows of dark thoughts may fall,
 And all around may tempt the Soul despair :
 O ! Burning Light of Love, no fears appal
 If only Thou be there !

Cælestis Urbs Jerusalem.

LEARLY he sang, as only Angels sing—
“ Turn thou, beloved of God,
Look on the City of our Heavenly King
Which He along hath trod.

“ Founded she is upon the holy Hills :
Four ways her buildings face,
Her firmament the Light of Heaven fills
Reflexed from crown to base.

“ In number as the Tribes of Israel,
Of Pearls her portals are :
Twelve Angels here their hymns of glory swell
To Him Who reigns afar.

“ Her walls are Crystal, and her streets of Gold ;
And her foundations laid
On Sapphire, Amethyst and Emerald,
Whose colours never fade.

“ Nor sun by day, nor paler moon by night
In this blest City burn :
Ever from out GOD's Throne eternal Light
Shines full where'er ye turn.

“ Within those walls, unstained of mortal strife,
Fresh streams of Wisdom spring,
And here the Branches of the Tree of Life
Their goodly shadows fling.

The Descent of the Spirit. 357

“ Those Gates are open, and that River flows
For Souls redeemed of sin,
Who with the Bridegroom and His Heavenly
Spouse
For ever enter in.”

Boyhood's Home.

WE named our flower-crowned Vessel, ‘Home,’
Ere she set sail for worlds to come,
And all on board were young and fair :
Full many a happy boat we passed ;
In sunny bays we anchor cast
Off islands rich in fragrance rare.
Ah me ! that those bright days are gone ;
We left our Vessel one by one :
Now some on stranger barks are sailing ;
And some there are whose Spirits blest
On peaceful shores for ever rest,
Far off from wind and ocean's wailing.

The Descent of the Spirit.

A Hymn for Whitfun-Day.

SILENCE reigned at Eventide,
On the day when JESUS died ;
Shaken earth, in Sabbath rest,
Folded Him within her breast :
Silent on the Easter-morn
Rose to Life the Virgin-born.

358 **The Descent of the Spirit.**

Silent, through the Forty Days,
Bowed the Church with humble gaze ;
While the LORD in order told
To the Shepherds of His Fold
How He willed that they should keep
Watch and ward around the Sheep.

Hark ! a rushing mighty sound
Of the restless winds unbound ;
In the Heaven of Heavens above
Spreads His Wings the Holy DOVE :
At their waft the kindling choir
Wakes to song with Tongues of Fire.

Now the HOLY GHOST doth brood
O'er the surface of the flood,
And the quickened streams are rife
With the progeny of Life ;
On the Font descendeth He,
LORD of Life, abundantly.

On the waters' face doth move
To and fro the Heavenly DOVE,
From the depths of death and sin,
Olive-branch of peace to win ;
Resting-place He findeth none
But the Ark of CHRIST alone.

LORD of Life, to Mary's Womb
Fraught with GODHEAD did He come :
Lord of Life, at Whitsuntide
Comes He down upon the Bride,

Bearing through the scented air
Presence of the Bridegroom there.

On the Altar dimly shown,
Flesh of flesh, and Bone of bone,
She shall win Him from above
In the Sacrament of Love,
That her children may be fed
From their Life-blood's Fountain-head.

Range the choir the Bride around
On the holy Chancel ground ;
She is drest in bright array
For this festal Whitsun Day ;
Ten long nights she watched in vain ;
Now He comes to her again.

Lily for her Virgin-hand,
At her feet the Aloe wand,
Frankincense before her fling
For the Daughter of the King,
And at length the Crown of thorn
Roses for her brow has borne.

The SPIRIT and the Bride say—Come !
Fruit of Blessed Mary's Womb,
Come to hallow ! Come to bless !
Comfort of the comfortless :
As to her Thou cam'st below,
Come, LORD JESU, even so.

The Palimpsest : an Allegory.



IN the Abbot's oaken Chamber
 Long the Parchment hidden lay,
 Given o'er to dust and spider,
 Buried from the light of day,
 Written o'er with Monkish story
 On each old and crumbling page,
 Written o'er with Legends hoary
 Of the dim forgotten age ;
 Till the Traveller's glance alighted
 Where the Parchment long had lain,
 And all mildewed, stained and blighted
 Drew it to the light again ;
 And his loving care bestowing,
 Day by day its treasures bared,
 Till he traced in beauty glowing,
 Olden lines which time had spared ;
 Traced the glory underlying,
 Traced the azure and the gold,
 Traced, in letters still undying,
 Treasures which it bare of old ;
 Till the Words of Truth confessing,
 Words of Prophet and of Seer,
 Words of Love and Truth and Blessing,
 Stood in all their beauty clear ;
 And the old immortal Story
 Shone upon its pages plain,

Gleaming with their olden glory,
Speaking with GOD's Word again.

* * *

Brother ! gaze with look as earnest,
If earth's lessons thou wouldst trace ;
Gaze in faith till thou discernest
What is written on its face :
Dark thick dust is on it lying—
Dust of dead and buried times,
Every age its dust supplying,
Charged with records of its crimes :
And the presence in the Writing
First that meets the casual eye
Is of Satan, still inditing
Records of his victory :
Poor men's groans and rich men's weeping,
Pinching want and grinding cares,
Wars and famines o'er it sweeping—
Such the records that it bears.
Brother ! gaze upon its teaching,
As men gaze through the thick night,
Till thine eye, its secret reaching,
Read its hidden Legend right :
Faith shall pierce this dark adorning,
Grief and sorrow, sin and shame,
Show thee where, in earth's glad morning,
GOD hath written His own Name ;
Show thee, how that Name remaining,
Turns its darkness into light,

All its tangled course explaining,
 Ruling all its wrong to right ;
 Till, beneath Sin's sad inditing,
 Tales of woe and tears and blood,
 Thou shalt trace the old handwriting—
 It is GOD's, and it is Good ;
 And the old immortal Story
 Shines upon its pages plain,
 Gleaming with the olden glory,
 Speaking with GOD's Word again.

VIA SANCTAE CRUCIS.



ONE blessed noon in Autumn's sweetest
 weather,
 I wandered forth a pilgrim by the
 way,
 Where GOD's good Providence should lead to
 stray,
 Musing how Truth and Mercy met together.
 Now by the rough road-side, now o'er the meadows,
 Through the green pastures, by the waters still,
 Where the gleam-tinted trees beneath the hill
 Cast round my path their Vale-of-death-like
 shadows.

Blessed be GOD ! I had an open Vision—
 Good Angels were abroad in earth and sky,

Revealing Heavenly Forms to Faith's purged
eye,
Of Peace and Beauty, as in fields Elysian.

All was an Emblem in me and around me,
Betokening Gifts more real than appear ;
High thoughts, mysterious feelings, love and fear
Of wondrous spiritual depth and fulness bound me.

Sudden, as sent from GOD, a mightier Token
Than yet my marvelling Spirit had wrought
upon,
The Sign adorable of His Dear SON,
On which His Blood was shed, His Body broken !

In the dim distance, by the old flood riven,
The purple hill rose, looming through the mist,
Which, gilded by the noonday, crowned its
crest
With Saint-like halo, blending earth and Heaven.

And like an Angel's cincture, white and shining,
A silver thread belting the upland's girth
Led, as by Heavenward stair, from this low earth
To brighter vales on the Eastern side declining.

Here ghostly pale the mighty Cross suspended
As 'twere mid air, backed by the hill's bare side,
Was graved by unknown hands in ancient-tide
Where, circling round its base, the path ascended.

Whether to mark the scene of battle holy,
Through victory of the Saints on this fair spot;
Or Hermit, here embowered in hill-side grot,
Emblemed lone Peace and Soul-sweet Melancholy;

Or, likelier yet, blest Austin's hooded Sages
Led the procession from yon fainted tower,
And raised the image here of JESUS' Power,
To point the way of future pilgrimages.

The only way to Life and Peace internal,
Way of the Holy Cross, though steep, most sure!
Seek where thou wilt, none other so secure
Leads to the untravelled realms of Bliss Supernal.

Who dares to climb, though way-worn, faint and
weary,
Braced by Heaven's freshening gales, gains
strength anew,
Sees sights to eyes below ne'er brought to view,
Peopling with glorious shapes plains waste and
dreary.

Blest be the hour which led my footsteps thither,
On that sweet Festival of earth and sky!
Chance thoughts so sown, bear fruit in destiny
For good or evil, which shall never wither!

Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.

A German Hymn of the XVII. Century.



ERUSALEM! thou City towering
high,

Would GOD I were in thee!

My longing Soul doth ever pant and sigh

Within thy walls to be:

By faith from earth it sallies,

And far o'er stretching plains,

Far over hills and valleys,

Soars, till thy gate it gains.

O joyful day, and O thrice joyful hour,

When will thy dawn appear,

When I with heart released from sin's dread power,

And joy unmixed with fear,

My parting Soul commending

To GOD's Own faithful Hand,

Shall at my journey's ending

Reach that blest Fatherland?

Then in a moment shall my Spirit quit

This lower element;

In silent mystery high-soaring, flit

To Heaven's bright firmament

Elijah's chariot mounting,

Borne on sustaining Hands,

That baffle powers of counting,

Of joyful Angel-bands.

366 Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt.

Hail ! glorious City : O that thou would'st ope
Thy gates of mercy wide,
To enter which with still deferred hope
I long have groaned and sighed ;
While here my weary Spirit,
In this wrong world of sin,
The Kingdom I inherit
Has thirsted sore to win.

Who are these Myriads bright, whose glorious band
In countless throng appears,
By JESUS sent to meet me on the strand
Of this dark land of tears ?
Of endless Life the winners,
These are His Joy and Crown,
Whom from this world of sinners
He chose to be His Own.

Prophets and Patriarchs there, and Christians all,
Who have in every age
Endured the Cross, or at their Master's call
Braved persecution's rage,
Now, amid Joy unbounded,
From earthly sorrow free,
With cloudless day surrounded,
A dazzling Host I see.

When GOD to His blest Paradise of Joy
My Soul at length shall raise,
Pleasures shall fill my mind which never cloy,
My mouth glad notes of praise :

I am the Rose of Sharon, &c. 367

Voices in concord vying
There Alleluia sing ;
Unwearied still replying
There loud Hosannas ring.

From choir to choir, before the LAMB's bright
The sound is borne along, [Throne,
Till Joy's bright Temple to the wondrous tone
Vibrates in choral song :
In notes of exultation
Unnumbered voices rise,
E'en since the first creation
Thus echoing through the skies.

I am the Rose of Sharon and the
Lily of the Valleys.



WILDERNESS of barren sand,
With scorching sun-glare, hot and red,
Where whitened bones of men long
dead—

A level broad deserted land.

Storms swept across it, and the sky
Deepened its red to blackest gloom ;
It seemed a buried nation's tomb,
So desolate below, on high.

Years passed, years slowly passed again :
A long pale line of eastern light
Broke at the murkiest hour of night,
To herald sounds of summer rain.

Then on that lone and sandy flat
 A Lily grows, with milk-white bloom,
 The wilderneys no more a tomb—
 The desert beautiful for that.

And soon another flower expands,
 The Rose of Sharon for the dew
 And silver morning light so new ;
 Transplanted then to other lands :

But leaving many a Blessing there,
 Odours of beauty and of Grace,
 Leaves for the healing of a race,
 Rich Gifts forgotten, new and rare.

A barren wilderneys no more ;
 Athwart, a way to yonder Fold,
 Beyond those seas of green and gold,
 A peaceful bright and sunny shore.

**Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday, to-day,
 and for ever.**



HE Same : hear all that spurn !
 We wane and alter, but Thou changest
 not ;
 Ever the same kind Heart, the same
 sad lot—
 To love without return.

Bone of our bone indeed !
Most human Heart, more loving than the best,
For ever wounded—aye, ye know the rest,
And oft have made It bleed !

Mere image call ye this ?
Not so : the tenderest nature still must be
Most sensitive, and Tender, Friends ! is He,
Not wrapped in shadowy Bliss.

His Will, with GOD at one,
Accepts all sorrow, and foreruns the end.
Round Him all Heaven-born melodies ascend
In glorious unison.

An inner joy is His
Thought may not fathom, Holiness intense,
Rapture transcending mortal sight or sense,
What shall be, and What is.

Yet still His Heart remains
Touched with our anguish ; beating at each throb
In sympathy with this poor Orphan's sob,
With that faint Widow's pains.

O Wonderful and Sweet !
Still like a beggar suest Thou for each heart
That bids Thee unbeloved and cold depart,
And thrusts Thee to the street.

O Mystery profound !
The Greatest thus beneath the least descends,

370 **Jesus Christ, the Same, &c.**

And vainly asks to call His Creatures 'Friends :'
Who such abyss can sound ?

Here, here is Love. O stay !
The All-Creator, with a human Heart,
He seeks thee, though He knows thee what thou
art ;
Thou look'st another way.

Great is the Power that cast
Yon myriad stars to ring the rolling spheres ;
Greater the Love that through the inconstant years
Seeks thee, and wins at last.

The LAMB of GOD, That takes,
Each living hour, a world's red guilt away,
Undying Victim ! must His Angels say—
' Man scorns, and earth forsakes ?'

O Heart, too fickle, know,
' Thou art the Man : ' thou wound'st thy Master
still.
He waits, thy LORD, a Vassal on thy will.
O, must it aye be so ?

Wilt thou not wake at last
And sigh—O Thou That seek'st to be beloved,
I dare not look upon Thy Tears unmoved :
Canst Thou forgive the past ?

Ah, with Thy tenderest Heart
Mine keeps not pace ; 'tis base, 'tis mean, O LORD,

And thrice unworthy of Thy Love adored ;
But Thou art what Thou art,

And lov'st for Love's sake still.
Sunshine can flood the deepest deep with light ;
Thou art All-Splendour, if my heart be night :
Have Thine All-gracious Will !

En Dies est Dominica.

A Hymn for the Lord's Day.



HIS Day, which JESUS calls His Own,
Must our devout observance gain ;
On it His sacred Power was shown,
By rising from the Grave's domain.

This Fact is now, while life endures,
Our weekly celebration made ;
That the great things its truth ensures
May never from our memory fade.

O'er this dark world it poured a ray
Of living hope beyond the tomb
From realms of everlasting day,
So long concealed in trembling gloom.

And thus a pledge our Souls receive
Of sure advancement to the skies ;
For all who in His Name believe
Shall with their Risen LORD arise.

In Him we find a boundless store
Of Wealth to make us rich indeed ;
Without reserve He makes it o'er,
Our common fund in times of need.

Hence Glory, Life without decay,
Immortal Blessedness above ;
With Peace and Joy while on our way
To claim these Blessings of His Love.

The cheering memory of these things,
Revived with Sunday's dawning ray,
To pious hearts the reason brings
Why this is called ' the LORD's own Day.'

O'er death triumphant He arose
On this great Day, and lived anew ;
A glorious Fact in Him, which shows
What is in us in figure true.

Our sinful passions being quelled,
We rise above them from the dust,
Lest the free Spirit should be held
In bonds by any cherished lust.

Our pious Souls must now review
The Decalogue which GOD has given,
And humbly our belief renew
In Articles of Faith from Heaven.

The Holy Sacrament must share
The loving memories of the Day,

And other things, which claim our care,
To speed us on our faithful way.

With earnestness the mind must shun
The tongue's pollution, taking heed
Left greater wickedness be done
By thoughtless word than manual deed.

With greater vigour we must press
In duty onwards in GOD's Ways,
By thoughts and acts of Righteousness,
By meditation, prayer, and praise.

And chiefly now our Souls must aim,
Through Grace which lifts us from the fall,
To rest with conscience free from blame
In sight of GOD, Who is our All.

The mighty Love of GOD afresh
Must seize us as its rightful lot;
That midst the allurements of the flesh
Our Souls, as dead, may feel them not.

And let us ask—Whence we have come?
And what and where we are? and why
We live? and where will be our home?—
And seek a practical reply.

Oh! into misery from GOD,
And into darkness out of light,
Came GOD's Similitude abroad,
At first so happy and so bright.

Now must our sinful wanderings cease ;
To GOD we must retrace our way ;
Then holy Joy and Heavenly Peace
Will turn our darkness into day.

The Glory of our primal birth
We must for ever keep in view,
Lest we become the slaves of earth,
And its vile vanities pursue.

Of spiritual essence free,
Divine in his primordial state,
Man was designed by GOD to be
The Angels' fit associate.

The native grandeur of his race
The stature of his body proves ;
He walks erect, with upward face ;
And like a God below he moves.

Stamped on his visage here we find
The Light of GOD's own Countenance ;
And the bright image of his mind
Shines out in living splendour thence.

Internal Wisdom sheds its light,
In glowing thoughts, on things around,
The outward witness in our sight
Of what within his mind is found.

And then, O Mystery Divine !
Impressed on his anointed brow,

The Cross, the SPIRIT's quickening Sign,
Has made him CHRIST's own Servant now.

To-day, as CHRIST's, let this be done—
The present with the past compare ;
And think what progress has been won,
And what the failures—how and where ?

Deep hatred of all evil seek ;
Of what is good take special care ;
And looking towards the coming week,
For new and vigorous war prepare.

Within let grateful joy have place
That time on earth has yet been given,
To grow in Knowledge and in Grace,
And meetness for a glorious Heaven.

In holy thoughts and acts like these,
When earthly works are put away,
Our lowly minds the LORD should please,
On this His own most blessed Day.

To Thee great Author of our days,
True Rest of every faithful Soul,
Be given all Honour, Glory, Praise,
While everlasting ages roll.

Tría Dona Reges ferunt.

An Epiphany Sequence of Adam of S. Victor.



KINGS, with triple Gifts provided,
 Seek their King, and on are guided
 By a Star, whose rays betided
 Light from high for ever brought ;
 Gold, His Regal state implying,
 Incense, GODHEAD signifying,
 Myrrh, that shadows forth His Dying,
 Bring they, by the SPIRIT taught.

They from far Sabæan Nation,
 On this day of jubilation,
 Serving Him with adoration
 Win the joyful boon of Peace ;
 Faunt the Hebrew race is growing,
 Knowing much, but GOD not knowing,
 CHRIST, His Face to Gentiles showing,
 Biddeth them in Faith increase.

Synagogue, thou once elected,
 Once in holy Faith perfected,
 Now for unbelief rejected,
 Knowest not the Kingly CHILD ;
 And CHRIST's Field, once sparsely planted,
 Once in fruit and culture scantied,
 Now in Light which He hath granted,
 Sees the World's Redeemer mild.

Sarah's Race new might is gaining,
 Thou, blind Synagogue, art plaining
 For the bondslave's race, remaining
 Underneath its load of sin ;
 Thou dost mourn and sorely grieveſt,
 Sarah laughs while ſobs thou heaveſt,
 For ſhe knows thou diſbelieveſt
 Him Who comes to ſave His Kin.

By his father conſecrated,
 Jacob's joy with fear is mated,
 Thou with dews of heaven art ſated,
 And with earth's rich fatneſs bleſt :
 All thy joys from earth thou gleanſt
 From things vainneſt and obſceneſt,
 Jacob's thoughts on things ſereneſt
 And on JESUS' Sweetneſs reſt.

Where His Nard the air perfumeth
 Haſte the Saints whom Love conſumeth,
 For with wondrous Flower bloometh
 JESUS' Pardon newly won :
 She whom ſin but late was chaining,
 Now her ſpouſal Gifts obtaining,
 New-made Bride, in joy is reigning,
 And a golden Crown hath on.

Next the King in exaltation
 In her thankful adoration
 Stands the Bride, and keeps her ſtation
 In a golden Veſture clad :

378 Have mercy on me, O Lord,

From the thorns within that bower
Springs a Rose, in bud or flower
Thinking aye on JESUS' Power,
In His royal Bounty glad.

She, the mystic Bride, can never
From her plighted Bridegroom sever,
May that Bridegroom guard us ever
From the shocks of fleshly vice :
May He cleanse us from pollution,
Grant us perfect restitution,
Save from final retribution,
Bring us unto Paradise.

Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son
of David.



WITHIN the cool Quadrangle's wel-
come shade,
Beneath the linen awning, JESUS
fought
A moment's quiet, while the fountain played
Her pleasant interlude to weary thought.

Through the porch gleamed the rose-red sunset
snows
Of the wild crags of northern Galilee :
What awful Life is in the GOD-Repose,
That with the Past and Present welds Futurity!

Up the benched gateway thrills a Woman's cry,
 As if the swollen torrent of deep care
 Had torn down silence in its agony
 To fling Grief's secret on the trembling air !

The loneliness of one unuttered woe,
 The silent tears when every Hope had fled,
 The sacred Love, which Mothers best may know,
 When sickness glooms around a first-born's bed.

The weary hours beside her little Child,
 The patient sadness of her darling's eye,
 As with unselfish love she feebly smiled
 All, all, came sobbing on that bitter cry—

O LORD, Thou SON of David, pity me !
 So 'mid the wreck, bareheaded, 'gainst the spray,
 A drowning Man might shriek across the sea,
 When hope of human help had past away.

O LORD, Thou SON of David, pity me !
 While ghastly doubt stung her sin-laden breast,
 If for the guilt, done by her secretly,
 God's Curse had fallen on what she loved the
 best.

He did not answer her one single word,
 Yet Love was speaking in His ev'ry Look :
 When earth is silent then may Heaven be heard,
 In sorrow's gloom Faith best reads God's own
 Book.

Think'st thou He hears not, when for many a day
 Thy knees are worn with fasting and with prayer?
 Think'st thou He turns from any love away,
 Because thou see'st no Angel on the air?

Tempter, away! each throb of pain He knows;
 I will kneel on, and wait His blessed Time;
 Up the steep staircase of Life's darksome woes
 I'll climb and sing, till overhead God's Chime

Break with one roar of an eternal Sea;
 And lo! if I have prayed He giveth more;
 I stagger down, half-blind with victory,
 Whispering the Chant from out the opening
 Door.

A Song which none but the Redeemed
 can sing.



He came not in with broad
 Full canvass swelling to a steady
 breeze,
 With pennons flying fair, with
 coffers stored;

For long against the wind, 'mid heavy seas,
 With cordage strained and splintered masts we
 drave,

And o'er our decks had dashed the bitter wave,
 And lightening oft our lading, life to save,
 Our costly ventures to the Deep were given:

Yea, some of us were caught and homewards
driven

Upon the storm-wind's wings; and some rock-riven
Among the treacherous reefs at anchor flung,
Felt the good ship break under them, and clung
Still to some plank or fragment of its frame
Amid the roaring breakers—yet, we came !

We came not in with proud,
Firm, martial footstep, in a measured tread,
Slow pacing to the crash of music loud ;
No gorgeous trophies went before ; no crowd
Of captives followed us with drooping head ;
No shining laurel sceptred us, nor crowned,
Nor with its leaf our glittering lances bound ;
'This looks not like a Triumph,' then, they said ;
With faces darkened in the battle flame,
With banners faded from their early pride,
Through wind and sun and showers of bleaching
rain,
Yet red in all our garments, doubly dyed,
With many a wound upon us, many a stain,
We came with steps that faltered—yet, we came !

Through water and through fire
We came to Thee, and not through these alone ;
We came to Thee by blood ! Thou didst require
One only Sacrifice, and like Thine Own.
The Life Thou gavest us Thou didst desire
And all was ready for us : Lo ! the knife

382 **De Parente Summo natum.**

And cloven wood were waiting ; bound or free
 We too were ready ! In the battle strife,
 Or by the lonely Altar unto Thee
 We offered love for Love, and life for Life.
 And as we came to Thee a sound of war
 Ran after us from distant fields ; the jar
 Of shield and sword and battle bow ; a cry
 Confused and harsh, that rolled to ' Victory'
 And seemed upon the darkening heavens to cease ;
 For as we neared Thy City morning broke,
 And all along its lofty ramparts woke
 One word of greeting, flooding all the ear
 And all the heart with solemn music, clear
 As of a Trumpet talking with us—Peace !

De Parente Summo natum.

A Sequence for the Feast of the Transfiguration.



OF the Highest generated,
 And not by His SIRE created,
 From before all time the WORD
 One GOD with the FATHER reigned,
 By the Right to Him pertained,
 And by Gift of none conferred.

Guilty man from death redeeming,
 GOD the WORD in outward seeming
 Was an humble Servant made ;

Thus becoming a new Creature,
He restored our human nature,
Nor aside His GODHEAD laid.

In Himself, both Weak and Worthy
He united ; but the Earthy
Clad, not crippled, the Divine :
Neither did the strong Superior
Swallow up the frail Inferior,
But by suffering made it shine.

Each in its own Nature single,
Not as wines with water mingle
Were they in debasement linked ;
But that most mysterious Union
Which had placed them in communion,
Kept them perfectly distinct.

Symbol of that high relation
Was the WORD'S Transfiguration,
To the eye of faith designed :
Wherein is to us revealed
That which was before concealed
By the Veil of human kind.

Like the candid snow for whiteness,
Like the splendid Sun for brightness,
Lo ! the Flesh which sin atoned
Is beforehand rendered glorious,
Over shame and death victorious,
And the WORD in Light enthroned.

Hark ! the confirmation given,
 Not from earth but out of Heaven,
 Vouching CHRIST the SON of GOD ;
 Thus His DEITY assuring,
 Though, beneath a shade obscuring,
 Earth in Form of MAN He trod.

Gaze upon the Vision beauteous ;
 Him confess, with homage duteous,
 GOD, and yet the Virgin's SON ;
 In a single Person shining,
 Yet two Natures so combining
 That they severally were one.

See, the Stone by Jews rejected,
 But by Choice Divine elected,
 To the Corner-head is raised ;
 He on Whom in Godlike Splendour,
 Erst in raiment mean and slender,
 Now the rapt Disciples gazed.

Theme of Prophets' proclamation,
 Him they knew in transformation
 'Twixt the two attendant Seers ;
 Shining in those Robes of Glory
 Pictured in prophetic story,
 As from Bozrah He appears.

Grant us, JESU, to adore Thee,
 And lay down our crowns before Thee,
 In the rapturous Vision lost ;

Song of the Christian Confessors. 385

Nor as heirs of Heaven ignore us,
Who in type didst go before us
When o'er Jordan Joshua crost.

Song of the early Christian Confessors.



H, no ! we may not whisper now
The Name by Hosts adored,
No more we chaunt in choral vow
Our dear Redeeming LORD.

They drag us slow with bleeding feet
To many an Idol shrine ;
They bid us taste the offered Meat,
Or quaff the offered Wine.

They strive with slow reluctant fires
Our constant Souls to break ;
They spread the charms the world admires,
But oh, 'tis death to take—

For neither bright Apollo's bow,
Nor Daphne's laurel grove,
Nor sounds of joy, nor sights of woe,
Can bend our loyal love.

Yet, if perchance by sorrow tried
Some sighs our bosoms heave,
They bid us leave the Crucified—
But we will never leave !

Oh, no ! the quivering limb may throb,
May start the torture tear,

c c

386 **Song of the Christian Confessors.**

For crown of steel and fiery robe
Are hard for flesh to bear.

But heavier was the Robe of scorn
The MAN of Sorrows bore ;
And sharper, sharper was the Thorn
On bleeding Brows He wore :

And He can cool the torrent wave,
Can stop the oppressor's joy ;
For stronger is His Arm to save,
Than theirs is to destroy.

They tell us He is buried now,
And all our hopes are gone ;
They saw not how in vest of snow
He mounted to His Throne.

And chains may bind, and prisons dim
Our fettered limbs control ;
Our Souls, like eagles, fly to Him—
They cannot bind the Soul.

The waves that wash our prison wall,
The winds that hurry by,
The sweet, the gall, are records all
Of Love that cannot die.

What if our Spirits tortures bow,
Our limbs if fetters fret ?
We see not now His radiant Brow—
But how can we forget ?

Being in an Agony, He prayed more
earnestly.



WHAT are these Sighs, these low deep
yearning Prayers
Stealing o'er the silence of the mid-
night hour

From yon embowering Grove—the chill damp airs
Rising around, while shivering night-winds
cower ?

Nay ! draw not nigh—'tis awful, holy Ground.
There, since the fall of eve, through hours of
darkness drear,
Our LORD in prayer hath knelt, while slumber
found
Enwraps that world for which He pleadeth
prostrate near.

Nor will that wearied Form from prayer arise
Till the faint-hearted dawn hath gathered
strength to brave
The shades of night : the day may not suffice
For His deep Love which yearns a darkling
world to save.

That burning, wondrous Love ! O how shall these
Low grovelling hearts e'er comprehend its
depth and height,

Its breadth and length? enfolding earth and
seas,

Heaven, yea, the Heaven of Heavens, in Mercy
infinite ?

Words fail to speak aright ; methinks on earth
The silent adoration of o'erflowing hearts
In kindly deeds outpoured best owns its worth ;
Each little rill which from that loving Fountain
starts,

Bearing some portion of its Waters sweet
Along her lowly course, freshening and glad-
dening all

Where'er she turns ; yet loving best to greet
Yon Streamlet broad, and hidden yield her
tribute small ;

For small, as lowliest drop, what here we deem
The noblest Sacrifice—the keenest grief we
know,

The love and labour of earth's short-lived dream,
Compared with the deep Ocean of Thy Love
and Woe !

Here we may fearless plunge, and find our Life ;
Sustained upon these Waters, as they rise and
fall,

Onward, while less and less of earth's rude strife
Shall reach our ears, absorbed in Thee, our All
in All !

Thou, Who still pleadest in the Holy Mount
 For slumbering Souls enthralled in shades of
 night below,
 Plead on for us ! that Thine, Celestial Fount !
 May be the only Source of Light and Love we
 know.

The open Vision.



WHY lies the darkneſs on the deep
 Now that the world is old ?
 Why do the ſigns from Heaven wax
 faint,

And Altar-fires wax cold ?
 The while men's Souls wait for the LORD
 By promiſe and by warning,
 And wait and watch, yea, more than they
 That watch unto the morning.

Why echo ſtill earth's tempeſt-moans,
 Without Heaven's ' Peace, be ſtill ?'
 Why cry we yet, ' LORD, if Thou wilt ;'
 Nor hear His calm ' I will ?'
 Why caſt we all our anchors out
 And wiſh the day were nearer ;
 While yet the far horizon ſhows
 No cloſer and no clearer ?

Nay ! aſk, if with us in the Ship
 We prayed our Maſter come ?

Ask, while we yet could see the shore,
Set we our sails towards Home ?

Ask, if as in the ancient days
The Word of GOD is precious,
Have we the childlike hearts to know
The Voice that would refresh us ?

Ask rather of the chosen Three
Nearest to CHRIST allowed,
Why, ere they saw their Glorious SUN
They passed beneath His Cloud ?
Why, as they marked His Messengers
Adore that blest unveiling,
They heard strange presages of scorn,
And buffeting, and railing ?

Aye ! others, like those favoured Ones
Are drawn with Him apart,
The glory of His Woe to see
With sad and troubled heart :
By some unearthly sympathy
They know that this their trial
Accomplishes His Agony,
Desertion, and Denial.

The Cloud of mystery draws on
And gathers over all,
While fearfully they enter in
Beneath its solemn pall ;
But to the trustful gaze, some gleam
Seems all its depth to brighten,
For verily the LORD their GOD
Shall all their darkness lighten.

‘ This is My Well-Belovèd SON !’

The FATHER’s Voice is past ;
They waken from their awful trance,
And know the Truth at last :
The darkness is not terrible,
The silence is not lonely,
When they see no man any more—
Themselves and JESUS only.

O Vision of reality,
Faith’s crowning diadem !
Themselves with JESUS found alone
And He alone with them,
And never are His Cares so sweet,
Never His Tones so tender,
As when He comforteth His Own
After their Souls’ surrender.

He turns their sorrow into Joy,
Gives Peace instead of dread,
He stays their zeal’s too eager haste,
Urges their doubt’s dull tread ;
Till songs of love and praise burst forth
From lips these themes embolden,
While that dear Presence is the Light
Of eyes no longer holden.

Many are those once restless Souls
To whom it has sufficed
To scale the Mount, endure the Cloud,
And be alone with CHRIST :
Not heeding all earth’s happiness,
Nor all the world’s derision ;

Only not disobedient found
Unto the Heavenly Vision.

For us, the veil but hides our pain
Till perfect Peace be won,
Till man's enfeebled hand be stayed,
And God's good Will be done :
Our Souls in patience we possess,
God's Word cannot be broken,
' This is My SON '—He saith, and we
Believe what He hath spoken.

We dare not deem that Heaven is dark,
Though Heaven's light seem dim ;
Our Master looks upon us still
Although we see not Him ;
He leads us onward in His Love,
He bears us in His Pity
To where the open Vision shines
In the Eternal City.

The Music of Heaven.



THE Music of Heaven is attuned to a
measure
Our Spirit's deep thirst ever longs
for in vain ;
For the music of earth, though it thrills us with
pleasure,
Gives pleasure not wholly unmingled with pain.

And though for a moment the ear may be captured
By notes that from Paradise seem to have birth,
By sounds to which Angels might listen enraptured,
The dream is dispelled by the voices of earth.

Some weariness, pain, or some passing vexations
The half-entranced soul from its bliss will recall ;
Or the heart is unstrung, and the sweet modulations
On earth-enchained senses untunefully fall.

When resoundeth GOD's Praise in the courts of
His Dwelling,
False jarrings of earth will too often begin ;
And the higher and clearer the anthem is swelling,
The more are we conscious of discord within.

But it will not be thus when to Heavenly regions,
Released from its thralldom, our Spirit takes wing,
And uniting in concert with glorified legions,
Shall learn that ' new Song ' which none other
can sing.

For ear hath not heard, nor the senses of mortals
E'er caught the ineffable Music below
Of those Harmonies full which through Heaven's
bright portals,
With tide ever rising, unceasingly flow.

There voices Seraphic in concord are vying,
And golden the strings of each well-tuned Lyre ;
Heart vibrates to heart, as for ever replying,
Unwearied they chaunt in antiphonal Choir.

And shall we then hang the sad harp on the willows,
 As exiles shut out from the Land of our rest,
 Till we cross the dark ocean of Death, and its
 billows

Have wafted us safe to the shores of the Blest?

No! whenever GOD's Praise in His Temple
 ascendeth,

The theme and the melody kindle our hearts,
 And constrain us, as richly the symphony blendeth,
 To 'wake up our glory' and join in our parts.

And at length, when with Children of Zion
 admitted

Hofannas to sing by the Throne of the LORD,
 Shall all hearts be new strung, and each voice better
 fitted

With Angels' and Archangels' notes to accord.

Holy Childhood.



IN the dim morn I wake,
 My Boy sleeps at my side,
 I sleepless watch the gleam
 Of Memory's rushing tide.

From the Past's solemn woods
 Stately the River came,
 The ripple, and the breeze
 Spake but one word—my name!

Calling me ever back,
 Till on the silent shore
 I see a shadowy form,
 Myself—a Child once more !

With an unearthly hope
 I clasp the long-lost hand,
 And so from Time we wander,
 From Memory's shifting sand,

Till through the gates of Morning
 We mark a rosy Dawn,
 And the Child kneels in wonder
 On the Celestial lawn !

The lips smile adoration,
 I sinful may not hear ;
 When lo ! my Boy's young dreams
 Fall on my longing ear ;

In sleep he prays, ' Our FATHER !'
 In sleep with his LORD's Prayer,
 He fills my heart and conscience,
 He fills the haunted air.

O LORD, make me a Child,
 Teach me fair Childhood's prayer,
 Print on my Soul Thy Childhood,
 Wash away Manhood's care !

Make me a little Child, O LORD,
 O fill my dreams with Thee,

Then, then, dark Memory's River !
Carry them out to sea,

Out to the far-off surges
That gird the sands of life,
Bear broken plan, and withered hope,
Man's passion, and man's strife ;

Bear them far, bitter River !
I take the CHILD's pierced Hand ;
And over moor, through forest,
I seek the Blessed Land !

The CHILD in Priestly radiance,
Before the golden Door,
Absolves ; I enter, worship,
GOD's Child for evermore !

Stanzas.

The End of Man.

LOVED the beauty of the earth,
The brightness of the skies,
Life wooed me with its careless mirth,
My birthright and my prize.

I loved in smooth self-chosen ways
To guide my wayward feet,
I courted men's unmeaning praise,
Their smile was all too sweet.

The light of Heaven shone pale and dim
Upon my earth-bound sight,
The echo of the Seraph's hymn
For me had no delight.

My life and treasure they were here,
My throbbing pulse beat high,
My step was free, my glance was clear
With youth's gay buoyancy.

But youth was short, and life was frail,
And human praise untrue,
Created beauty but a veil
To hide Thee from my view.

'Twas not for these Thou madest me,
But for Thyself, O LORD ;
Thou bad'st me rest alone in Thee,
My Prize and my Reward.

All earthly joy shall fail at last,
All earthly love grow cold,
Save loves by that one Love made fast
To JESUS and His Fold.

This earth is but a trial place
To train the Souls of men,
Till Nature is transformed to Grace,
We know not how nor when.

All earthly aims shall have an end,
All earthly hopes expire,

The Glories of Thine ancient Home
Serve but to show the gathering gloom,
The Sabbath of the world is come.

Where is the faith our martyr Sires
Owned in the canonizing fires,
The burning love, the high desires?

Cold is the Saints' unshrinking Faith,
The hope that cheered the Martyr's death—
Love freezes at the worldling's breath.

Yet most Thy promised Light display,
Lest wandering from the ancient way,
Self-trusting still, we fondly stray.

Scarce with faint earth-dimmed glimmerings shine
The tapers set to guard the shrine,
To Faith's keen eye no certain sign.

Thou only Good, Thou only True,
When faith is weak and friends are few,
Do Thou that promised Light renew.

Beside the Altars of our land,
'Mid prayers untrue and rites profaned,
We wait, O LORD, Thy guiding Hand.

O be one gleam in mercy sent,
Ere by the Judgment-cry is rent
A flame-encompassed firmament—
‘Cum Angelis.’


Ere yet that last, all-searching light
Breaks but to eternize the night,
The dawning of the infinite—

‘Exaudi me.’

So, when the dead, earth’s countless race,
Are ranged before Thine awful Face,
May we among the Sheep have place—

‘JESU, mercy.’

Requiem Æternam.

 O die and be at rest
Beneath the Churchyard sod,
The Corpse in sere-clothes drest,
The Spirit with its GOD!

To die and be at rest
Beyond the world’s annoy,
No cares to vex the breast,
No tears to trouble joy.

To die and be at rest
Where slander’s tongue is still,
Where praise nor mars our best,
Nor consecrates our ill.

To die and be at rest
Where earthly tumults cease,
Where storms may ne’er infest
The Haven of our peace.

- To die and be at rest
 With them that part no more,
 Rocked gently on the breast
 Of loved ones gone before.
- To die and be at rest
 Beyond the power of sin,
 Love an abiding guest
 The ransomed Soul within.
- To die and be at rest—
 For this our natures crave,
 The last home of the Blest,
 The World beyond the grave.
- To die and be at rest—
 'Tis Childhood's earliest dream,
 In terror unexpressed
 Shrinking from life's dark stream.
- To die and be at rest—
 'Tis Manhood's bitter cry,
 With thankless toil oppressed
 Of wasted energy.
- To die and be at rest—
 Old age with feeble moan
 Echoes the long request,
 To lay its burden down.
- To die and be at rest—
 It is a Christian prayer,
 For Death is GOD's Behest,
 CHRIST and His Saints are there.

D D

Sequence on the Holy Spirit.

After Adam of S. Victor.



HEALTH of the helpless, Crown of
 Consolation,
 Giver of Life, sweet Hope of man's
 Salvation,

Come with Thy Grace, O come,
 Sun of the Soul, and let Thy Sunlight shine,
 And warm with Love's soft glow the hearts of
 Thine ;

And o'er the freshening field of Christendom
 Drop fatness, Dew Divine ;
 Till day by day, and hour by hour,
 Fed with the fulness of Thy Power,
 Every woodland, every bower,
 Burst into leaf and fruit and flower,
 Filled with true Life's best food,
 From Thee, the Fountain of all good.

One in Substance, GODHEAD One ;
 River, That from Both dost run,
 Spring, from Either sundered never,
 Bound to Both, and bonded ever

In a mighty unison,
 With a bond that nought can sever ;
 League of power, that none may part,
 Everlasting—as Thou art.

Dew of Each, of Both in One,
 Rich Vapour rising from the eternal River ;
 May the FATHER and the SON
 That Gift vouchsafe Whereof Thou art the Giver,
 Giver and Gift, Thyself on us bestow,
 Thyself—the Well Whose waters ever flow.

Thou hearest the Dew fall on earth, where it
 lies,
 From the River thou hearest the Vapour arise,
 And the scent of sweet Odour thou knowest,
 whereby
 Thy faith can the Presence of GODHEAD descry :
 Dew, that from the GODHEAD bursts,
 Whereof who deepest drinks the more he thirsts ;
 Thirsting ever with a glow,
 Quenchless, as the Spirit's flow,
 Flowing alway, alway blessing ;
 Thirst that knoweth no repressing.

By Him the Wave is consecrate,
 Where for new Birth the holy people wait,
 The water on whose face was borne
 GOD'S SPIRIT at Creation's morn.
 Fount, of all Holiness the spring
 Whence flows true Love abroad,
 Clear Fount that cleanseth from all sin,
 Fount from the Font of GOD ;
 Great Fount, all fountains hallowing,
 Without all Blessing and all GOD within.

404 Sequence on the Holy Spirit.

Fire of flint, with nought of wood,
Faring forth in mystic Flood,
Kid consuming, Fire of Heaven,
Feeding on the dread Unleaven,
Fire, all earthly fire unlike,
 On the Altar of our heart
Strike the spark of light, O strike
The flame there still to burn and never thence
 depart.

Shadow of the maidens seven,
 Seven that compassed the One ;
Type of the very Truth of Heaven
 That through all things dost run ;
All-quickener, That with life the world dost
 warm,

 O SPIRIT Septiform :
In several shape out-lined,
Yet varying not in kind,
Forefend it ever, that we say
 Of Thee, the Almighty Mind,
That Thou dost form obey,
 To form and shape confined.

Fire of Life, Life-giving Spring,
Cleanse our hearts, and thither bring
Thy Gifts of Grace, to enrich them and to blefs ;
That, kindled by the flame of Charity,
Meet offering we become to Thee
 Of Love and Holiness.

Breath of the FATHER and the SON, 'Thou best
Leech of the sinful, Solace of the sad,
Strength of the weak, the worn wayfarer's Rest,
Health of the sick, make 'Thou the mourner glad.

Holy Love, like virgin's, chaste,
Fire of Soul, yet maiden-pure,
Those whom evil passions waste
May 'Thine hallowed Unction cure.

Voice of voices manifold,
Subtile Voice, by sound untold,
In the ear, and in the breast,
Voice to each 'That whisperest :
Voice enbreathed into the Blest,
Stilly Voice and secret—Voice
Making Men of Peace rejoice,
Voice of sweetness, Voice of blifs,
Voice of voices, ours be 'This
Sounding through our inmost heart :

Light, 'That bidst all lies depart,
Light, 'That falsehood's router art,
Light, 'That drawest unto 'Thee
Faith and Truth and Verity ;
Light, vouchsafe to us, to all,
Life and health and wealth, that we,
Lit with light perennial,
Live in sunshine, that shall be
Brightening everlastingly.

Of the Gifts of God.

From the Latin.



THOUGH for me the tongues of Angels
 With the tongues of men were blent,
 Duly should I ne'er be able,
 Giver of things excellent,
 To return Thee praise, O Greatest
 FATHER of Enlightenment.

For with Might Thou didst create me
 For Thyself of nothingness,
 And to bear Thy Likeness shape me
 By Thy Wisdom fathomless,
 And with Angels equal make me
 In my reason's nobleness.

Thus with faculties controlling,
 Faculties subordinate,
 Like the pattern of Thy Glory,
 I surpassed the brutal state,
 Standing pure, enlightened, holy,
 Righteous and inviolate.

Yet had all been left imperfect,
 Having wrought me wondrously,
 If as thankless, proud transgressor,
 Thou wouldst doom me rigidly;
 If deluded, lost and wretched,
 Thou wouldst not deliver me.

No! where I was lately fallen
Underneath my hellish Foe,
Thou'st to hope for pardon brought me
In Thy Grace, and laid him low :
To Thy Pasture hast Thou called me ;
Time for Grace Thou dost bestow.

Stumbling hast Thou me supported
With enduring Patience ;
Straying hast Thou me withholden
With severe Beneficence ;
Me delinquent hast absolved,
And hast blotted mine offence.

Thou on every side dost wash me
And dost heal me wounded sore,
And when washed and healed, upon me
Thou dost Oil of Gladness pour ;
Gleams of wondrous Hope surround me,
When the painful sound is o'er.

Now withdrawing me from danger,
Unto good Thou stablishest ;
Now supporting mine endeavours,
Gifts on me Thou lavishest ;
Where Thou givest, where Thou takest
Still my weal Thou compasshest.

Thou providest for my table
Daily food abundantly ;
Thou dost bounteously for raiment
Things befitting me supply ;

Care of me Thou takest ever
Like the apple of Thine Eye.

Herein likewise must I glory,
That to me Thou shouldst confide
To bear tribulation for Thee
From without and from inside,
Since beloved Sons Thou always
Hast in such encounters tried.

By the service of Thy Creatures
I am largely profited,
For their uses, like their figures,
Witness Thee their Fountain-head :
Still by Nature, still by Scripture,
Are we to Thy Traces led.

Yet beyond all these Thy Creatures
Thou Thyself exaltedst me
By assuming Man's condition
In Thy wondrous Clemency,
And in Thy Paternal Wisdom
To Thyself redeeming me.

O what boundless depths of Pity
Thy Paternal Grace displays !
O the Bounty that we witness
In the Filial GODHEAD's Ways !
Therefore shall there be no period
Of Thy Worship, Splendour, Praise !

Urbs beata Hierusalem.



BLESSED City, holy Salem,
 Home of peace, by Seers descried,
 Rising in the courts of Heaven,
 Built of living stones and tried,
 By Angelic hands adornèd,
 As her fellows deck a Bride.

Coming newly formed from Heaven,
 Ready for the nuptial bower,
 Wedded to the LAMB for ever,
 As a bride in blifsful hour ;
 All her streets have golden pavement,
 Golden ramparts round her tower.

Bright her gates of pearl are gleaming,
 Open are her chambers fair ;
 And by virtue of His Merits
 Every Soul shall enter there
 Who, in this world, pain or sorrow
 For the Name of CHRIST shall bear.

Hewn with blows, and worn by preffure,
 Polished stones from every land,
 All are in their places fitted
 By the Builder's matchless hand,
 Firmly fet, to rest unshaken,
 While the Heavenly mansions stand.

The Church, Militant

Corner-stone in her foundation,
 CHRIST the Rock is surely laid ;
 Who, in both the walls compacted,
 Hath of twain one Temple made ;
 Holy Sion Him accepted,
 All her hope on Him is stayed.

Sacred is that glorious City,
 Dear to GOD the mighty King,
 Mingling with her tuneful praises
 Joyous bursts of triumph ring ;
 THREE and ONE their GOD proclaiming,
 All in welcome Anthems sing.

The Church, Militant and Triumphant.

The Church Militant.

HOW strong are her foundations ! the
 opening
 How glorious of her portals ! Yet within,
 What Babel-sounds of strife ! Without,
 what din
 Of malice and of wrath ! Those choirs which sing
 Eternal Alleluias to their King,
 How must they wondering view the power of sin,
 Which, round her sacred boundary who must win
 And fold God's Flock, such direful spell could
 fling,

Marring her holy work—our Sion's height
 O'ershadowing with gloom, where once shone clear
 Heaven's purest radiance ! O for a light,
 Glimmering albeit afar ! ' Dispel thy fear,'
 A Voice exclaims, ' My Church's mourning night
 Is well nigh spent ; her Dayspring draweth near !'

The Church Triumphant.

WHO is it clad in garments radiant white,
 Love on her breastplate graven, on her brow
 Salvation diademed ? Above, below,
 Ten thousand thousand Spirits wing their flight,
 A shining company. With glory bright
 The army of Martyrs circle, which through woe
 And peril, pain and death, dared face the foe,
 Bearing their palms, with victor-chaplets dight.
 In mild but awful majesty, to meet
 The Bride comes forth the Bridegroom, in the skies
 Enthroning on her everlasting seat.
 From myriad Voices shouts of triumph rise :
 ' Her warfare is accomplished ; at her feet
 Fallen is the captive's chain—the conqueror prostrate lies !'

Voices from the American Church.

Heart's Song.



IN the silent midnight watches,
 Lift thy bosom door,
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore!
 Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
 Or thy heart of sin;
 'Tis thy SAVIOUR stands entreating,
 ' Rise! and let Me in.'

Death comes down with reckless footstep,
 To the hall and hut;
 Think you Death will tarry, knocking
 Where the door is shut?
 JESUS waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But the door is fast;
 Grieved, at length away He turneth;
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
 CHRIST to let thee in;
 At the gate of Heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay! alas, thou foolish Virgin!
 Hast thou then forgot?
 JESUS waited long to know thee—
 Now, He knows thee not.

Song of Faith.

THE lilled fields behold !
What King in his array
Of purple pall and cloth of gold
Shines gorgeously as they ?

Their pomp, however gay,
Is brief, alas ! as bright ;
It lives but for a summer's day,
And withers in a night.

If God so clothe the soil
And glorify the dust,
Why should the slave of daily toil
His Providence distrust ?

Will He, Whose Love has nursed
The sparrow's brood, do less
For those who seek His Kingdom first,
And with it Righteousness ?

The birds fly forth at will ;
They neither plough nor sow ;
Yet theirs the sheaves that crown the hill,
Or glad the vale below.

While through the realms of air
He guides their trackless way,
Will man in faithlessness despair ?
Is he worth less than they ?

As thy day, so shall thy strength be.

WHEN adverse winds and waves arise
 And in my heart despondence sighs,
 When life her throng of cares reveals
 And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
 Grateful I hear the kind Decree
 That 'As my day, my strength shall be.'

When with sad footstep memory roves
 O'er smitten joys and buried loves,
 When like a mourner low I bend,
 Without a comforter or friend,
 Then to Thy Promise, LORD, I flee,
 Still 'As thy day, thy strength shall be.'

One trial more must yet be past,
 One pang, the keenest and the last;
 And when, convulsed with mortal pain,
 Struggling I seek for ease in vain,
 Then wilt Thou give my Soul to see
 That 'As her day, her strength shall be.'

The fashion of this world passeth away.

NCARELESS Childhood's sunny hours
 When all we love is nigh,
 No thorn amid life's opening flowers,
 No cloud in all its sky,

We fear no ill, nor dream of care,
But deem each following day
Shall light us on to fairer scenes,
And beam with brighter ray.

And Childhood's vernal season past,
And shunned Youth's thousand snares,
When Manhood's autumn comes at last
With sorrows, fears and cares,
Still, autumn-like its skies are bright,
And still the world seems young,
And still we love its mellow light,
Its boughs with fruitage hung.

But Autumn's golden skies must fade,
And Autumn's fruits decay,
And soon, mid snows and storms, must come
Old-age's wintry day ;
A wintry day at best—as short,
As gloomy and as cold,
Till the worn body yields at last,
And life lets go its hold.

And when its earthly hold is gone,
The world's brief fashion past,
Are there no hopes that shall survive,
No pleasures that shall last ?
Yes ! Christian, it is thine to know
Life's but a weary way,
A short, though painful pilgrimage
To realms of endless Day ;

Where Faith her crown of life shall wear,
 And Hope be lost in joy,
 And meek-eyed Love be paid with bliss
 That time can ne'er destroy :
 For thither has the LAMB gone up
 Who suffered, and was slain,
 That risen with Him, His Followers might
 With Him for ever reign !

The Glory reserved.

SINCE o'er Thy Footstool here below
 Such radiant gems are strewn,
 O what magnificence must glow,
 My GOD, about Thy Throne !
 So brilliant here those drops of light,
 Where the full Ocean rolls, how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught,
 Be, LORD, Thy Temple's outer veil,
 What splendour at the Shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
 Forth from his golden vase,
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze,
 But shows, O LORD ! one beam of Thine,
 What, then, the Day where Thou dost shine !

Ah ! how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays ?
 Or how my Spirit, so impure,
 Upon Thy Glory gaze ?
 Anoint, O LORD, anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that World of light.

The Prodigal's Return.



ALMIGHTY FATHER, LORD of all,
 Unworthy as Thy Sons to call,
 As servants at Thy Feet we fall.

By all the Love which Thou hast shown
 For wanderers from Fold and Throne,
 Have mercy while our sin we own.

As hired servants, can it be
 That we must serve, who once were free ?
 O bring us to ourselves and Thee.

While still a great way off, we yearn
 Those tender words of Love to learn
 Which greet the Prodigal's return.

The Ring shall on our hand be placed,
 With Love's best Robe shall we be graced,
 We who our own had so debased.

Ah ! hateful now the wretched past
 By turns with swine and harlots cast ;
 We rioted—then starved at last.

E E

Thy Welcome, LORD, will purge away
 The sting of each rebellious day,
 And Love will pardon All, for Aye,

Rejoicing Thou wilt give for pain,
 For sighs, a part in Heaven's glad strain,
 When all the Lost are found again.

Home.



RISE! Mother, rise! thy Infant is away;
 See, on the verge of yon sharp cliff
 he stands,
 Aiding his tottering steps with cling-
 ing hands,
 Wandering in fearless play.

Stay! Mother, stay! move not—nay! not one
 call;

Stay, or thy voice will make the truant start;
 Thrust down that cry within thy bursting heart,
 Or see thy Infant fall.

Oh! instinct wonderful of Mother's love,
 See! silent, still, she gently bares her breast!
 Swiftly her Infant rushes to his nest,
 And there she clasps her dove.

So silently our own dear Mother now,
 Left one of her stray Sheep should suffer loss,
 Shows us her LORD upon His bitter Cross—
 Shows us the thorn-crowned Brow.

Shows us, frail wanderers in the ways of sin,
 Our Shepherd bleeding from that piercèd Side—
 Piercèd, that by that entrance opened wide
 Sinners might enter in.

Oh! may He grant us to that Home to flee,
 To feel the fulness of that Love untold;
 To gaze, and fly unto that One true Fold,
 And there for ever be.

Stanzas.

Via, Veritas, Vita.



HAST thou been lured by Pleasures gay
 From the strait Heavenward path to
 stray?
 Seek CHRIST: in Him thou find'st the
 Way.

Fain would'st thou, in the pride of youth,
 The heights of Knowledge climb forsooth?
 At CHRIST's Feet sit thou: He is Truth.

Dost tremble at the Soul's stern strife
 'Mid World with deadly dangers rife?
 Let CHRIST dwell in thee: He is Life.

The Soul of Man and the Church of Christ.



T WAS night: o'erstrown with clouds, as
 huge ice-field
 Above me spread the vasty firmament;

Athwart that mafs, which lay as though con-
gealed,
Stretched, zigzag-wife, full many a ragged
rent,
Oping grim gap and unretrieved defcent :
O'er glacier and crevaffe their onward way
Moon and attendant Stars, majestic, went ;
She fhone with light lent by the Lord of day,
Within her circling fheen gleamed faint each leffer
ray.

Thus through this drear dark world, o'er many
a pit,
Dread entrance to abyfs of Sin's fad gloom,
The Soul may by the Church of CHRIST be lit
Onward to regions of eternal bloom ;
Thus, thus will fhe the dangerous path illume,
To them within her pale, throughout the night ;
Thus will her fteady lamp lead on, to whom,
Though hid awhile from earth's expectant fight,
The SUN of Righteoufnefs vouchsafes His glorious
Light.

Pro Christo Mortuus.



SAW amid the lurid fky
The coward Stars difordered fly ;
I faw with apprehenfion dread
The troubled Sun and Moon grow red :

E'en in the twinkling of an eye
I saw Creation's wonders die,
As if for them there was no room ;
It was, it was the Day of Doom !

I heard the pealing Trump of God,
I saw the startled mountains nod,
Earth dropped her brow of ancient pride
And oped her huge foundations wide,
While Ocean at that warning cry
Unbared her inmost channels dry,
Asunder burst was every tomb
Upon this awful Day of Doom.

I saw before a Throne of Light
Than suns ten thousand far more bright,
The quick and dead together stand,
The children of each age and land ;
A varied, strange, unnumbered crowd
In mingling woe and terror bowed :
Old Time had bared Creation's womb
To meet upon this Day of Doom.

I saw upon that Throne Divine
One like the SON of MAN recline,
With Eyes so bright that from their blaze
The Universe fled in amaze :
Guilt stood appalled in awe profound
As flashed those beamy terrors round,
That threatened all things to consume
Upon this searching Day of Doom.

One, one alone upon that day
 I saw wake up without dismay,
 Burst the long fetters of the earth,
 As if to claim a second birth ;
 With tranquil brow and radiant eye
 Draw the august Tribunal nigh,
 Like a young Star amid the gloom
 Of this o'erwhelming Day of Doom.

'Twas one who on his vestment bore
 A great red Cross impressed before,
 And glistening bright those words outspread,
 ' Pro CHRISTO mortuus,' I read.
 Most wondrous sight ! a rainbow form
 Amid the universal storm,
 A Phoenix true of endless bloom,
 The Conqueror of the Day of Doom.

Man.

A Hymn of Alanus.

LIKE a picture all Creation
 Standeth for our contemplation,
 'Tis our mirror and our book :
 Life and death are there presented,
 All our pilgrimage imprinted,
 Calling men to pause and look.

For the rose doth paint our story,
 And the rose doth glafs our glory,
 Readeth all our life's brief hour :

In the early morn she bloometh ;
Agèd, when the evening gloometh,
Falls off the deflowered flower.

Breathing she her life exhaleth ;
Soon her blushing beauty paleth ;
Dying came the flower to earth ;
Old and new, alike death-laden,
Agèd, yet a youthful maiden,
Fading in her dawn of birth.

So unto the youthful comer
Ministers his mortal summer ;
Brightly smiles the fleeting flower :
But that morning hath its even,
Soon athwart the darkling heaven
Cometh on life's twilight hour.

Pain is all man's life and being,
Toil without a hope of fleeing,
Death descending covers all :
Sunshine now is storm hereafter ;
Death tracks life, and sorrow laughter ;
Darkness on our day doth fall.

Therefore, when this clause thou readeſt,
See that thou the leſſon heedeſt ;
Man, thy life is figured clear ;
In what ſtate thou cameſt hither,
What to-day thou art, and whither
Tend thy ſteps, examine here.

Christ Triumphant.

Weep the cost of past transgression,
 Wail thy sin, tame pride and passion,
 Cast thy haughtiness away ;
 Reinsman of the mind and master,
 Guard thy trust, lest foul disaster
 Find thee unawares astray.

Christ Triumphant.



HO cometh here from Edom's rocks,
 From Bozrah's haughty tower,
 That journeyeth glorious in array,
 Majestic in His Power ?

With Garments red from fields of blood
 A Conqueror He doth seem !
 " I come, Who speak in Righteousness,
 The Mighty to redeem !"

And why is Thine Apparel red,
 Like his who treads the vine ?
 And why, like his who treads the vat,
 Do all Thy Garments shine ?
 " The winepress I have trodden out,
 Have trodden it alone ;
 And in that bloody vintage-hour
 With Me there stood not one.

" In Anger did I trample them,
 In Fury did I tread ;
 Their blood is sprinkled on My Robe,
 My Raiment all is red ;

The awful day is in Mine Heart
Of vengeance on My foes,
The year is come when I redeem
My People from their foes.

“ And I beheld—but none could save
His brethren by his hand ;
I wondering saw no Child of man
In that dread day could stand ;
Therefore Mine own right Arm alone
My great Salvation brought ;
And by My Strength of zeal upheld
The conquest I have wrought !”

Yes ! Thou hast conquered mightier foes
Than Edom’s hostile power,
Hast Victor come from stronger holds
Than Bozrah’s haughty tower !
For Thou hast burst the gates of Death,
And laid beneath Thee low,
By Thy right Hand and holy Arm,
‘Thine Israel’s hellish foe !

Thou didst behold no Child of man
His brother’s Soul could save,
Or make agreement unto GOD
To free him from the grave ;
A costlier price their Souls demand
Than man hath power to pay ;
And therefore Thou, O CHRIST, wouldst die
That we might live for aye !

And therefore, when the appointed year
Of Thy redeemèd came,
Thou didst assume the Flesh of man,
Didst take a mortal Frame ;
Thou didst the bloody winepress tread
Of suffering from Thy foes,
To save Thy People from their sins,
From Hell's eternal woes.

And therefore, when o'er Hell and Death
The conquest Thou hadst won,
Thou didst ascend to GOD's Right Hand,
And take Thy glorious Throne ;
There still dost Thou retain, O LORD,
The Mediator's Seat,
Until the LORD shall make Thy foes
The footstool for Thy Feet.

Gird then, O Thou most mighty One,
Thy Sword upon Thy Thigh !
Ride forth ! Avenge Thee on Thy foes
Who still Thy Name defy !
But when that winepress of GOD's Wrath
Thy conquering feet shall tread,
Help us, Thy Children, LORD, for whom
Thy precious Blood was shed !

Thou art our Father ! though not us
Hath Abraham begot ;
Though Isaac, and though Israel
Our names acknowledge not !

Thou art our Father still! O CHRIST,
And our Redeeming LORD,
The Righteousness of GOD most High,
The One Eternal WORD!

Martyrs' Song.



WE meet in joy, though we part in
sorrow;
We part to-night, but we meet to-
morrow.

Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,
All the same it leads home to GOD:

Be it furnace-fire voluminous,
One like GOD'S SON will walk with us.

What are these that glow from afar,
These that lean over the golden bar,

Strong as the lion, pure as the dove,
With open arms and hearts of love?

They the blessed ones gone before,
They the blessed for evermore:

Out of great tribulation they went
Home to their home of Heaven-content;

Through flood, or blood, or furnace fire,
To the Rest that fulfils desire.

What are these that fly as a cloud,
With flashing heads and faces bowed,
In their mouths a victorious psalm,
In their hands a robe and a palm ?
Welcoming Angels these that shine,
Your own Angel, and yours, and mine ;
Who have hedged us both day and night
On the left hand and on the right,
Who have watched us both night and day,
Because the Devil keeps watch to slay.

Light above light, and Bliss beyond bliss,
Whom words cannot utter, lo ! Who is This ?

As a King with many crowns He stands,
And our names are graven upon His Hands ;

As a Priest, with GOD-uplifted Eyes,
He offers for us His Sacrifice ;

As the LAMB of GOD for sinners slain,
That we too may live He lives again ;

As our own Champion, behold Him stand
Strong to save us at GOD's Right Hand.

GOD the FATHER give us Grace
To walk in the Light of JESUS' Face.

GOD the SON give us a part
In the hiding-place of JESUS' Heart.

GOD the **SPIRIT** so hold us up
That we may drink of **JESUS'** Cup.

Death is short and **Life** is long ;
Satan is strong, but **CHRIST** more strong.

At His Word, Who hath led us hither,
The Red Sea must part hither and thither ;

At His Word, Who goes before us too,
Jordan must cleave to let us pass through.

Yet one pang searching and sore,
And then Heaven for evermore ;

Yet one moment awful and dark,
Then safety within the Veil and the Ark ;

Yet one effort by **CHRIST** His Grace,
And then **CHRIST** for ever Face to face.

GOD the **FATHER** we will adore,
In **JESUS'** Name, now and evermore :

GOD the **SON** we will love and thank
In this flood and on the further bank :

GOD the **HOLY GHOST** we will praise,
In **JESUS'** Name, unto endless days :

GOD Almighty, **GOD** **THREE** in **ONE**,
GOD Almighty, **GOD** Alone.

The Starry Night.

From the Spanish of Luis de Leon.



WHEN nightly through the sky
 I view the stars their files unnumbered
 leading,
 Then see the dark earth lie
 In deathlike trance, unheeding
 How Life and Time with those bright orbs are
 speeding :

Strong love and equal pain
 Wake in my heart a fire with anguish burning ;
 The tear-drops fall like rain,
 Mine eyes to fountains turning,
 And my sad voice pours forth its tones of mourning :

O Mansion of high state,
 Bright Temple of bright Saints in beauty dwelling,
 The Soul, once born to mate
 With these, what force repelling
 Hath bound to earth, its light in darkness quelling ?

What mortal disaccord
 Hath exiled so from Truth the mind unstable ?
 Why, of its blest reward
 Forgetful, lost, unable,
 Seeks it each shadowy fraud and guileful fable ?

Man lies in slumber dead,
Like one that of his danger hath no feeling,
The while with silent tread
Those restless orbs are wheeling,
And as they fly his hours of life are stealing.

O Mortals, wake and rise ;
Think of the loss that on your lives is pressing ;
The Soul, that never dies,
Ordained for endless blessing,
How shall it live false shows for Truth caring ?

Ah, raise your fainting eyes
To that firm sphere which still new glory weareth,
And scorn the low disguise
The flattering world prepareth,
And all the world's poor thrall hopeth or feareth.

O what is all earth's round,
Brief scene of man's proud strife and vain endeavour,
Weighed with that deep profound,
That tideless Ocean-river,
That onward bears Time's fleeting forms for ever ?

Once meditate, and see
That fixed accord in wondrous variance given,
The mighty harmony
Of courses all uneven,
Wherein each star keeps time and place in heaven.

Who can behold that store
Of light unspent, and not with very sighing

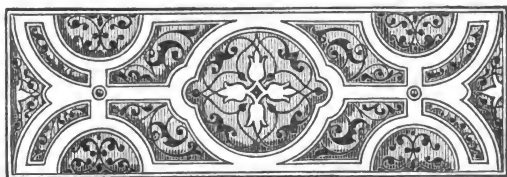
Burst earth's frail bonds, and soar,
With Soul unbodied flying,
From this sad place of exile and of dying ?

There dwelleth sweet Content ;
There is the reign of Peace ; there, throned in
splendour,
As one pre-eminent,
With dove-like eyes so tender,
Sits holy Love—honour and joy attend her.

There is revealed whate'er
Of Beauty thought can reach ; the source internal
Of purest Light, that ne'er
To darkness yields ; eternal
Bloom the bright flowers in clime for ever vernal.

There would my Spirit be,
Those quiet fields and pleasant meads exploring,
Where Truth immortally,
Her priceless wealth outpouring,
Feeds through the blissful vales the Souls of Saints
adoring.





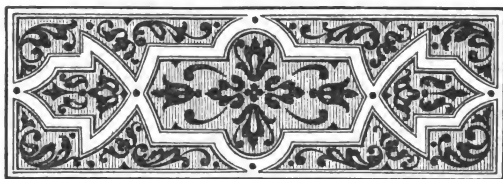
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